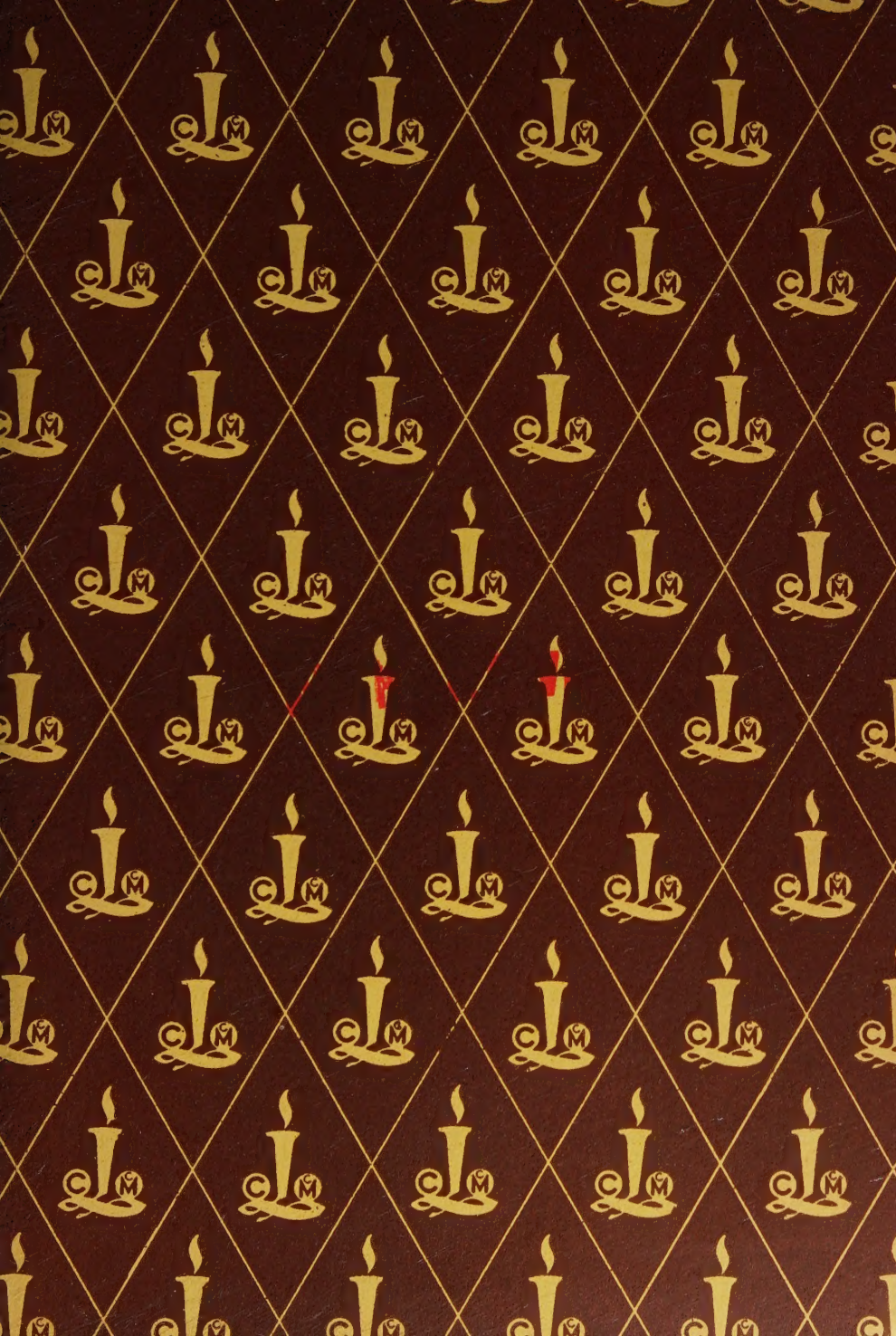
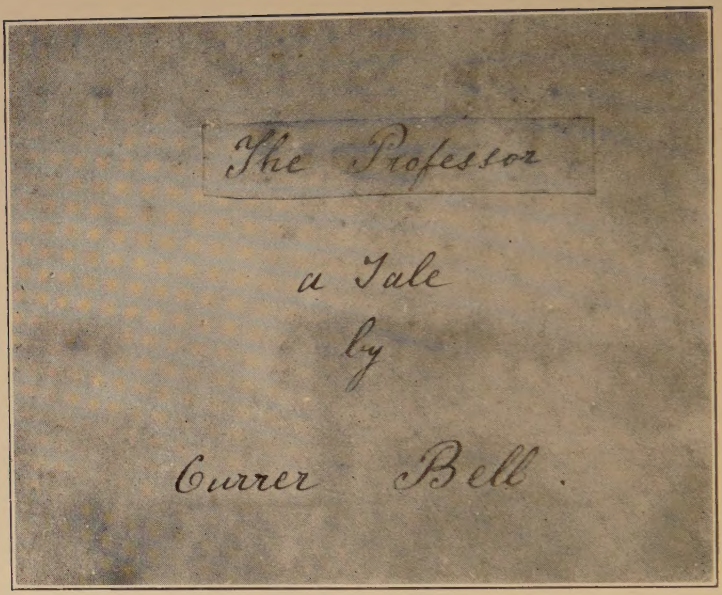
The Reis Library
Allegheny College

From the Library of
Frederic Clemson Howe '89



THE LOST ART



FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE PAGE OF
CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S "THE PROFESSOR"

Reproduced by courtesy
of the Trustees from
the original manuscript
in The Pierpont Morgan Library.

826
V227L

THE LOST ART

Letters of Seven Famous Women

Edited by

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK BY
COWARD - McCANN, INC.
IN THE YEAR 1929

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY
COWARD-MCCANN, INC.

All rights reserved

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To

FRANCES R. GRAFFE

79577

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE LIBRARY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle herein reproduced are taken, by courtesy of Charles Scribners Sons, from the two volumes of "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," edited by James Anthony Froude.

The letters of Jane Austen are reprinted from the "Letters of Jane Austen," edited by Edward, Lord Brabourne, and permission for their use was extended by Captain the Honorable Michael Knatchbull, son of Lord Brabourne and grand-nephew of Jane Austen.

Charlotte Brontë's letters are taken from "The Brontë's and Their Circle," by Clement Shorter, by permission of the publishers, J. M. Dent & Sons.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	ix
CHAPTER		
I.	LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1689-1762)	3
II.	ABIGAIL ADAMS (1744-1818)	77
III.	MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT (1759-1797) .	137
IV.	JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)	185
V.	JANE WELSH CARLYLE (1801-1866) . .	231
VI.	MARGARET FULLER (1810-1850) . .	281
VII.	CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1855) . .	319

INTRODUCTION

It is often said that the days of the great letter writers are over. The typewriter has done away with the pen; a machine age, which was to have provided leisure, demands more hours in service to it than did the time of hand crafts and long working days. The motion picture, the radio, the motor car, the washing machine are jealous masters. We telegraph now instead of writing letters, and when we neglect to telegraph there is always the long distance telephone.

There may be considerable truth in all this. But certainly, even in the days when letter writing was the fashion, every Tom, Dick, and Harry was not an adept at it. And of those who wrote voluminously, only a small fraction wrote letters worth reading now. The women whose letters make up the present volume are seven in number; their lives cover a period of two hundred years and two continents were required to produce them—two sides of the earth, indeed. We need not make the absurd claim that these were the only women whose letters merit our attention; and we can be sure that today letters are being written, unknown to us, which in a century or two will provide diverting and instructive reading for the men and women of that distant day.

The letters which follow have many characteristics in common; but more apparent than their similarity is

their extraordinary variety. Every shade of social position, financial status, and emotional and intellectual turn of mind is here represented. Thus Lady Mary Montagu was the daughter of a rich and powerful Duke, and Mary Wollstonecraft's father was a penniless do-nothing and his daughter was obliged to earn her bread. Thus Abigail Adams was the wife and the mother of a president of the United States, and Charlotte Bronte lived most of her life in a lonely parsonage in Yorkshire, her father a recluse, her sisters pathologically retiring and ill-at-ease in society. Thus Jane Welsh Carlyle was the wife of the leading English man of letters of his day, and Margaret Fuller married a young Italian nobleman of whom she says "of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant." Still more remarkable is the contrast in the times during which these letters were written; we proceed from the splendid eighteenth century in England, when wit, daring, and a certain superb egotism were among the most striking of national characters through the troubled times in the American Colonies when they were freeing themselves from the mother country, and we end up with a jolt directly in the midst of Victorian England. From the Age of Reason to the Age of Morality, with a bow to the American and French revolutions on the way.

Yet if different times and different social strata produced these women, certain traits, certain virtues, are common to them. And in general these are noble traits, and, if one may say so, the larger and more impressive virtues. Pride, passion, and wit, courage in the face

of adversity and pain, generosity and tenderness, wisdom and high integrity—it would not be strictly true to say that all seven women possessed all of these characteristics, yet certainly each displayed more than her share of them. And none of the women seems at any point actuated by petty spite or meanness, by jealousy in small matters, by the trivial cowardice of small minds. These were large, opulent natures. Mrs. Carlyle and Miss Austen, to be sure, were not in the least above criticism of their fellow human beings that could be biting and even cruel. Yet it must be remembered that both were writing to the person most dear and close to them; and both are described by their acquaintances as possessed of the readiest of sympathies, the most delightful of addresses, the most unswerving of loyalties. The strictures they passed upon some of their acquaintances proceeded from pure high spirits; they were not intended ever to reach their object, and in both cases they arose out of a keen sense for the comic which would leave the world greatly the loser without it.

We have, therefore, a woman of fashion, a wife and mother who rarely left the duties of housekeeping even in a foreign land, a scholar, a journalist, a discontented great man's wife, two novelists; we have three feminists—Lady Mary, Mrs. Wollstonecraft, Mrs. Adams; two—Mrs. Carlyle and Margaret Fuller—who hardly knew good health all their lives; of the seven, only one—Jane Austen—led a life that was entirely free from poverty or shame or pain or national catastrophe. Yet within herslf, sitting in the midst of her family,

Miss Austen the lady Miss Austen the clergyman's daughter, Miss Austen the woman who died at 42 without having been more than aware that a world outside her own fireside existed—within herself Miss Austen carried an unfailing perception of human life and the behavior of men and women. Though she was little tried by adversity, she in a sense was the epitome of the adversities of all women. She was unfailingly gallant; she daily saluted a world that passed her by. She sat at home; yet, as Charlotte Brontë who also sat at home was not, she was aware of the regiments that hourly thundered past. Lady Mary Montagu lived in a splendid age; Mary Wollstonecraft nobly endured the stings of poverty and unrequited love; Margaret Fuller and Mrs. Adams saw a revolution at their front doors; Mrs. Carlyle lived and moved at ease among the literary great ones of her day; none of these heart-stirring events happened to Jane Austen. Yet there is no doubt that she would have been adequate to them if they had—adequate and unbroken by their force. For she was sustained by the comic muse; if one could believe in a Fate that watched minutely over men and women, one might think of it as a Fate that refused to trifle with Miss Austen, knowing in advance that it would meet defeat.

Yet more than any that has yet been mentioned, one trait was common to the writers herein represented. One and all they possessed a burning, even a terrible energy, that in Abigail Adams could express itself in voluminous letter writing at midnight after completing the wearisome chores of a large household, and in

Margaret Fuller could be evidenced by the most appalling intellectual working day ever followed by woman. In heart, in mind, in nerves these are no ordinary women. And perhaps this same energy is what distinguishes them from the run of human beings. Perhaps this large capacity for endeavor is what makes genius. Perhaps these women, one and all, are geniuses. If one could be sure wherein genius really lay, one might speak with more assurance. Certainly genius lies less in accomplishment than in the zest for it. Mr. Clifford Bax in his admirable short biography of Bianca Capello, mistress of Francesco di Medici and later Grand Duchess of Tuscany, says that if the world is no richer because of Bianca's works, she nevertheless had a genius for living. And of the seven women we have been considering this is no less abundantly true. They all had a genius for living. They were courageous when courage was necessary; they were fond, they were wise, they were proud. But thousands of woman are no less. They were egotistical, some to an intense degree; they were impatient of dullness or of what they considered vice. Each in his own light, every man is so. They were blessed with a gift of expression, but articulateness does not always result in something vital said. The reasons for their importance are more obscure. I do not pretend to be sure of them. To me these letters and their authors are interesting; I should not like to be compelled to state exactly why.

Without being betrayed into a rash generalization, one can safely say that there are masculine virtues and

feminine virtues, irrespective of the sex to which they are attached. And in these seven women the masculine virtues are predominant. Perhaps that is why the majority of them married late or not at all; perhaps that explains the fact that so large a proportion married men who were distinctly their intellectual inferiors; perhaps, finally, it is why in the main they were not happily married, in the conventional and obvious sense. For if the Carlyles were passionately attached to each other, they lived each in a maelstrom of dissatisfaction with the other and with himself; if Charlotte Brontë wrote that her short married life was the happiest time she had ever known, it was only after years of having disliked and even despised the man who became her husband; and if Margaret Fuller could write gratefully of the blessings of her husband's love, it was her child that most ardently and truly engaged her affections. One may proceed from these possibly dangerous statements to the suspicion that these ladies, as geniuses are reputed to be, were not easy to live with. Fire cannot burn without heat; and heat is often unpleasant in the bed-chamber or even the parlor. Sharp tongues do not always temper themselves to those whom they can address tenderly. One man reading Mary Wollstonecraft's letters to Imlay remarked that such letters could never have brought him back to her. He was, by all accounts except hers, a quite ordinary man. No wonder he fled this passionate, fond, reproachful, and above all *reasoning* creature! She could prove to him that he ought not to be unfaithful to her; surely there was never stronger reason for lack of faith!

As with most persons who have a large capacity for loving and for hating, these women could wound most deeply those whom they loved the most. It must have been a trial as well as a privilege to be close to them. But for the more fortunate ones who need only listen to them, entertainment of the richest sort is spread. Lady Mary was ranked among the wits of London in a time when wit ran high; Margaret Fuller held her listeners, no matter how many, enchanted by the bewildering flow of her conversation; Mrs. Carlyle had a salon of her own, in successful competition with her gifted husband. That flow of speech, that laughter, those warm hearts are returned to the earth. But we who remain are not without our compensations, for we have a record from their own hands. Merry, desolate, dignified, appealing, here the record runs. The feast is rich and long, and this is only part of it. But it should make our ladies live again, for there is no doubt that once they were very much alive.

D. V. D.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

I

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

1689–1762

The Duke of Kingston's daughter should, one would think, have had opportunities for joyful participation in the gay life of London, since the Duke himself neglected no chance for gayety or joy. But possibly because of the latter fact, Lady Mary, with her two sisters, found her time heavy on her hands in the country house where her father kept her, out of sight of possible admirers, and out of hearing of agreeable gossip and conversation. She complained at least once, in a letter that drove the Duke in a fury to his estate to take his impertinent daughter to task for presuming to question the wisdom of his upbringing. He would find a suitor for her, he told her, in good time. Meanwhile, the part of a woman was to behave quietly, unprotestingly, and with decorum and sobriety.

The not surprising result of these restrictions, in the case of a young woman as gifted and as energetic as Lady Mary, was that she eloped with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, after the Duke had found him an ineligible suitor. And her husband took her, as she promised him, "with only a nightgown and a petticoat," at the close of a lengthy correspondence in which each

promised a dozen times at least that there would be no more letters, that the affair was over forever. The letters during the period of Mr. Wortley's—or perhaps it would be not entirely untruthful to say, Lady Mary's—courtship are of too great length to quote. But they are well worth reading.

The Duke of Kingston never forgave his daughter, although he was persuaded in time, after his second marriage and when his son-in-law had achieved some favor at court, to receive her with proper dignity and coldness. But if her father was cold to her, the wits of London were not. Lady Mary conquered them by her own wit. She was a beauty, she was gay, she had a clever tongue and a nice ability at rhyme. She loved gossip and was not averse to spreading scandal. More than one of the anonymous lampoons that were the fashion came from her pen, and many were credited to her that she did not write, once she became known as a writer of them. Her husband's appointment as Ambassador to Constantinople cut short this amiable existence. But as she had been fêted at home, so the Ambassadress was fêted on her journey. She wrote many letters, and the bulk of her correspondence about her travels is large and interesting.

On her return from Turkey, Lady Mary had, naturally, many things to talk about, among them the curious foreign custom, which she championed, of inoculation for smallpox; and she herself became the most talked about woman in London. For a time her popularity was enough to have turned the heads of a dozen women; Lady Mary does not seem to have been

made vain by it, but only reckless. She renewed an acquaintance that had been just begun when she left England. It was with Alexander Pope, and it was to bring about her social ruin.

No one knows exactly why the bitter little man turned against one of his best friends. He and Lady Mary had been joyfully writing hits on their neighbors, their friends, and their enemies. But adversity overtook Lady Mary, and she probably grew tired of this sort of playing. Her son was growing up a profligate and a rake, one sister died and the other became insane, she herself became unhappily involved in a financial scandal. Added to this she had written verses enough to have made enemies who were glad to see her discomfited. And she dared to criticize once too often. Pope had been growing more and more angry at her. His famous couplets about her have been quoted often, but they will bear repeating. He wrote in his *Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace:*

> Who'er offends, at some unlucky time
> Slides into verse, and hitches into rhyme,
> Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
> And the sad burden of some merry song.
> Slander of poison dread from Delia's rage:
> Hard words or hanging if your judge is Page.
> From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
> Pox'd by her love, or libel'd by her hate.

Sappho was Lady Mary, and although she tried to answer his insults in kind, she found him more than a match for her. The worst of it was, the people who were all too ready to become her enemies believed him,

and they were not few. At last Lady Mary gave up the struggle, and closed her brilliant career by retiring to the Continent, where she lived at last peacefully and quietly in Italy until within a year of her death of cancer in London.

If her son was worthless and troublesome, her daughter, married to Lord Bute, who finally attained to the eminence of the Premiership, was stable and respectable enough. Her mother's letters to her from her Italian retreat are among the most interesting of a long and varied correspondence. In them, Lady Mary, grown old and quiet, with her sharp tongue tempered to the dull wits of those about her, with no balls and parties to be lively at, expresses her views on life in general, views that fifty years of hard living have taught her. And in these letters the sound intelligence, the sober judgment, the deep tenderness of a woman of extraordinary wit and shrewdness are displayed. Not her husband, not her son or daughter, not her gay associates thought Lady Mary a great woman. It remains for those who now read her own words, and who find in them wisdom, gayety, and passion, to realize that she was nothing less.

LETTERS

To Mrs. S. C.—— [Miss Sarah Chiswell]

Adrianople, April 1, O.S. [1717]

In my opinion, dear S., I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of

August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land-journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great quantity of Greek, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an embassador—and the richer they are, the greater their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the plague have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than a fever. As a proof of which we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook who fell ill here had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded it would be as easy to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous

about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that I am sure will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting,* which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth.

Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French embassador says pleasantly, that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am very well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, etc.

To Mr. P. [Pope]

Dover, Nov. 1 [1718].

I have this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon

see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature, in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbors. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvelous; and I cannot help thinking, that, had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners. His endeavoring to shield her from the storm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours:

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;

But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the storm away;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end, no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
For P. has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess, these sentiments are not altogther so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favor of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honor you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid living humble servant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. C. [Congreve], but suppose you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.

To Her Sister, the Countess of Mar

[About Dec. 25, 1722.]

I have writ to you at least five-and-forty letters, dear sister, without receiving any answer, and resolved not to confide in post-house fidelity any more; being firmly persuaded that they never came to your hands, or you would not refuse one line to let me know how you do, which is and ever will be of great importance

to me. The freshest news in town is the fatal accident happened three nights ago to a very pretty young fellow, brother to Lord Finch, who was drinking with a dearly beloved drab, whom you may have heard of by the name of Sally Salisbury. In a jealous pique she stabbed him to the heart with a knife. He fell down dead immediately, but a surgeon being called for, and the knife drawn out of his body, he opened his eyes, and his first words were to beg her to be friends with him, and kissed her. She has since stayed by his bedside till last night, when he begged her to fly, for he thought he could not live; and she has taken his advice, and perhaps will honor you with her residence at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. I send you along with this letter the Count of Caÿlus, who if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you; he is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

Since you find it so difficult to send me the lutestring that I asked for, I beg you would lay out my money in a nightgown ready made, there can be no difficulty in sending that by the first person that comes over; I shall like it the better for your having worn it one day, and then it may be answered for that it is not new. If this is also impossible, pray return me my money, deducting for the minunets I have received.

To the Countess of Mar

[April, 1723.]

Dear Sister,—I am now so far recovered from the dangerous illness which I had when I received your

letter, that I hope I may think of being once more a woman of this world. But I know not how to convey this letter to you. I intend to send it to Mrs. Murray. I have a great many reasons to believe the present direction you have given me a very bad one; especially since you say that you never received one of the number of letters that I really have sent you. I suppose the public prints (if nobody else) have informed you of the sudden death of poor Lady [Dowager] Gower, which has made a large addition to Lord Gower's fortune, and utterly ruined Mrs. Proby's, who is now in very deplorable circumstances. I see Mrs. Murray so seldom I can give little account of her, but I suppose her house is the same place it used to be. Operas flourish more than ever, and I have been in a tract of going every time. The people I live most with are none of your acquaintance; the Duchess of Montagu excepted, whom I continue to see often. Her daughter Belle is at this instant in the paradisal state of receiving visits every day from a passionate lover, who is her first love; whom she thinks the finest gentleman in Europe, and is, besides that, Duke of Manchester. Her mamma and I often laugh and sigh reflecting on her felicity, the consummation of which will be in a fortnight. In the meantime they are permitted to be alone together every day and all the day. These are lawful matters that one may talk of; but letters are so surely opened, I dare say nothing to you either of our intrigues or duels, both which would afford great matter of mirth and speculation. Adieu, dear sister. Pray don't forget the nightgown, and let it be what you please.

To the Countess of Mar

[1723.]

Dear Sister,—I have writ to you twice since I received yours in answer to that I sent by Mr. De Caylus, but I believe none of what I send by the post ever come to your hands, nor ever will while they are directed to Mr. Waters, for reasons that you may easily guess. I wish you would give me a safer direction; it is very seldom I can have the opportunity of a private messenger, and it is very often that I have a mind to write to my dear sister. If you have not heard of the Duchess of Montagu's intended journey, you will be surprised at your manner of receiving this, since I send it by one of her servants: she does not design to see anybody nor anything at Paris, and talks of going from Montpellier to Italy. I have a tender esteem for her, and am heartily concerned to lose her conversation, yet I cannot condemn her resolution. I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the Parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Lowther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the Parks; but, after being highly in favor, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of that I never saw [them]. *A propos* of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dear beloved plot, which has been laid firstly to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have

neither of us wit enough to make it. Mrs. Harvey lies-in of a female child. Lady Rich is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence, and the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town (Lady J. [Jane] Wharton), appears better with her than ever. Lady B. [Betty] Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a Yorkshire Mr. Monckton of £3,000 per annum: it is a match of the young duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquette beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold; they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. Pulteney condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan; whether Mr. Pulteney has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share I cannot tell, but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-colored top-knots; making verses is almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great grievance, and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise lawgivers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast-day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year for the plague with great success.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE LIBRARY

Dear sister, adieu. I have been very free in this letter, because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my nightgown may do the same:—I only choose that as most convenient to you; but if it was equally so, I had rather the money was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me eight yards at a time of different colors, designing it for linings; but if this scheme is impracticable, send me a nightgown *à la mode*.

To the Countess of Mar

[1723.]

Dear Sister,—I sent you a long letter by the Duchess of Montagu; though I have had no answer, I cannot resolve to leave London without writing another. I go to-morrow to Twickenham, where I am occupied in some alterations of my house and gardens. I believe I have told you we bought it last year, and there is some sort of pleasure in shewing one's own fancy upon one's own ground. If you please to send my nightgown to Mr. Hughes, an English banquier at Paris, directed for Madame Cantillon, it will come safe to my hands; she is a new neighbor of mine, has a very handsome house in the village, and herself eclipses most of our London beauties: you know how fond we are of novelty, besides that she is really very pretty and does not want understanding, and I have a thousand commodities in her acquaintance. Mrs. Davenant is returned from Genoa, and I have the pleasure of an agreeable intimacy with her: so much for my acquaintance. Lady Byng has inoculated both her children,

and is big with child herself; the operation is not yet over, but I believe they will do very well. Since that experiment has not yet had any ill effect, the whole town are doing the same thing, and I am so much pulled about, and solicited to visit people, that I am forced to run into the country to hide myself. There is a ridiculous marriage on the point of conclusion that diverts me much. You know Lady Mary Sanderson; she is making over her discreet person and £1,500 a year jointure to the tempting embrace of the noble Earl of Pembroke, aged 73.

To the Countess of Mar

Oct 31 [1723].

I write to you at this time piping hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle is to be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same compliment [complaint?] to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think those are Lord Hadding-

ton and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk, to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlor. William Young seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Dodington very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commandments to do [so], perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbors with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board; and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried with great ease, the world being entirely "*revenue du* [sic] *bagatelle,*" and honor, virtue, reputation, etc., which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled riband. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: in short, both

sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss ——, the maid of honor, looks very well now she is up again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last flux. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it. This is the general state of affairs: as to particulars, if you have any curiosity for things of that kind, you have nothing to do but to ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something obliging to you: this is truth, in spite of all the beaus, wits, and witlings in Great Britain.

To the Countess of Mar

[February, 1725.]

I believe you have by this time, dear sister, received my letter from the hand of that thing my Lord Claire; however, I love you well enough to write again, in hopes you will answer my letters one time or other. All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quarreled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate. Sophia and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and I believe not likely to piece up again. Ned Thompson is as happy as the money and charms

of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that. Public places flourish more than ever: we have assemblies for every day in the week, besides court, operas, and masquerades; with youth and money, 'tis certainly possible to be very well diverted in spite of malice and ill-nature, though they are more and more powerful every day. For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and ate half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter by the grace of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened. My poor love Mr. Cook has fought and been disarmed by J. Stapleton on a national quarrel; in short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentlemen. B. [Bridget] Noel is come out Lady Milsington, to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquettes about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as possible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs. Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give you many thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it, and desire you would be so good to send the other things when you have opportunity. I have another favor to ask, that you would make my compliments to our English embassador when you see him. I have a constancy in my nature that makes me always remember my old friends.

To the Countess of Mar

March 7, O.S., 1726.

Dear Sister,—This letter will be in a very different style from that which I hope you received last post. I have now to tell you the surprising death of my father, and a great deal of surprising management of the people about him, which I leave informing you till another time, being now under some hurry of spirit myself. I am unfeignedly sorry that I cannot send you word of a considerable legacy for yourself. I suppose the trustees will send you, as soon as possible, a copy of the will. If you would have an abstract of it, Mr. Wortley will take care to get it for you.

I am affectionately yours.

To the Countess of Mar

London, April 15, 1726.

Dear Sister,—I would have writ you some time ago, but Lord Erskine told me you had been ill. So my Lord M—r [Mar] has not acquainted you with my poor father's death. To be sure, the shock must be very great to you whenever you heard it; as indeed it was to us all here, being so sudden. It is to no purpose now to relate particulars, but only renewing our grief. I can't forbear telling you the Duchess has behaved very oddly in endeavoring to get the guardianship of the young Duke and his sister, contrary to her husband's will; but the boy, when he was fourteen, confirmed the trustees his grandfather left; so that ended all disputes; and Lady Fanny is to live with my aunt Cheyne. There is a vast number of things

that have happened, and some people's behavior so extraordinary in this melancholy business, that it would be great ease of mind if I could tell it you; but I must not venture to speak too freely in a letter. Pray let me hear from you soon, for I long to know how you do. I am but in an uneasy way myself; for I have been confined this fourteen-night to one floor, after my usual manner. I can send you no news, for I see very few people, and have hardly been anywhere since I came to town. Adieu.

To the Countess of Mar

[April, 1726.]

I received yours, dear sister, this minute, and am very sorry both for your past illness and affliction; though, *au bout du compte,* I don't know why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness. So much by way of consolation. As to the management at that time—I do verily believe, if my good aunt and sister had been less fools, and my dear mother-in-law [step-mother] less mercenary, things might have had a turn more to your advantage and mine too; when we meet, I will tell you many circumstances which would be tedious in a letter. I could not get my sister Gower to join to act with me, and mamma and I were in an actual scold when my poor father expired; she has shewn a hardness of heart upon this occasion that would appear incredible to anybody not capable of it themselves. The addition to her jointure is, one way or other, £2,000 per annum; so her good Grace remains a passable rich widow, and is already presented by the town with a variety of

young husbands; but I believe her constitution is not good enough to let her amorous inclinations get the better of her covetous.

Mrs. Murray is in open wars [*sic*] with me in such a manner as makes her very ridiculous without doing me much harm; my moderation having a very bright pretense of shewing itself. Firstly, she was pleased to attack me in very Billingsgate at a masquerade, where she was as visible as ever she was in her own clothes. I had the temper not only to keep silence myself, but enjoined it to the person with me; who would have been very glad to have shewn his great skill in sousing upon that occasion. She endeavored to sweeten him by very exorbitant praises of his person, which might even have been mistaken for making love from a woman of less celebrated virtue; and concluded her oration with pious warnings to him, to avoid the conversation of one so unworthy his regard as myself, who to her certain knowledge loved another man. This last article, I own, piqued me more than all her preceding civilities. The gentleman she addressed herself to had a very slight acquaintance with me, and might possibly go away in the opinion that she had been confidante in some very notorious affair of mine. However, I made her no answer at the time, but you may imagine I laid up these things in my heart; and the first assembly I had the honor to meet her at, with a meek tone of voice, asked her how I had deserved so much abuse at her hands, which I assured her I would never return. She denied it in the spirit of lying; and in the spirit of folly owned it at length.

I contented myself with telling her she was very ill advised, and thus we parted. But two days ago, when Sir G. K.'s pictures were to be sold, she went to my sister Gower, and very civilly asked if she intended to bid for your picture; assuring her that, if she did, she would not offer at purchasing it. You know crimp and quadrille incapacitate that poor soul from ever buying anything; but she told me this circumstance; and I expected the same civility from Mrs. Murray, having no way provoked her to the contrary. But she not only came to the auction, but with all possible spite bid up the picture, though I told her that, if you pleased to have it, I would gladly part with it to you, though to no other person. This had no effect upon her, nor her malice any more on me than the loss of ten guineas extraordinary, which I paid upon her account. The picture is in my possession, and at your service if you please to have it. She went to the masquerade a few nights afterwards, and had the good sense to tell people there that she was very unhappy in not meeting me, being come there on purpose to abuse me. What profit or pleasure she has in these ways I cannot find out. This I know, that revenge has so few joys for me, I shall never lose so much time as to undertake it.

To the Countess of Mar

[June, 1726.]

Dear Sister,—I cannot positively fix a time for my waiting on you at Paris; but I do verily believe I shall make a trip thither, sooner or later. This town im-

proves in gayety every day; the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power. Politics are no more; nobody pretends to wince or kick under their burthens; but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribands, and highly contented with our present condition: so much for the general state of the nation. The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sévigné's letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper. You say nothing to me of the change of your ministry; I thank you for your silence on that subject; I don't remember myself ever child enough to be concerned who reigned in any part of the earth. I am more touched at the death of poor Miss Chiswell, who is carried off by the smallpox. I am so oddly made, that I never forget the tenderness contracted in my infancy; and I think of any past playfellow with a concern that few people feel for their present favorites. After giving you melancholy by this tragedy, 'tis but reasonable I should conclude with a farce, that I may not leave you in ill humor. I have so good an opinion of your taste, to believe Harlequin in person will never make you laugh so much as the Earl of Stair's furious passion for Lady Walpole (aged fourteen and some months). Mrs. Murray undertook to bring the business to bear, and provided the opportunity (a great

ingredient you'll say); but the young lady proved skittish. She did not only turn this heroic flame into present ridicule, but exposed all his generous sentiments, to divert her husband and father-in-law. His lordship is gone to Scotland; and if there was anybody wicked enough to write about it, there is a subject worthy the pen of the best ballad-maker in Grub Street.

To the Countess of Mar

[May or June, 1727.]

Dear Sister,—I was very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness in spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of champagne at night in good company; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden; our neighborhood is something improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are Lord Middleton

and Sir J. Gifford, who are, perhaps, your acquaintances: they live with their aunt, Lady Westmoreland, and we endeavor to make the country agreeable to one another.

Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad, which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavoring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours.

To the Countess of Mar

[June, 1727.]

I have writ you a long letter, dear sister, and only wanted sealing it, when I was interrupted by a summons to my sister Gower's whom I never left since. She lasted from Friday to Tuesday, and died about eight o'clock, in such a manner as has made an impression on me not easily shaken off. We are now but two in the world, and it ought to endear us to one another. I am sure whatever I can serve my poor nieces and nephews in, shall not be wanting on my part. I won't trouble you with melancholy circumstances; you may easily imagine the affliction of Lord Gower and Lady Cheyne. I hope you will not let melancholy hurt your own health, which is truly dear to your affectionate sister.

To the Countess of Mar

[July, 1727.]

You see, dear sister, that I answer your letters as soon as I receive them, and if mine can give you any

consolation or amusement, you need never want 'em. I desire you would not continue grieving yourself. Of all sorrows, those we pay to the dead are most vain; and, as I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, I think no sort of it worth cherishing. I suppose you have heard how good Lady Lansdowne has passed her time here; she has lived publicly with Lord Dunmore, famed for their loves. You'll wonder perhaps to hear Lord Gower is a topping courtier, and that there is not one Tory left in England. There is something exceedingly risible in these affairs, but not so proper to be communicated by letter; and so will I in an humble way, return to my domestics. I hear your daughter is a very fine young lady, and I wish you joy of it, as one of the greatest blessings of life. My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction, but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant. If I were inclined to lay worldly matters to heart, I could write a quire of complaints about it. You see no one is quite happy, though 'tis pretty much in my nature to console upon all occasions. I advise you to do the same, as the only remedy against the vexations of life; which in my conscience I think affords disagreeable things to the highest ranks, and comforts to the very lowest; so that, upon the whole, things are more equally disposed among the sons of Adam, than they are generally thought to be. You see my philosophy is not so *lugubre* as yours. I am so far from avoiding company, that I seek it on all occasions; and, when I am no longer an actor upon this stage (by the way, I talk of twenty years hence at the soonest), as a

spectator I shall laugh at the farcical actions which may then be represented, nature being exceedingly bountiful in all ages in providing coxcombs, who are the greatest preservatives against the spleen that I ever could find out. I say all these things for your edification, and shall conclude my consolatory epistle with one rule that I have found very conducing to health of body and mind. As soon as you wake in the morning, lift up your eyes and consider seriously what will best divert you that day. Your imagination being then refreshed by sleep, will certainly put in your mind some party of pleasure, which, if you execute with prudence, will disperse those melancholy vapors which are the foundation of all distempers.

I am your affectionate sister.

To the Countess of Mar

[About August, 1727.]

My cousin is going to Paris, and I will not let her go without a letter for you, my dear sister, though I never was in a worse humor for writing. I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son; who has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where; and hitherto 'tis impossible to find him. You may judge of my uneasiness by what your own would be if dear Lady Fanny was lost. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much; I can hardly speak or write of it with tolerable temper, and I own it has changed mine to that degree I have a mind to cross the water, to try what effect a new heaven and a new earth

will have upon my spirit. If I take this resolution, you shall hear in a few posts. There can be no situation in life in which the conversation of my dear sister will not administer some comfort to me.

To the Countess of Mar

[September, 1727.]

This is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside,—then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet, sixpennyworth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws, and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment; I am satisfied I have been one of *the* condemned ever since I was born; and, in submission to the divine justice, I don't at all doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some

more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hope in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlor at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came being with child, etc., and you see what comes of being with child. Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavors, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like—but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen, she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed consequences of great disappointments; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie! ! !*

To the Bishop of Salisbury
[with her translation of Epictetus.]

July 20, 1710.

My Lord,—Your hours are so well employed, I hardly dare offer you this trifle to look over; but then, so well am I acquainted with the sweetness of temper which accompanies your learning I dare ever assure myself of a pardon. You have already forgiven me

greater impertinencies, and condescended yet further in giving me instructions, and bestowing some of your minutes in teaching me. This surprising humility has all the effect it ought to have on my heart; I am sensible of the gratitude I owe to so much goodness, and how much I am ever bound to be your servant. Here is the work of one week of my solitude—by the many faults in it your Lordship will easily believe I spent no more time upon it; it was hardly finished when I was obliged to begin my journey, and I had not leisure to write it over again. You have it here without any corrections, with all its blots and errors: I endeavored at no beauty of style, but to keep as literally as I could to the sense of the author. My only intention in presenting it, is to ask your lordship whether I have understood Epictetus? The fourth chapter, particularly, I am afraid I have mistaken. Piety and greatness of soul set you above all misfortunes that can happen to yourself, and the calumnies of false tongues; but that same piety which renders what happens to yourself indifferent to you, yet softens the natural compassion in your temper to the greatest degree of tenderness for the interests of the Church, and the liberty and welfare of your country: the steps that are now made towards the destruction of both, the apparent danger we are in, the manifest growth of injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy, cannot do otherwise than give your lordship those hours of sorrow, which, did not your fortitude of soul, and reflections from religion and philosophy, shorten, would add to the national misfortunes, by injuring the health of so great a supporter

of our sinking liberties. I ought to ask pardon for this digression; it is more proper for me in this place to say something to excuse an address that looks so very presuming. My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman; those words imply, according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain, and conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have this effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it. Erasmus was certainly a man of great learning, and

good sense, and he seems to have my opinion of it, when he says, *Fœmina qui* [sic] *vere sapit, non videtur sibi sapere; contra, quæ cum nihil sapiat sibi videtur sapere, ea demum bis stulta est.* The Abbé Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking over much: they know nothing, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts, which, if they knew more, they would know not worth their thinking of. I am not now arguing for an equality of the two sexes. I do not doubt God and nature have thrown us into an inferior rank, we are a lower part of the creation, we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex, and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebels against the law of the Creator, and indisputable order of nature; but there is a worse effect than this, which follows the careless education given to women of quality, its being so easy for any man of sense, that finds it either his interest or his pleasure, to corrupt them. The common method is, to begin by attacking their religion: they bring them a thousand fallacious arguments, which their excessive ignorance hinders them from refuting: and I speak now from my own knowledge and conversation among them, there are more atheists among the fine ladies than the loosest sort of rakes; and the same ignorance that generally works out into excess of superstition, exposes them to the snares of any who have a fancy to carry them to t'other extreme. I have made my excuses already too long, and will conclude in the words of Erasmus:— *Vulgus sentit quod lingua Latina non convenit fœminis,*

quia parum facit ad tuendam illarum pudicitiam, quoniam rarum et insolitum est fœminam scire Latinam; attamen consuetudo omnium malarum rerum magistra. Decorum est fœminam in Germania nata [sic] *discere Gallice, ut loquatur cum his qui sciunt Gallice; cur igitur habetur indecorum discere Latine, ut quotidie confabuletur cum tot autoribus tam facundis, tam eruditis, tam sapientibus, tam fides consultoribus. Certe mihi quantulumcunque cerebri est, malim in bonis studiis consumere, quam in precibus sine mente dictis, in pernoctibus conviviis, in exhauriendis, capacibus pateris, etc.*

I have tired your lordship, and too long delayed to subscribe myself

Your lordship's most respectful and obliged.

To Lady ——

Jan. 13, 1715-16.

I find after all by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an apostolic saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man than the apostle that Mrs. D—— looks to in the present alliance. Though at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished. Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air. Warm devotion is

[*sic*] no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides, I know it is a fact, of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth, that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the means supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate, indeed, is very filthy. Such a red, spongy, warty nose! Such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year—she but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease; and if Mrs. D——, instead of spending whole days in reading Collier, Hickes, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house and minding the dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many sweet babes to provide for.

I met the lover, yesterday, going to the alehouse in his dirty nightgown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the Persians wore long nightgowns. There is really no more accounting

for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbor Miss S—y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes; and wrangling, as is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids), is one of the sweets of the conjugal state. You tell me that our friend Mrs. —— is at length blessed with a son; and that her husband, who is a great philosopher (if his own testimony is to be depended upon), insists on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter; and to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances, but a pedant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times, and places, just like a tailor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from Nature to stop your mouth, weigh, I must own to you, but very little with me.—This same Nature is indeed a specious ward, nay, there is a great deal in it if it is properly understood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not designed to be so? And is it not happy for human society that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow, until he would be obliged to put the end

of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of Nature? The instincts of Nature point out neither tailors, nor weavers, nor mantuamakers, nor sempsters, nor milliners; and yet I am very glad that we don't run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that Nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him, to quench his thirst, for stout October, port, or claret. Indeed, if Mrs. —— was a buxom, sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case), she might be a good nurse for her child: but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratafia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss,—I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favor of the cow, unless you may be afraid that the young squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in State and Church, who have been brought up with their mothers' milk!

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me last. What you say of the two rebel lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter. If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Blackbeard. He is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine (within myself) that the Smithfield priests, who burned the Protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the doctor's. If we were Papists, I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity, and his good indulgent heart would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewell, my dear lady, etc., etc.

To Dr. Arbuthnot

Jan. 3 [1735].

Sir,—I have perused the last lampoon of your ingenious friend, and am not surprised you did not find me out under the name of Sappho, because there is nothing I ever heard in our characters or circumstances to make a parallel, but as the town (except you, who know better) generally suppose Pope means me, whenever he mentions that name, I cannot help taking notice of the horrible malice he bears against the lady signified by that name, which appears to be irritated by supposing her writer of the verses to the Imitator of Horace. Now I can assure him they were wrote (with-

out my knowledge) by a gentleman of great merit, whom I very much esteem, who he will never guess, and who, if he did know, he durst not attack; but I own the design was so well meant, and so excellently executed, that I cannot be sorry they were written. I wish you would advise poor Pope to turn to some more honest livelihood than libeling; I know he will allege in his excuse that he must write to eat, and he has now grown sensible that nobody will buy his verses except their curiosity is piqued to it, to see what is said of their acquaintance; but I think this method of gain so exceeding vile that it admits of no excuse at all. Can anything be more detestable than his abusing poor Moore, scarce cold in his grave, when it is plain he kept back his poem, while he lived, for fear he should beat him for it? This is shocking to me, though of a man I never spoke to and hardly knew by sight; but I am seriously concerned at the worse scandal he has heaped on Mr. Congreve, who was my friend, and whom I am obliged to justify, because I can do it on my own knowledge, and, which is yet farther, bring witness of it, from those who were then often with me, that he was so far from loving Pope's rhyme, both that and his conversation were perpetual jokes to him, exceeding despicable in his opinion, and he has often made us laugh in talking of them, being particularly pleasant on that subject. As to Pope's being born of honest parents, I verily believe it, and will add one praise to his mother's character, that (though I only knew her very old) she always appeared to me to have much better sense than himself. I desire, sir, as a

favor, that you would show this letter to Pope, and you will very much oblige, sir,

Your humble servant.

To Her Daughter, the Countess of Bute

[About September, 1748.]

It is very true, my dear child, we cannot now maintain a family with the product of a flock, though I do not doubt the present sheep afford as much wool and milk as any of their ancestors, and it is certain our natural wants are not more numerous than formerly; but the world is past its infancy, and will no longer be contented with spoon meat. Time has added great improvements, but those very improvements have introduced a train of artificial necessities. A collective body of men make a gradual progress in understanding, like that of a single individual. When I reflect on the vast increase of useful, as well as speculative, knowledge the last three hundred years has produced, and that the peasants of this age have more conveniences than the first emperors of Rome had any notion of, I imagine we are now arrived at that period which answers to fifteen. I cannot think we are older, when I recollect the many palpable follies which are still (almost) universally persisted in: I place that of war amongst the most glaring, being fully as senseless as the boxing of schoolboys, and whenever we come to man's estate (perhaps a thousand years hence), I do not doubt it will appear as ridiculous as the pranks of unlucky lads. Several discoveries will then be made, and several truths made clear, of which we have now

no more idea than the ancients had of the circulation of the blood, or the optics of Sir I. Newton.

You will believe me in a very dull humor when I fill my letter with such whims, and indeed so I am. I have just received the news of Sir J. Gray's departure, and am exceedingly vexed I did not know of his designed journey. I suppose he would have carried my token; and now I utterly despair of an opportunity of sending it, and therefore enclose a note on Child for the value of it.

When you see Lady Rich, pray do not fail to present my thanks and compliments. I desire the same to everybody that thinks it worth while to inquire after me. You mention a Colonel Rich as her son; I thought he had been killed in Scotland. You see my entire ignorance of all English affairs, and consequently, whatever you tell me of my acquaintance, has the merit of novelty to me, who correspond with nobody but yourself and Lady Oxford, whose retirement and ill health does not permit her to send me much news.

I expect a letter of thanks from my granddaughter: I wrote to my grandmother long before her age. I desire you would not see it, being willing to judge of her genius. I know I shall read it with some partiality, which I cannot avoid to all that is yours, as I am your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute.

To the Countess of Bute

Dec. 24, N.S. [1750].

Dear Child,—I received yours of October the 28th

this morning, December 24th, N.S. I am afraid a letter of two sheets of paper that I sent you from Salo never came to your hands, which I am very sorry for: it would have been, perhaps, some entertainment, being the description of places that I am sure you have not found in any book of travels. I also made my hearty congratulations to Lord Bute and yourself on his place, which I hope is an earnest of future advantages. I desired you would send me all the books of which you gave a catalogue, except H. Fielding's and his sister's, which I have already. I thank God my taste still continues for the gay part of reading. Wiser people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is at worst better than the generality of conversation. I am extremely pleased with the account you give me of your father's health; his life is the greatest blessing that can happen to his family. I am very sincerely touched with the Duchess of Montague's misfortune, though I think it no reasonable cause for locking herself up. Age and ugliness are as inseparable as heat and fire, and I think it all one in what shape one's figure grows disagreeable. I remember the Princess of Moldavia at Constantinople made a party of pleasure the next day after losing one of her eyes; and when I wondered at her philosophy, said, she had more reason to divert herself than she had before. 'Tis true our climate is apt to inspire more melancholy ideas: the enlivening heat of the sun continues the cheerfulness of youth to the grave with most people. I received a visit not long since from a fair young lady, that had new lain in of her nineteenth

child; in reality she is but thirty-seven, and has so well preserved her fine shape and complexion, she appears little past twenty. I wish you the same good fortune, though not quite so numerous a posterity. Every happiness is ardently desired for you by, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

P.S. My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all your little ones. I am ashamed not to have sent my token to my goddaughter; I hope to do it in a short time.

To the Countess of Bute

March 2, N.S. [1751].

Dear Child,—I had the happiness of a letter from your father last post, by which I find you are in good health, though I have not heard from you of a long time. This frequent interruption of our correspondence is a great uneasiness to me: I charge it on the neglect or irregularity of the post. I sent you a letter by Mr. Anderson a great while ago, to which I never had any answer; neither have I ever heard from him since, though I am fully persuaded he has wrote concerning some little commissions I gave him. I should be very sorry he thought I neglected to thank him for his civilities. I desire Lord Bute would inquire about him. I saw him in company with a very pretty pupil, who seemed to me a promising youth. I wish he would fall in love with my granddaughter. I dare say you laugh at this early design of providing for her: take it as a mark of my affection for you and yours, which is without any mixture of self-interest, since, with my

age and infirmities, there is little probability of my living to see them established. I no more expect to arrive at the age of the Duchess of Marlborough than to that of Methusalem; neither do I desire it. I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away; and it is gone; for I think there are very few of those left that flourished in my youth. You will perhaps call these melancholy reflections: they are not so. There is a quiet after the abandoning of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. I tell you this for your comfort. It was formerly a terrifying view to me, that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that Nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those are only unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth, which appears to me as little desirable at present as the babies do to you, that were the delight of your infancy. I am at the end of my paper, which shortens the sermon of, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

To Mr. Wortley Montagu

May 24, N.S. [1751].

I can no longer resist the desire I have to know what is become of my son. I have long suppressed it, from a belief that if there was anything of good to be told, you would not fail to give me the pleasure of hearing it. I find it now grows so much upon me, that whatever I am to know, I think it would be easier for me to support, than the anxiety I suffer from my

doubts. I beg to be informed, and prepare myself for the worst, with all the philosophy I have. At my time of life I ought to be detached from a world which I am soon to leave; to be totally so is a vain endeavor, and perhaps there is vanity in the endeavor; while we are human, we must submit to human infirmities, and suffer them in mind as well as body. All that reflection and experience can do is to mitigate, we can never extinguish, our passions. I call by that name every sentiment that is not founded upon reason, and own I cannot justify to mine the concern I feel for one who never gave me any view of satisfaction.

This is too melancholy a subject to dwell upon. You compliment me on the continuation of my spirits: 'tis true, I try to maintain them by every art I can, being sensible of the terrible consequences of losing them. Young people are too apt to let theirs sink on any disappointment. I have wrote to my daughter all the considerations I could think of to lessen her affliction. I am persuaded you will advise her to amusements, and am very glad you continue that of traveling, as the most useful for health. I have been prisoner here some months, by the weather: the rivers are still impassable in most places; when they are abated, I intend some little excursions, being of your opinion that exercise is as necessary as food, though I have at present no considerable complaint; my hearing, and I think my memory, are without any decay, and my sight better than I could expect; it still serves me to read many hours in a day. I have appetite enough to relish what I eat, and have the same sound uninter-

rupted sleep that has continued through the course of my life, and to which I attribute the happiness of not yet knowing the headache. I am very sorry you are so often troubled with it, but hope from your care and temperance, that if you cannot wholly overcome it, yet it may be so far diminished as not to give you any uneasiness, or affect your constitution.

To the Countess of Bute

[Feb. 16, N.S., 1752.]

Dear Child,—I received yesterday, February 15th, N.S., the case of books you were so good to send me: the entertainment they have already given me has recompensed me for the long time I expected them. I began by your direction with Peregrine Pickle. I think Lady V. [Vane]'s Memoirs contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of her own being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks herself so, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because, whatever they get on the road, they always spend at the next alehouse, and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history, rightly considered, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see there what mortifications and variety of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantries. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through. Her style is clear and concise, with

some strokes of humor, which appear to me so much above her, I can't help being of opinion the whole has been modeled by the author of the book in which it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of hers. I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my relations. Her first wedding was attended with circumstances that made me think a visit not at all necessary, though I disobliged Lady Susan by neglecting it; and her second, which happened soon after, made her so near a neighbor, that I rather chose to stay the whole summer in town than partake of her balls and parties of pleasure, to which I did not think it proper to introduce you; and had no other way of avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most unnatural mother for denying you diversions that the pious Lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters. Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their heroic contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex, the one for beauty, and the other wealth, both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentile [*sic*], well bred, well shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes, which Lady V. [Vane] describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me, and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which I think her story shows in a strong light.

The next book I laid my hand on was the *Parish Girl,* which interested me enough not to be able to

quit it till it was read over, though the author has fallen into the common mistake of romance-writers: intending a virtuous character, and not knowing how to draw it; the first step of his heroine (leaving her patroness's house) being altogether absurd and ridiculous, justly entitling her to all the misfortunes she met with. Candles came (and my eyes grown weary), I took up the next book, merely because I supposed from the title it could not engage me long. It was *Pompey the Little,* which has really diverted me more than any of the others, and it was impossible to go to bed till it was finished. It was a real and exact representation of life, as it is now acted in London, as it was in my time, and as it will be (I do not doubt) a hundred years hence, with some little variation of dress, and perhaps government. I found there many of my acquaintance. Lady T. and Lady O. are so well painted, I fancied I heard them talk, and have heard them say the very things there repeated. I also saw myself (as I now am) in the character of Mrs. Qualmsick. You will be surprised at this, no Englishwoman being so free from vapors, having never in my life complained of low spirits or weak nerves; but our resemblance is very strong in the fancied loss of appetite, which I have been silly enough to be persuaded into by the physician of this place. He visits me frequently, as being one of the most considerable men in the parish, and is a grave, sober thinking great fool, whose solemn appearance, and deliberate way of delivering his sentiments gives them an air of good sense, though they are often the most injudicious that ever were pronounced.

By perpetual telling me I eat so little, he is amazed I am able to subsist, he had brought me to be of his opinion; and I began to be seriously uneasy at it. This useful treatise has roused me into a recollection of what I eat yesterday, and do almost every day the same. I wake generally about seven, and drink half a pint of warm asses' milk, after which I sleep two hours; as soon as I am risen, I constantly take three cups of milk coffee, and two hours after that a large cup of milk chocolate: two hours more brings my dinner, where I never fail swallowing a good dish (I don't mean plate) of gravy soup, with all the bread, roots, etc., belonging to it. I then eat a wing and the whole body of a large fat capon, and a veal sweetbread, concluding with a competent quantity of custard, and some roasted chestnuts. At five in the afternoon I take another dose of asses' milk; and for supper twelve chestnuts (which would weigh twenty-four of those in London), one new laid egg, and a handsome porringer of white bread and milk. With this diet, notwithstanding the menaces of my wise doctor, I am now convinced I am in no danger of starving; and am obliged to Little Pompey for this discovery.

I opened my eyes this morning on Leonora, from which I defy the greatest chemist in morals to extract any instruction; the style most affectedly florid, and naturally insipid, with such a confused heap of admirable characters, that never were, or can be, in human nature. I flung it aside after fifty pages, and laid hold of Mrs. Philips, where I expected to find at least probable, if not true facts, and was not disappointed.

There is a great similitude in the genius and adventures (the one being productive of the other) between Madame Con. [Constantia] and Lady Vane: the first mentioned has the advantage in birth, and, if I am not mistaken, in understanding: they have both had scandalous lawsuits with their husbands, and are endowed with the same intrepid assurance. Con. seems to value herself also on her generosity, and has given the same proofs of it. The parallel might be drawn out to be as long as any of Plutarch's; but I dare swear you are already heartily weary of my remarks, and wish I had not read so much in so short a time, that you might not be troubled with my comments; but you must suffer me to say something of the polite Mr. S^te^, whose name I should never have guessed by the rapturous description his mistress makes of his person, having always looked upon him as one of the most disagreeable fellows about town, as odious in his outside as stupid in his conversation, and I should as soon have expected to hear of his conquests as the head of an army as among women; yet he has been, it seems, the darling favorite of the most experienced of the sex, which shows me I am a very bad judge of merit. But I agree with Mrs. Philips, that, however profligate she may have been, she is infinitely his superior in virtue; and if her penitence is as sincere as she says, she may expect their future fate to be like that of Dives and Lazarus.

This letter is of a most immoderate length. I [hope?] it will find you at Caenwood: your solitude there will permit you to peruse, and even to forgive all

the impertinence of your most affectionate mother.

My blessing to our children, and compliments to Lord Bute, I enclose a bill to pay the overplus due to you, and serve for future little commissions.

To the Countess of Bute

Jan. 28, N.S. [1753].

Dear Child,—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England: I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of showing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyll, has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning: in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education: your prospect was very different from hers. As you had no defect either in mind or person to hinder, and much in your circumstances to attract, the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live

in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful that is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavors to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement extensive, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many

schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would wish her no further a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had a natural good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands; that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and, as you are very capable of distin-

guishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humor, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness; the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of all her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and even thought it a misfortune. The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my granddaughter, which I have much at heart. If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning that I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir I. Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not

difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady ——, or Lady ——, or Mrs. ——: those women are ridiculous, not because they have learning, but because they have it not. One thinks herself a complete historian, after reading Echard's *Roman History;* another a profound philosopher, having got by heart some of Pope's unintelligible essays; and a third an able divine, on the strength of Whitefield's sermons: thus you hear them screaming politics and controversy.

It is a saying of Thucydides, ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed, it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance, than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extreme fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for a short time I learnt. My overeagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness on my eyes, that made it necessary to leave it off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see, by hers, that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life

which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one): hers ought to be, to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier; but it is undoubtedly safer than any marriage. In a lottery, which there are (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter: she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention, and contented myself with endeavoring to make your home so easy that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long and insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am

Your most affectionate mother.

To the Countess of Bute

March 6 [1753].

I cannot help writing a sort of apology for my last letter, foreseeing that you will think it wrong, or at least Lord Bute will be extremely shocked at the proposal of a learned education for daughters, which the generality of men believe as great a profanation as the clergy would do if the laity should presume to exercise the functions of the priesthood. I desire you would take notice, I would not have learning enjoined them as a task, but permitted as a pleasure, if their genius leads them naturally to it. I look upon my granddaughters as a sort of lay nuns: destiny may have laid up other things for them, but they have no reason to expect to pass their time otherwise than their aunts do at present; and I know, by experience, it is in the power of study not only to make solitude tolerable, but agreeable. I have now lived almost seven years in a stricter retirement than yours in the Isle of Bute, and can assure you, I have never had half an hour heavy on my hands, for want of something to do. Whoever will cultivate their own mind, will find full employment. Every virtue does not only require great care in the planting, but as much daily solicitude in cherishing, as exotic fruits and flowers. The vices and passions (which I am afraid are the natural product of the soil) demand perpetual weeding. Add to this the search after knowledge (every branch of which is entertaining), and the longest life is too short for the pursuit of it; which, though in some regards confined to very strait limits, leaves still a vast variety of amuse-

ments to those capable of tasting them, which is utterly impossible for those that are blinded by prejudices which are the certain effect of an ignorant education. My own was one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as Clarissa Harlowe's; her pious Mrs. Norton so perfectly resembling my governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost fancy the author was acquainted with her. She took so much pains, from my infancy, to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions, it was none of her fault I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned methodist. Almost all girls are bred after this manner. I believe you are the only woman (perhaps I might say, person) that never was either frighted or cheated into anything by your parents. I can truly affirm, I never deceived anybody in my life, excepting (which I confess has often happened undesignedly) by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say (during his ministry) he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth, which, as they thought impossible to come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write informations to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them: most people confounding the ideas of sense and cunning, though there are really no two things in nature more opposite: it is, in part, from this false reasoning, the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantages of learning, the men fancying the improvement of our understandings would only furnish us with more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth.

Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit, or the ill consequences of detection. I could give many examples of ladies whose ill conduct has been very notorious, which has been owing to that ignorance which has exposed them to idleness, which is justly called the mother of mischief. There is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good breeding, which, if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons, which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity; though, I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses (as Doctor Swift has supposed), it would be an established maxim among them, that a mare could not be taught to pace. I could add a great deal on this subject, but I am not now endeavoring to remove the prejudices of mankind; my only design is, to point out to my granddaughters the method of being contented with that retreat, to which probably their circumstances will oblige them, and which is perhaps preferable to all the show of public life. It has always been my inclination. Lady Stafford (who knew me better than anybody else in the world, both from her own just discernment, and my heart being ever as open to her as myself) used to tell me, my true vocation was a monastery; and I now find, by experience, more sincere

pleasures with my books and garden, than all the flutter of a court could give me.

If you follow my advice in relation to Lady Mary, my correspondence may be of use to her; and I shall very willingly give her those instructions that may be necessary in the pursuit of her studies. Before her age I was in the most regular commerce with my grandmother, though the difference of our time of life was much greater, she being past forty-five when she married my grandfather. She died at ninety-six, retaining, to the last, the vivacity and clearness of her understanding, which was very uncommon. You cannot remember her, being then in your nurse's arms. I conclude with repeating to you, I only recommend, but am far from commanding, which I think I have no right to do. I tell you my sentiments, because you desired to know them, and hope you will receive them with some partiality, as coming from

Your most affectionate mother.

I have asked you over and over if you have received my letter to my sister Mar?

To the Countess of Bute

Oct. 10 [1753].

This letter will be very dull or very peevish (perhaps both). I am at present much out of humor, being on the edge of a quarrel with my friend and patron, the C. He is really a good natured and generous man, and spends his vast revenue in (what he thinks) the service of his country, besides contributing largely to the building of a new cathedral, which, when finished,

will stand in the rank of fine churches (where he has already the comfort of seeing his own busto), finely done both within and without. He has founded a magnificent college for one hundred scholars, which I don't doubt he will endow very nobly, and greatly enlarged and embellished his episcopal palace. He has joined to it a public library, which, when I saw it, was a very beautiful room: it is now finished and furnished, and open twice in a week with proper attendance. Yesterday here arrived one of his chief chaplains, with a long compliment, which concluded with desiring I would send him my works; having dedicated one of his cases to English books, he intended my labors should appear in the most conspicuous place. I was struck dumb for some time with this astonishing request; when I recovered my vexatious surprise (foreseeing the consequence), I made answer, I was highly sensible of the honor designed me, but, upon my word, I had never printed a single line in my life. I was answered in a cold tone, his eminence could send for them to England, but they would be a long time coming, and with some hazard; and that he had flattered himself I would not refuse him such a favor, and I need not be ashamed of seeing my name in a collection where he admitted none but the most eminent authors. It was to no purpose to endeavor to convince him. He would not stay dinner, though earnestly invited; and went away with the air of one that thought he had reason to be offended. I know his master will have the same sentiments, and I shall pass in his opinion for a monster of ingratitude, while it is the blackest of vices in my

opinion, and of which I am utterly incapable—I really could cry for vexation.

Sure nobody ever had such various provocations to print as myself. I have seen things I have wrote, so mangled and falsified, I have scarce known them. I have seen poems I never read, published with my name at length; and others, that were truly and singly wrote by me, printed under the names of others. I have made myself easy under all these mortifications, by the reflection I did not deserve them, having never aimed at the vanity of popular applause; but I own my philosophy is not proof against losing a friend, and it may be making an enemy of one to whom I am obliged.

I confess I have often been complimented, since I have been in Italy, on the books I have given the public. I used at first to deny it with some warmth; but, finding I persuaded nobody, I have of late contented myself with laughing whenever I heard it mentioned, knowing the character of a learned woman is far from being ridiculous in this country, the greatest families being proud of having produced female writers; and a Milanese lady being now professor of mathematics in the university of Bologna, invited thither by a most obliging letter, wrote by the present Pope, who desired her to accept of the chair, not as a recompense for her merit, but to do honor to a town which is under his protection. To say truth, there is no part of the world where our sex is treated with so much contempt as in England. I do not complain of

men for having engrossed the government: in excluding us from all degrees of power, they preserve us from many fatigues, many dangers, and perhaps many crimes. The small proportion of authority that has fallen to my share (only over a few children and servants) has always been a burden, and never a pleasure, and I believe every one finds it so who acts from a maxim (I think an indispensable duty), that whoever is under my power is under my protection. Those who find a joy in inflicting hardships, and seeing objects of misery, may have other sensations; but I have always thought corrections, even when necessary, as painful to the giver as to the sufferer, and am therefore very well satisfied with the state of subjection we are placed in: but I think it the highest injustice to be debarred the entertainment of my closet, and that the same studies which raise the character of a man should hurt that of a woman. We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason; if some few get above their nurses' instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. I am now speaking according to our English notions, which may wear out, some ages hence, along with others equally absurd. It appears to me the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus (in every light acknowledged one of the greatest men among the ancients), when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices as to choose his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at the time the most despised people upon earth) and a woman. Our modern wits would

be so far from quoting, they would scarce own they had read the works of such contemptible creatures, though, perhaps, they would condescend to steal from them, at the same time they declared they were below their notice. This subject is apt to run away with me; I will trouble you with no more of it.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all yours, which are truly dear to

Your most affectionate mother.

To the Countess of Bute

April 15, N.S. [1755].

My dear Child,—I received yours of February 10th with great pleasure, as it brought me the news of your health, and that of your family, though mixed with some mortification to find that some of yours have been lost, and several of mine. I never had that in which you mention the death of Lord Gower, and should be glad to hear in what state he has left his affairs. I do not doubt, as madame had the carving of the whole, she has taken care to reserve some good bits for herself. I cannot guess who you mean by Lord Montfort, there being no such title when I left England, nor any Lord Hertford, who I hear is named ambassador to France: these are all new people to me. I wish you would give me some information concerning them. None can be so agreeable as the continuation of your father's health: you see in him the good effect of a strict abstinence and regular exercise. I am much pleased (but not at all surprised) at his

kindness to you: I know him to be more capable of a generous action than any man I ever knew. I am afraid my last long letter to him has miscarried, and perhaps he thinks me very negligent, or very stupid in delaying to answer that which he sent me. You may assure him no part of the merit of it was lost upon me. I took all possible care my thanks for it should be safely delivered into the postmaster's own hand. I suspect my cautions have been all in vain, and also that you have not had mine in which was endorsed a small bill on Mr. Child. I have never heard one word of the books that you told me were packed up last June. These things are very provoking, [but] fretting mends nothing. I will continue to write on, though the uncertainty of your receiving my letters is a strong abatement of my pleasure in writing, and will be of heavy consequence to my style. I feel at this minute the spirit of dullness chill my heart, and I am ready to break out into alacks and alases, with many murmurs against my cruel destiny, that will not even permit this distant conversation between us, without such allaying circumstances. However, I beg you not to be discouraged. I am persuaded, from the goodness of your heart, that you are willing to give me happiness; and I can have none here so great as a letter from you. You can never want subjects; and I can assure you that your eldest daughter cannot be more delighted with a birthday suit, or your youngest with a paper of sugar-plums, than I am at the sight of your hand. You seem very anxious on the account of

your children's education. I have said all I have to say on that head; and am still of the same opinion, that learning is necessary to the happiness of women, and ignorance the common foundation of their errors, both in morals and conduct. I was well acquainted with a lady (the D. [Duchess] of M. [Manchester]), who, I am persuaded, owed all her misfortunes to the want of instruction in her youth. You know another, who, if she had had her natural good understanding cultivated by letters, would never have mistaken Johnny Gay for a wit, and much less have printed, that he took the liberty of calling her his Laura.

I am pleasingly interrupted by the welcome information from Lord Bute that you are safely delivered of a son. I am never in pain for any of that sex. If they have any merit there are so many roads for them to meet good fortune, they can no way fail of it but by not deserving it. We have but one of establishing ours, and that surrounded with precipices, and perhaps after all better missed than found. I have already told you I look upon my granddaughters as lay nuns. Lady Mary might avoid that destiny, if religion was not a bar to her being disposed of in this country. You will laugh to hear it, but it is really true, I had proposed to me a young man of quality, with a good estate: his parents are both dead: she would find a fine palace, and neither want jewels nor equipage; and her name (with a present from me) be thought sufficient fortune.

I shall write to Lord Bute this post. My blessing

to you and yours is sincerely sent from your most affectionate mother.

To the Countess of Bute

Lovere, Sept. 22 [1755].

My dear Child,—I received, two days ago, the box of books you were so kind to send; but I can scarce say whether my pleasure or disappointment was greatest. I was much pleased to see before me a fund of amusement, but heartily vexed to find your letter consisting only of three lines and a half. Why will you not employ Lady Mary as secretary, if it is troublesome to you to write? I have told you over and over, you may at the same time oblige your mother and improve your daughter, both which I should think very agreeable to yourself. You can never want something to say. The history of your nursery, if you had no other subject to write on, would be very acceptable to me. I am such a stranger to everything in England, I should be glad to hear more particulars relating to the families I am acquainted with:—if Miss Liddel marries the Lord Euston I knew, or his nephew, who has succeeded him; if Lord Berkeley has left children; and several trifles of that sort, that would be a satisfaction to my curiosity. I am sorry for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so, the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. I should think it a nobler and less nauseous employment to be

one of the staff-officers that conduct the nocturnal weddings. His happy constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it) made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was fluxing in a garret. There was a great similitude between his character and that of Sir Richard Steele. He had the advantage both in learning and, in my opinion, genius: they both agreed in wanting money in spite of all their friends, and would have wanted it, if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imagination; yet each of them [was] so formed for happiness, it is pity he was not immortal. I have read the Cry [*sic*], and if I would write in the style to be admired by good Lord Orrery, I would tell you *The Cry* made me ready to cry, and the *Art of Tormenting* tormented me very much. I take them to be Sally Fielding's, and also the *Female Quixote:* the plan of that is pretty, but ill executed: on the contrary, the fable of *The Cry* is the most absurd I ever saw, but the sentiments generally just; and I think, if well dressed, would make a better body of ethics than Bolingbroke's. Her inventing new words, that are neither more harmonious or significant than those already in use, is intolerable. The most edifying part of the *Journey to Lisbon,* is the history of the kitten: I was the more touched by it, having a few days before found one, in deplorable circumstances, in a neighboring vineyard. I did not only

relieve her present wants with some excellent milk, but had her put into a clean basket, and brought to my own house, where she has lived ever since very comfortably.

I desire to have Fielding's posthumous works, with his *Memoirs of Jonathan Wild,* and *Journey to the Next World:* also the *Memoirs of Verocand,* a man of pleasure, and those of a *Young Lady.* You will call all this trash, trumpery, etc. I can assure you I was more entertained by G. Edwards than H. St. John, of whom you have sent me duplicates. I see new story books with the same pleasure your eldest daughter does a new dress, or the youngest a new baby. I thank God I can find playthings for my age. I am not of Cowley's mind, that this world is

"A dull, ill acted comedy";

Nor of Mrs. Philips's, that it is

"A too well acted tragedy."

I look upon it as a very pretty farce, for those that can see it in that light. I confess a severe critic, that would examine by ancient rules, might find many defects; but 'tis ridiculous to judge seriously of a puppet-show. Those that can laugh, and be diverted with absurdities, are the wisest spectators, be it of writings, actions, or people.

The *Stage Coach* has some grotesque figures that amuse: I place it in the rank of Charlotte Summers, and perhaps it is by the same author. I am pleased with Sir Herald for recording a generous action of the D. of Montagu, which I know to be true, with

some variation of circumstances. You should have given me a key to the *Invisible Spy,* particularly to the catalogue of books in it. I know not whether the conjugal happiness of the D. of B. [Duke of Bedford] is intended as a compliment or an irony.

This letter is as long and as dull as any of Richardson's. I am ashamed of it, notwithstanding my maternal privilege of being tiresome.

I return many thanks to Lord Bute for the china, which I am sure I shall be very fond of, though I have not yet seen it. I send you a third bill of exchange, supposing the second, sent last June, has not reached you. In the next box, put up the *History of London,* and also three of Pinchbec's watches, shagrine cases, and enameled dial-plates. When I left England, they were five guineas each; I do not know the price. Whatever it is, pray take it of Mr. Samuel Child. You may imagine they are for presents; one for my doctor, who is exactly Parson Adams in another profession, and the others for two priests, to whom I have some obligations.

This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of *Clarissa* touched me, as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison and his lady, what I have heard of my mother, and seen of my father.

This letter is grown (I know not how) into an immeasurable length. I answer it to my conscience as a just judgment on you for the shortness of yours.

Remember my unalterable maxim, where we love we have always something to say; consequently my pen never tires when expressing to you the thoughts of

Your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all your dear young ones, even the last comer.

To the Countess of Bute.

April 15 [25, ? 1760].

My dear Child,—I am very uneasy at hearing nothing from you or General G. [Graham], being told he has been arrived near a month. I do not doubt his first visit was to you, having given him a letter which I desired him to deliver with all speed. Perhaps I was more frightened than I need to be when I wrote it. All weaknesses appear, as they increase, with age. I am afraid all human-kind are born with the seeds of them, though they may be totally concealed, and consequently considerably lessened, by education and philosophy. I have endeavored to study and correct myself; and as courage was the favorite virtue in my early youth, I studied to seem void of fear, and I believe was rather esteemed foolhardy.

I am now grown timorous, and inclined to low spirits, whatever you may hear to the contrary. My cheerfulness is like the fire kindled in brushwood, which makes a show, but is soon turned to cold ashes. I do not, like Madame Maintenon, grieve at the decay which is allotted to all mortals, but would willingly excuse to you the heat that was in my last. I would by no means have you give the least uneasiness to your father.

At his time of life the mind should be vacant and quiet. As for the rest, let Providence as it will dispose of your most affectionate mother.

You may be surprised I sent you no token by the general. To say truth, he was in so ill a state of health, I was afraid he should die on the road. I shall be more explicit in my next.

My sincere good wishes to Lord Bute, and blessing to all yours.

ABIGAIL ADAMS

II

ABIGAIL ADAMS

1744–1818

The Adams family is one of the most distinguished and interesting that America has fathered; and Abigail Adams, as the wife and the mother of a President of the United States, did her part nobly in a great tradition. Herself coming of sound stock and of progenitors well known in Colonial history, Abigail Smith pays tribute to her maternal grandmother, the wife of Colonel John Quincy, for particularly wise and affectionate guidance. Abigail Smith never went to school in her life, but she says: "I have not forgotten the excellent lessons which I received from my grandmother, at a very early period of life. . . . Whether it was owing to the happy method of mixing instruction and amusement together, or from an inflexible adherence to certain principles, the utility of which I could not but see and approve when a child, I know not; but maturer years have rendered them oracles of wisdom to me."

Thus Miss Smith, even without formal schooling, was not without education when at the age of twenty she married John Adams, a young lawyer of Braintree, Massachusetts. The profession of law was not re-

garded highly in the Colonies, and Mrs. Adams, as the wife of a lawyer, was doubtless thought by some to have stepped down from the rank of her clergyman father and to have made a less successful marriage than her younger sister who was married to two ministers in turn. But Mr. Adams came of a respectable and decent family of farmers, and the Reverend Mr. Smith was apparently perfectly content with his daughter's choice.

For ten years John Adams and his wife lived quietly at Braintree or at Boston. They became the parents of a son, John Quincy Adams, and of three daughters. Mr. Adams followed his profession; Mrs. Adams attended to her household duties and to the bringing up of her children. Unlike his cousin, Samuel Adams, John Adams took little part in the preliminary struggles that led to the revolt of the Colonies from England. But in 1774 Mr. Adams was elected a delegate from Massachusetts to the new general assembly at Philadelphia, and from that time his fortunes were bound up with those of his country.

To Mrs. Adams, to whom it was actually happening day by day, and who was deprived of her husband's society because of it, the Revolutionary War was a matter of tragic and momentous importance. Her letters follow the course of the campaigns around Boston in the minutest detail, and incidentally with frequent gross inaccuracy. She cites 1,400 killed or wounded among the British ranks in the engagement at Charlestown in 1775 and only 60 Colonials lost; and her estimate of General Burgoyne as "an abandoned,

infamous gambler, of broken fortune, and the worst and most detestable of the Bedford gang, who are wholly bent on blood, tyranny, and spoil," does as we know now, a gallant and able soldier much less than justice.

But war is war, and to the Colonists, whether or not they supported the Colonial cause, as Mrs. Adams heartily did, this was a war indeed. Her letters that tell of cannonading all day and all night prove it; and her accounts of how scarce necessary articles of food and clothing have become and how enormously their price has increased, are melancholy confirmation of it. During the first few years of the war, Mr. Adams was almost constantly from home, with only occasional short visits to his wife and children. And in February, 1778, with his eldest son, a boy of ten, he left America for France as Joint Commissioner to Paris to negotiate for French intervention against England.

Except for a brief stay at home in the following year, Mr. Adams remained in France and, after peace had been declared, in England until 1787, three years after Mrs. Adams had joined him with her daughters. But for five years Mrs. Adams was constantly without her husband; and at a time, moreover, when it was next to impossible to send or receive mail, and when rumors of violent engagements both on sea and land, without possible confirmation either in the newspapers or by wireless, filled the air. During this trying period she bore herself with dignity and courage; she managed her husband's estates so well that even under the handi-

caps of a debased currency and the activities of war profiteers, she was able to save for him a decent competence for his old age after his retirement from public life; and her correspondence, to him and to her sister and a few close friends, tells that she did this in the main without complaint and even with cheerfulness and zest. The present selection includes for the most part letters to John Adams during his various absences.

The years that Mrs. Adams spent in Europe were difficult ones for ambassadors from a raw country which was politely if overtly laughed at by France and openly despised by England. But the Adamses bore themselves well, and Mrs. Adams wrote home some of her most interesting letters, only one or two of which—notably that recounting her tedious voyage to England—are included in the following selection because of their length.

John Adams retired from politics at the close of his first term as President, in 1801. He was succeeded by Jefferson, and because of political differences a friendship with the new President of many years' standing was terminated, not indeed to be resumed until Mrs. Adams's death. From 1801 to 1818, when she died, Mrs. Adams and her husband lived quietly and peacefully at home in Quincy. She was revered by her neighbors and her family, and indeed her qualities were such as to merit admiration and respect. For she was able to display courage, fortitude, and good humor in a trying time; her affections remained constant and deep; and she possessed, besides, a gift of expression

which, although it would have surprised her to be told so, made her one of the most interesting women of her time.

LETTERS

To John Adams

Weymouth, 16 April, 1764.

My Friend,—I think I write to you every day. Shall not I make my letters very cheap? Don't you light your pipe with them? I care not if you do. 'Tis a pleasure to me to write. Yet I wonder I write to you with so little restraint, for as a critic I fear you more than any other person on earth, and 'tis the only character in which I ever did or ever will fear you. What say you? Do you approve of that speech? Don't you think me a courageous being? Courage is a laudable, a glorious virtue in your sex, why not in mine? For my part, I think you ought to applaud me for mine.

Exit Rattle.

Solus your Diana

And now, pray tell me, how you do? Do you feel any venom working in your veins? Did you ever before experience such a feeling? (This letter will be made up with questions, I fancy, not set in order before you, neither.) How do you employ yourself? Do you go abroad yet? Is it not cruel to bestow those favors upon others, which I should rejoice to receive, yet must be deprived of?

I have lately been thinking whether my mamma—when I write again I will tell you something. Did not you receive a letter to-day by Hannes?

This is a right girl's letter,—but I will turn to the other side and be sober, if I can.

But what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh, (as Lord M. would have said.)

As I have a good opportunity to send some milk, I have not waited for your *orders,* lest, if I should miss this, I should not catch such another. If you want more balm, I can supply you.

Adieu;—evermore remember me with the tenderest affection, which is also borne unto you by your

A. Smith.

To John Adams

Braintree, 14 September, 1774.

Dearest Friend,—Five weeks have passed and not one line have I received. I would rather give a dollar for a letter by the post, though the consequence should be, that I ate but one meal a day these three weeks to come. Every one I see is inquiring after you.—When did I hear?—All my intelligence is collected from the newspaper, and I can only reply that I saw by that, you arrived such a day. I know your fondness for writing, and your inclination to let me hear from you by the first safe conveyance, which makes me suspect that some letter or other has miscarried,—but I hope, now you have arrived at Philadelphia, you will find means to convey me some intelligence. We are all well here. I think I enjoy better health than I have done these two years.

I have not been to town since I parted with you there. The Governor is making all kinds of warlike preparations, such as mounting cannon upon Beacon Hill, digging intrenchments upon the Neck, placing cannon there, encamping a regiment there, throwing up breastworks, etc. The people are much alarmed, and the selectmen have waited upon him in consequence of it. The County Congress have also sent a committee; all which proceedings you will have a more particular account of, than I am able to give you, from the public papers. But, as to the movements of this town, perhaps you may not hear them from any other person.

In consequence of the powder being taken from Charlestown, a general alarm spread through many towns and was caught pretty soon here. The report took here on Friday, and on Sunday a soldier was seen lurking about the Common, supposed to be a spy, but most likely a deserter. However, intelligence of it was communicated to the other parishes, and about eight o'clock, Sunday evening, there passed by here about two hundred men, preceded by a horsecart, and marched down to the powder house, from whence they took the powder, and carried it into the other parish and there secreted it. I opened the window upon their return. They passed without any noise, not a word among them till they came against this house, when some of them perceiving me, asked me if I wanted any powder. I replied, No, since it was in so good hands. —The reason they gave for taking it was, that we had so many Tories here, they dared not trust us with it; they had taken Vinton in their train, and upon their

return they stopped between Cleverly's and Etter's and called upon him to deliver two warrants. Upon his producing them, they put it to vote whether they should burn them, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. They then called a vote whether they should huzza, but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative. They called upon Vinton to swear, that he would never be instrumental in carrying into execution any of these new acts. They were not satisfied with his answers; however, they let him rest. A few days afterwards, upon his making some foolish speeches, they assembled to the amount of two or three hundred, and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath. Accordingly, they chose a committee and sent it with him to Major Miller's to see that he complied; and they waited his return, which proving satisfactory, they dispersed. This town appears as high as you can well imagine, and, if necessary, would soon be in arms. Not a Tory but hides his head. The Church parson thought they were coming after him, and ran up garret; they say another jumped out of his window and hid among the corn, whilst a third crept under his board fence and told his beads.

16 September, 1774.

I dined to-day at Colonel Quincy's. They were so kind as to send me and Abby and Betsey an invitation to spend the day with them; and, as I had not been to see them since I removed to Braintree, I accepted the invitation. After I got there came Mr. Samuel Quin-

cy's wife and Mr. Sumner, Mr. Josiah and wife. A little clashing of parties, you may be sure. Mr. Sam's wife said, she thought it high time for her husband to turn about; he had not done half so cleverly since he left her advice; said they both greatly admired the most excellent speech of the Bishop of St. Asaph, which I suppose you have seen. It meets, and most certainly merits, the greatest encomiums.

Upon my return at night, Mr. Thaxter met me at the door with your letter, dated at Princeton, New Jersey. It really gave me such a flow of spirits, that I was not composed enough to sleep until one o'clock. You make no mention of one I wrote you previous to that you received by Mr. Breck, and sent by Mr. Cunningham. I am rejoiced to hear you are well. I want to know many more particulars than you write me, and hope soon to hear from you again. I dare not trust myself with the thought how long you may perhaps be absent. I only count the weeks already past and they amount to five. I am not so lonely as I should have been without my two neighbors; we make a table-full at mealtimes. All the rest of their time they spend in the office. Never were two persons who gave a family less trouble than they do. It is at last determined that Mr. Rice keep the school here. Indeed, he has kept ever since he has been here, but not with any expectation that he should be continued;— but the people, finding no small difference between him and his predecessor, chose he should be continued. I have not sent Johnny.* He goes very steadily to Mr.

*Her son, John Quincy Adams.

Thaxter, who I believe takes very good care of him; and, as they seem to have a liking to each other, I believe it will be best to continue him with him. However, when you return, we can consult what will be best. I am certain that, if he does not get so much good, he gets less harm; and I have always thought it of very great importance, that children should, in the early part of life, be unaccustomed to such examples as would tend to corrupt the purity of their words and actions, that they may chill with horror at the sound of an oath, and blush with indignation at an obscene expression. These first principles, which grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, neither time nor custom can totally eradicate. You will perhaps be tired. No.—Let it serve by way of relaxation from the more important concerns of the day, and be such an amusement, as your little hermitage used to afford you here. You have before you, to express myself in the words of the Bishop, the greatest national concerns that ever came before any people; and, if the prayers and petitions ascend unto Heaven, which are daily offered for you, wisdom will flow down as a stream, and righteousness as the mighty waters, and your deliberations will make glad the cities of our God.

I was very sorry I did not know of Mr. Cary's going; it would have been so good an opportunity to have sent this, as I lament the loss of. You have heard, no doubt, of the people's preventing the court from sitting in various counties; and last week, in Taunton, Angier urged the court's opening, and calling out the actions,

but could not effect it. I saw a letter from Miss Eunice, wherein she gives an account of it, and says there were two thousand men assembled round the court-house, and, by a committee of nine, presented a petition requesting that they would not sit, and with the utmost order waited two hours for their answer, when they dispersed.

You will burn all these letters, lest they should fall from your pocket, and thus expose your most affectionate friend,

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

To JOHN ADAMS

Braintree, 16 October, 1774.

My Much Loved Friend,—I dare not express to you at three hundred miles' distance, how ardently I long for your return. I have some very miserly wishes, and cannot consent to your spending one hour in town, till, at least, I have had you twelve. The idea plays about my heart, unnerves my hand, whilst I write,—awakens all the tender sentiments, that years have increased and matured, and which, when with me, were every day dispensing to you. The whole collected stock of ten weeks' absence knows not how to brook any longer restraint, but will break forth and flow through my pen. May the like sensations enter thy breast, and (spite of all the weighty cares of state) mingle themselves with those I wish to communicate; for, in giving them utterance, I have felt more sincere pleasure, than I have known since the 10th of August.* Many have been the

*The day of his departure.

anxious hours I have spent since that day; the threatening aspect of our public affairs, the complicated distress of this province, the arduous and perplexed business in which you are engaged, have all conspired to agitate my bosom with fears and apprehensions to which I have heretofore been a stranger; and, far from thinking the scene closed, it looks as though the curtain was but just drawn, and only the first scene of the infernal plot disclosed; and whether the end will be tragical, Heaven alone knows. You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator but, if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country, where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief, that, through the mercy of its King, we shall both rejoice there together.

I greatly fear, that the arm of treachery and violence is lifted over us, as a scourge and heavy punishment from Heaven for our numerous offenses, and for the misimprovement of our great advantages. If we expect to inherit the blessings of our fathers, we should return a little more to their primitive simplicity of manners, and not sink into inglorious ease. We have too many high-sounding words, and too few actions that correspond with them. I have spent one Sabbath in town since you left. I saw no difference in respect to ornament, etc.; but in the country you must look for that virtue, of which you find but small glimmerings in the metropolis. Indeed, they have not the advantages, nor the resolution, to encourage our own manufactories, which people in the country have. To the mercantile part, it is considered as throwing away their

own bread; but they must retrench their expenses, and be content with a small share of gain, for they will find but few who will wear their livery. As for me, I will seek wool and flax, and work willingly with my hands; and, indeed, there is occasion for all our industry and economy. You mention the removal of our books, etc., from Boston; I believe they are safe there, and it would incommode the gentlemen to remove them, as they would not then have a place to repair to for study. I suppose they would not choose to be at the expense of boarding out. Mr. Williams, I believe, keeps pretty much with his mother. Mr. Hill's father had some thoughts of removing up to Braintree, provided he could be accommodated with a house, which he finds very difficult.

Mr. Cranch's last determination was to tarry in town, unless anything new takes place. His friends in town oppose his removal so much, that he is determined to stay. The opinion you have entertained of General Gage is, I believe, just. Indeed, he professes to act only upon the defensive. The people in the country begin to be very anxious for the Congress to rise; they have no idea of the weighty business you have to transact, and their blood boils with indignation at the hostile preparations they are constant witnesses of. Mr. Quincy's so secret departure is matter of various speculation; some say he is deputed by the Congress, others, that he is gone to Holland, and the Tories say he is gone to be hanged.

I rejoice at the favorable account you give me of your health. May it be continued to you. My health

is much better than it was last fall; some folks say I grow very fat. I venture to write almost anything in this letter, because I know the care of the bearer. He will be most sadly disappointed, if you should be broken up before he arrives; as he is very desirous of being introduced by you to a number of gentlemen of respectable character. I almost envy him, that he should see you before I can. Mr. Thaxter and Mr. Rice present their regards to you. Uncle Quincy, too, sends his love to you. He is very good to call and see me, and so have many other of my friends been. Colonel Warren and lady were here on Monday, and send their love to you. The Colonel promised to write. Mrs. Warren will spend a day or two, on her return, with me. I told Betsey * to write to you; she says she would, if you were her husband.

Your mother sends her love to you; and all your family, too numerous to name, desire to be remembered. You will receive letters from two, who are as earnest to write to papa, as if the welfare of a kingdom depended upon it. If you can give any guess, within a month, let me know when you think of returning.

Your most affectionate

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

To JOHN ADAMS

Sunday, 18 June, 1775.

Dearest Friend,—The day,—perhaps, the decisive day,—is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have

* Mrs. Adams's sister.

just heard, that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days will be transmitted you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is he, that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

Tuesday Afternoon.

I have been so much agitated, that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say, that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but you will not be destitute of intelligence. Colonel Palmer has just sent me word, that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl will be, it shall go. I ardently pray, that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory; those favorite lines of Collins continually sound in my ears;

"How sleep the brave," &c.

I must close, as the Deacon waits. I have not pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good; the loss of Charlestown affects them no more than a drop of the bucket. I am, most sincerely,

Yours,

PORTIA.

To JOHN ADAMS

5 November, 1775.

I hope you have received several letters from me in this fortnight past. I wrote by Mr. Lynch and by Dr. Franklin, the latter of whom I had the pleasure of

dining with, and of admiring him, whose character from my infancy I had been taught to venerate. I found him social but not talkative, and, when he spoke, something useful dropped from his tongue. He was grave, yet pleasant and affable. You know I make some pretensions to physiognomy, and I thought I could read in his countenance the virtues of his heart, among which, patriotism shone in its full lustre; and with that is blended every virtue of a Christian. For a true patriot must be a religious man. I have been led to think from a late defection, that he who neglects his duty to his Maker, may well be expected to be deficient and insincere in his duty towards the public. Even suppose him to possess a large share of what is called honor and public spirit, yet, do not these men, by their bad example, by a loose, immoral conduct, corrupt the minds of youth, and vitiate the morals of the age, and thus injure the public more than they can compensate by intrepidity, generosity, and honor? Let revenge or ambition, pride, lust, or profit, tempt these men to a base and vile action; you may as well hope to bind up a hungry tiger with a cobweb, as to hold such debauched patriots in the visionary chains of decency, or to charm them with the intellectual beauty of truth and reason.

But where am I running? I mean to thank you for all your obliging favors lately received; and, though some of them are very laconic, yet, were they to contain only two lines to tell me that you were well, they would be acceptable to me. I think however, you are more apprehensive than you need be; the gentleman, to

whose care they have always been directed, has been very kind in his conveyance, and very careful. I hope, however, that it will not now be long before we shall have nearer interviews. You must tell me, that you will return next month; a late appointment will make it inconvenient (provided you accept) for you to go again to Congress.

It seems human nature is the same in all ages and countries. Ambition and avarice reign everywhere, and, where they predominate, there will be bickerings after places of honor and profit. There is an old adage, "Kissing goes by favor," that is daily verified. I inclose to you the paper you sent for. Your business in collecting facts will be very difficult, and the sufferings of this people cannot be described with pen, ink, and paper. Besides, these ministers of Satan are rendering it every day more and more difficult, by their ravages and devastation, to tell a tale which will freeze the young blood of succeeding generations, as well as harrow up the souls of the present.

Nothing new has transpired since I wrote you last. I have not heard of one person's escape out of town, nor of any maneuver of any kind.

I will only ask you to measure by your own the affectionate regard of your nearest friend.

To John Adams

Saturday Evening, 2 March, 1776.

I was greatly rejoiced, at the return of your servant, to find you had safely arrived, and that you were well. I had never heard a word from you after you had left

New York, and a most ridiculous story had been industriously propagated in this and the neighboring towns to injure the cause and blast your reputation; namely, that you and your President * had gone on board of a man-of-war from New York, and sailed for England. I should not mention so idle a report, but that it had given uneasiness to some of your friends; not that they, in the least, credited the report, but because the gaping vulgar swallowed the story. One man had deserted them and proved a traitor, another might, etc. I assure you, such high disputes took place in the public house of this parish, that some men were collared and dragged out of the shop with great threats, for reporting such scandalous lies, and an uncle of ours offered his life as a forfeit for you, if the report proved true. However, it has been a nine days' marvel, and will now cease. I heartily wish every Tory was extirpated from America; they are continually, by secret means, undermining and injuring our cause.

I am charmed with the sentiments of "Common Sense," and wonder how an honest heart, one who wishes the welfare of his country and the happiness of posterity, can hesitate one moment at adopting them. I want to know how these sentiments are received in Congress. I dare say there would be no difficulty in procuring a vote and instructions from all the Assemblies in New England for Independency. I most sincerely wish, that now, in the lucky moment, it might be done.

John Hancock.

I have been kept in a continual state of anxiety and expectation, ever since you left me. It has been said "to-morrow" and "to-morrow" for this month, but when the dreadful to-morrow will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instant shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been to the door and find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find, are come for all the remaining militia to repair to the lines Monday night by twelve o'clock. No sleep for me to-night. And if I cannot, who have no guilt upon my soul with regard to this cause, how shall the miserable wretches, who have been the procurers of this dreadful scene, and those who are to be the actors, lie down with the load of guilt upon their souls?

Sunday Evening, 3 March.

I went to bed after twelve, but got no rest; the cannon continued firing, and my heart beat pace with them all night. We have had a pretty quiet day, but what to-morrow will bring forth, God only knows.

Monday Evening.

Tolerably quiet. To-day the militia have all mustered, with three days' provision, and are all marched by three o'clock this afternoon, though their notice was no longer ago than eight o'clock, Saturday. And now we have scarcely a man, but our regular guards, either in Weymouth, Hingham, Braintree, or Milton, and the militia from the more remote towns are called in as seacoast guards. Can you form to yourself an idea of our sensations?

I have just returned from Penn's Hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar; but O! the fatal ideas, which are connected with the sound! How many of our dear countrymen must fall!

Tuesday Morning.

I went to bed about twelve, and rose again a little after one. I could no more sleep, than if I had been in the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the jar of the house, the continual roar of twenty-four pounders, and the bursting of shells, give us such ideas, and realize a scene to us of which we could form scarcely any conception. About six, this morning, there was quiet. I rejoiced in a few hours' calm. I hear we got possession of Dorchester hill last night; four thousand men upon it to-day; lost but one man. The ships are all drawn round the town. To-night we shall realize a more terrible scene still. I sometimes think I cannot stand it. I wish myself with you, out of hearing, as I cannot assist them. I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins, before I send this away. I am too much agitated to write as I ought, and languid for want of rest.

Thursday. Fast-day.

All my anxiety and distress is at present at an end. I feel disappointed. This day our militia are all re-

turning without effecting anything more than taking possession of Dorchester hill. I hope it is wise and just, but, from all the muster and stir, I hoped and expected more important and decisive scenes. I would not have suffered all I have for two such hills. Ever since the taking of that, we have had a perfect calm; nor can I learn yet, what effect it has had in Boston. I do not hear of one person's escaping since.

I was very much pleased with your choice of a committee for Canada. All those to whom I have ventured to show that part of your letter, approve the scheme of the priest, as a master-stroke of policy. I feel sorry, that General Lee has left us, but his presence at New York was no doubt of great importance, as we have reason to think it prevented Clinton from landing and gathering together such a nest of vermin, as would at least have distressed us greatly. But how can you spare him from here? Can you make his place good? Can you supply it with a man equally qualified to serve us? How do the Virginians relish the troops said to be destined for them? Are they putting themselves into a state of defense? I cannot bear to think of your continuing in a state of supineness this winter. . . .

Sunday Evening.

I had scarcely finished these lines when my ears were again assaulted by the roar of cannon. I could not write any further. My hand and heart will tremble at this "domestic fury and fierce civil strife," which "cumber all" our " parts"; though "blood and destruction" are "so much in use," "and dreadful objects so

familiar," yet is not "pity choked," nor my heart grown callous. I feel for the unhappy wretches, who know not where to fly for safety. I feel still more for my bleeding countrymen, who are hazarding their lives and their limbs. A most terrible and incessant cannonade from half after eight till six this morning. I hear we lost four men killed, and some wounded, in attempting to take the hill nearest the town, called Nook's Hill. We did some work, but the fire from the ships beat off our men, so that they did not secure it, but retired to the fort upon the other hill.

I have not got all the particulars; I wish I had; but, as I have an opportunity of sending this, I shall endeavor to be more particular in my next.

If there are reënforcements here, I believe we shall be driven off from the seacoast; but, in whatever state I am, I will endeavor to be therewith content. . . .

You will excuse this very incorrect letter. You see in what perturbation it has been written, and how many times I have left off. Adieu. Yours.

To John Adams

8 March, 1778.

'Tis a little more than three weeks since the dearest of friends and tenderest of husbands left * his solitary partner, and quitted all the fond endearments of domestic felicity for the dangers of the sea, exposed, perhaps, to the attack of a hostile foe, and, O good Heaven! can I add, to the dark assassin, to the secret

* Mr. Adams, with his oldest son, sailed for France in the frigate *Boston* in February of this year.

murderer, and the bloody emissary of as cruel a tyrant as God, in his righteous judgments, ever suffered to disgrace the throne of Britain.

I have traveled with you over the wide Atlantic, and could have landed you safe, with humble confidence, at your desired haven, and then have set myself down to enjoy a negative kind of happiness, in the painful part which it has pleased Heaven to allot me; but the intelligence with regard to that great philosopher, able statesman, and unshaken friend of his country,* has planted a dagger in my breast, and I feel, with a double edge, the weapon that pierced the bosom of a Franklin.

"For nought avail the virtues of the heart,
Nor towering genius claims its due reward;
From Britain's fury, as from death's keen dart,
No worth can save us, and no fame can guard."

The more distinguished the person, the greater the inveteracy of these foes of human nature. The argument of my friends to alleviate my anxiety, by persuading me that this shocking attempt will put you more upon your guard and render your person more secure than if it had never taken place, is kind in them, and has some weight; but my greatest comfort and consolation arise from the belief of a superintending Providence to whom I can, with confidence, commit you, since not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Were it not for this, I should be miserable and overwhelmed by my fears and apprehensions.

* An unfounded rumor of the assassination of Dr. Franklin in Paris.

Freedom of sentiment, the life and soul of friendship, is in a great measure cut off by the danger of miscarriages, and the apprehension of letters falling into the hands of our enemies. Should this meet with that fate, may they blush for their connection with a nation, who have rendered themselves infamous and abhorred, by a long list of crimes, which not their high achievements, nor the luster of former deeds, nor the tender appellation of parent, nor the fond connection, which once subsisted, can ever blot from our remembrance, nor wipe out those indelible stains of their cruelty and baseness. They have engraven them with a pen of iron on a rock forever.

To my dear son remember me in the most affectionate terms. I would have written to him, but my notice is so short that I have not time. Enjoin it upon him, never to disgrace his mother, and to behave worthily of his father. Tender as maternal affection is, it was swallowed up in what I found a stronger, or so intermixed that I felt it not in its full force till after he had left me. I console myself with the hopes of his reaping advantages under the careful eye of a tender parent, which it was not in my power to bestow upon him.

There has nothing material taken place in the political world since you left us. This letter will go by a vessel for Bilboa, from whence you may, perhaps, get better opportunities of conveyance than from any other place. The letter you delivered to the pilot came safe to hand. All the little folks are anxious for the safety of their papa and brother, to whom

they desire to be remembered; to which is added the tenderest sentiments of affection, and the fervent prayers for your happiness and safety, of your

PORTIA.*

To JOHN ADAMS

30 June, 1778.

Dearest of Friends,—Shall I tell my dearest, that tears of joy filled my eyes, at the sight (this morning) of his well-known hand?—the first line which has blessed my sight, since his four months' absence, during which time I have never been able to learn a word from him or my dear son, till, about ten days ago, an English paper, taken in a prize and brought into Salem, contained an account, under the Paris news, of your arrival, at the abode of Dr. Franklin; and, last week, a cartel, from Halifax, brought Captain Welch, of the *Boston,* who informed that he left you well the 11th of March, and that he had letters for me, but destroyed them when he was taken and this is all the information I have ever been able to obtain. Our enemies have told us the vessel was taken, and named the frigate which took her, and that she was carried into Plymouth. I have lived a life of fear and anxiety ever since you left me. Not more than a week after your absence, the horrid story of Dr. Franklin's assassination was received from France, and sent by Mr. Purveyance, of Baltimore, to Congress and to Boston. Near two months, before that was contradicted. Then we

* During the war Mrs. Adams often omitted a signature altogether, or used a pseudonym.

could not hear a word from the *Boston,* and most people gave her up, as taken or lost. Thus has my mind been agitated like a troubled sea.

You will easily conceive, how grateful to me your favor of April 25th, and those of our son, were to me and mine; though I regret your short warning, and the little time you had to write, by which means I know not how you fared upon your voyage, what reception you have met with (not even from the ladies, though you profess yourself an admirer of them), and a thousand circumstances which I wish to know, and which are always particularly interesting to near connections. I must request you always to be minute, and to write me by every conveyance. Some, perhaps, which may appear unlikely to reach me, will be the first to arrive. I own I was mortified at so short a letter, but I quiet my heart with thinking there are many more upon their passage to me. I have written several before this, and some of them very long.

Now I know you are safe, I wish myself with you. Whenever you entertain such a wish, recollect that I would have willingly hazarded all dangers to have been your companion; but, as that was not permitted, you must console me in your absence, by a recital of all your adventures; though, methinks, I would not have them in all respects too similar to those related of your venerable colleague, whose Mentor-like appearance, age, and philosophy must certainly lead the politico-scientific ladies of France to suppose they are embracing the god of wisdom in a human form; but I, who own that I never yet "wished an angel, whom I

loved a man," shall be full as content if those divine honors are omitted. The whole heart of my friend is in the bosom of his partner. More than half a score of years have so riveted it there, that the fabric which contains it must crumble into dust, ere the particles can be separated. I can hear of the brilliant accomplishments of any of my sex with pleasure, and rejoice in that liberality of sentiment which acknowledges them. At the same time, I regret the trifling, narrow, contracted education of the females of my own country. I have entertained a superior opinion of the accomplishments of the French ladies, ever since I read the letters of Dr. Shebbeare, who professes that he had rather take the opinion of an accomplished lady, in matters of polite writing, than the first wits of Italy; and should think himself safer, with her approbation, than with that of a long list of literati; and he gives this reason for it, that women have, in general, more delicate sensations than men; what touches them, is for the most part true in nature, whereas men, warped by education, judge amiss from previous prejudice, and, referring all things to the mode of the ancients, condemn that by comparison, where no true similitude ought to be expected.

But, in this country, you need not be told how much female education is neglected, nor how fashionable it has been to ridicule female learning; though I acknowledge it my happiness to be connected with a person of a more generous mind and liberal sentiments. I cannot forbear transcribing a few generous sentiments which I lately met with upon this subject.

"If women," says the writer, "are to be esteemed our enemies, methinks it is an ignoble cowardice, thus to disarm them, and not allow them the same weapons we use ourselves; but, if they deserve the title of our friend, 'tis an inhuman tyranny, to debar them of the privileges of ingenuous education, which would also render their friendship so much the more delightful to themselves and us. Nature is seldom observed to be niggardly of her choicest gifts to the sex. Their senses are generally as quick as ours; their reason as nervous, their judgment as mature and solid. To these natural perfections add but the advantages of acquired learning, what polite and charming creatures would they prove; whilst their external beauty does the office of a crystal to the lamp, not shrouding, but disclosing, their brighter intellects. Nor need we fear to lose our empire over them by thus improving their native abilities; since, where there is most learning, sense, and knowledge, there is always observed to be the most modesty and rectitude of manners."

To John Adams

Sunday Evening, 27 December, 1778.

How lonely are my days? how solitary are my nights? secluded from all society but my two little boys and my domestics. By the mountains of snow which surround me, I could almost fancy myself in Greenland. We have had four of the coldest days I ever knew, and they were followed by the severest snow-storm I ever remember. The wind, blowing like a hurricane for fifteen or twenty hours, rendered

it impossible for man or beast to live abroad, and has blocked up the roads so that they are impassable. A week ago I parted with my daughter, at the request of our Plymouth friends, to spend a month with them; so that I am solitary indeed.

Can the best of friends recollect, that for fourteen years past I have not spent a whole winter alone. Some part of the dismal season has heretofore been mitigated and softened by the social converse and participation of the friend of my youth.

How insupportable the idea, that three thousand miles and the vast ocean now divide us; but divide only our persons, for the heart of my friend is in the bosom of his partner. More than half a score of years has so riveted it there, that the fabric which contains it must crumble into dust ere the particles can be separated; for

> "in one fate, our hearts, our fortunes,
> And our beings blend."

I cannot describe to you how much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song, which was sung to me by a young lady in order to divert a melancholy hour; but it had quite a different effect, and the native simplicity of it had all the power of a well-wrought tragedy. When I could conquer my sensibility I begged the song, and Master Charles has learned it, and consoles his mamma by singing it to her. I will enclose it to you. It has beauties in it to me, which an indifferent person would not feel perhaps.

> "His very foot has music in 't,
> As he comes up the stairs."

How oft has my heart danced to the sound of that music?

"And shall I see his face again?
And shall I hear him speak?"

Gracious Heaven! hear and answer my daily petition, by banishing all my grief.

I am sometimes quite discouraged from writing. So many vessels are taken, that there is little chance of a letter's reaching your hands. That I meet with so few returns, is a circumstance that lies heavy at my heart. If this finds its way to you, it will go by the *Alliance*. By her I have written before. She has not yet sailed, and I love to amuse myself with my pen, and pour out some of the tender sentiments of a heart overflowing with affection, not for the eye of a cruel enemy, who, no doubt, would ridicule every humane and social sentiment, long ago grown callous to the finer sensibilities, but for the sympathetic heart that beats in unison with

PORTIA'S.

TO JOHN ADAMS

8 June, 1779.

My Dearest Friend,—Six months have already elapsed since I heard a syllable from you or my dear son, and five, since I have had one single opportunity of conveying a line to you. Letters of various dates have lain months at the Navy Board, and a packet and frigate, both ready to sail at an hour's warning, have been months waiting the orders of Congress. They no

doubt have their reasons, or ought to have, for detaining them. I must patiently wait their motions, however painful it is; and that it is so, your own feelings will testify. Yet I know not but you are less a sufferer than you would be to hear from us, to know our distresses, and yet be unable to relieve them. The universal cry for bread, to a humane heart, is painful beyond description, and the great price demanded and given for it verifies that pathetic passage of sacred writ, "All that a man hath, will he give for his life." Yet He who miraculously fed a multitude with five loaves and two fishes, has graciously interposed in our favor, and delivered many of the enemy's supplies into our hands, so that our distresses have been mitigated. I have been able as yet to supply my own family sparingly, but at a price that would astonish you. Corn is sold at four dollars, hard money, per bushel, which is equal to eighty at the rate of exchange.

Labor is at eight dollars per day, and in three weeks it will be at twelve, 't is probable, or it will be more stable than any thing else. Goods of all kinds are at such a price that I hardly dare mention it. Linens are sold at twenty dollars per yard; the most ordinary sort of calicoes at thirty and forty; broadcloths at forty pounds per yard; West India goods full as high; molasses at twenty dollars per gallon; sugar four dollars per pound; bohea tea at forty dollars; and our own produce in proportion. Butcher's meat at six and eight shillings per pound; board at fifty and sixty dollars per week; rates high. That, I suppose, you will rejoice at; so would I, did it remedy the evil. I

pay five hundred dollars, and a new continental rate has just appeared, my proportion of which will be two hundred more. I have come to this determination, to sell no more bills, unless I can procure hard money for them, although I shall be obliged to allow a discount. If I sell for paper, I throw away more than half, so rapid is the depreciation; nor do I know that it will be received long. I sold a bill to Blodget at five for one, which was looked upon as high at that time. The week after I received it, two emissions were taken out of circulation, and the greater part of what I had, proved to be of that sort; so that those, to whom I was indebted, are obliged to wait, and before it becomes due, or is exchanged, it will be good for—as much as it will fetch, which will be nothing, if it goes on as it has done for this three months past. I will not tire your patience any longer. I have not drawn any further upon you. I mean to wait the return of the *Alliance*, which with longing eyes I look for. God grant it may bring me comfortable tidings from my dear, dear friend, whose welfare is so essential to my happiness, that it is entwined around my heart, and cannot be impaired or separated from it without rending it asunder.

In contemplation of my situation, I am sometimes thrown into an agony of distress. Distance, dangers, and O! I cannot name all the fears which sometimes oppress me, and harrow up my soul. Yet must the common lot of man one day take place, whether we dwell in our own native land, or are far distant from it. That we rest under the shadow of the Almighty is the consolation to which I resort, and find that com-

fort which the world cannot give. If He sees best to give me back my friend, or to preserve my life to him, it will be so.

Our worthy friend, Dr. Winthrop, is numbered with the great congregation, to the inexpressible loss of Harvard College. . . .

The testimony he gave with his dying breath, in favor of revealed religion, does honor to his memory, and will endear it to every lover of virtue. I know not who will be found worthy to succeed him.

Congress have not yet made any appointment of you to any other court. There appears a dilatoriness, an indecision, in their proceedings. I have in Mr. Lovell an attentive friend, who kindly informs me of every thing which passes relative to you and your situation, and gives me extracts of your letters both to himself and others. I know you will be unhappy whenever it is not in your power to serve your country, and wish yourself at home, where at least you might serve your family. I cannot say that I think our affairs go very well here. Our currency seems to be the source of all our evils. We cannot fill up our Continental army by means of it. No bounty will prevail with them. What can be done with it? It will sink in less than a year. The advantage the enemy daily gains over us is owing to this. Most truly did you prophesy, when you said that they would do all the mischief in their power with the forces they had here.

My tenderest regards ever attend you. In all places and situations know me to be.

Ever, ever yours.

To John Adams *

Dearest of Friends,—My habitation, how disconsolate it looks! my table, I sit down to it, but cannot swallow my food! O, why was I born with so much sensibility, and why, possessing it, have I so often been called to struggle with it? I wish to see you again. Were I sure you would not be gone, I could not withstand the temptation of coming to town, though my heart would suffer over again the cruel torture of separation.

What a cordial to my dejected spirits were the few lines last night received! And does your heart forebode that we shall again be happy? My hopes and fears rise alternately. I cannot resign more than I do, unless life itself were called for. My dear sons, I cannot think of them without a tear. Little do they know the feelings of a mother's heart. May they be good and useful as their father! Then will they, in some measure, reward the anxiety of a mother. My tenderest love to them. Remember me also to Mr. Thaxter, whose civilities and kindness I shall miss.

God Almighty bless and protect my dearest friend, and, in his own time, restore him to the affectionate bosom of

Portia.

14 November, 1779.

*Mr. Adams had returned from France in August, but was required by Congress again to embark at this time, with powers to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. He took with him, upon this occasion, his two eldest sons.

To John Adams

15 October, 1780.

My Dearest Friend,—I closed a long letter to you only two days ago, but as no opportunity is omitted by me, I embrace this, as Colonel Fleury was kind enough to write me on purpose, from Newport, to inform me of it, and to promise a careful attention to it. Yet I feel doubtful of its safety. The enemy seems to be collecting a prodigious force into these seas, and is bent upon the destruction of our allies. We are not a little anxious for them, and cannot but wonder, that they are not yet reënforced. Graves's fleet, Arbuthnot's, and Rodney's, all here; with such a superiority, can it be matter of surprise, if M. de Ternay should fall a sacrifice? My own mind, I own, is full of apprehension; yet I trust we shall not be delivered over to the vengeance of a nation more wicked and perverse than our own. We daily experience the correcting and the defending arm. The enclosed papers will give you the particulars of an infernal plot, and the providential discovery of it. For, however the belief of a particular Providence may be exploded by the modern wits, and the infidelity of too many of the rising generation deride the idea, yet the virtuous mind will look up and acknowledge the great First Cause, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

I am anxious to hear from you. Your last letter, which I have received, was dated June the 17th. I have written you repeatedly, that my trunk was not put on board the *Alliance;* that poor vessel was the sport of

more than winds and waves. The conduct with regard to her is considered as very extraordinary. She came to Boston, as you have no doubt heard. Landais is suspended. The man must be new made before he can be entitled to command. I hope Captain Sampson arrived safe. He carried the resolve of Congress, which you wanted.

You tell me to send you prices current. I will aim at it. Corn is now thirty pounds, rye twenty-seven, per bushel. Flour from a hundred and forty to a hundred and thirty per hundred. Beef, eight dollars per pound; mutton, nine; lamb, six, seven, and eight. Butter twelve dollars per pound; cheese, ten. Sheep's wool thirty dollars per pound; flax, twenty. West India articles;—sugar, from a hundred and seventy to two hundred pounds per hundred; molasses, forty-eight dollars per gallon; tea, ninety; coffee, twelve; cotton wool, thirty per pound. Exchange from seventy to seventy-five for hard money. Bills at fifty. Money scarce; plenty of goods; *enormous* taxes. Our State affairs are thus. Hancock will be Governor, by a *very great* majority; the Senate will have to choose the Lieutenant-Governor. Our constitution is read with great admiration in New York, and pronounced by the Royal Governor the best republican form he ever saw, but with sincere hopes that it might not be accepted. How will it be administered? is now the important question.

The report of the day is, that three thousand troops are arrived at New York from England.

Adieu! Most affectionately yours.

To John Adams

25 October, 1782.

My Dearest Friend,—The family are all retired to rest; the busy scenes of the day are over; a day which I wished to have devoted in a particular manner to my dearest friend; but company falling in prevented it, nor could I claim a moment until this silent watch of the night.

Look, (is there a dearer name than *friend?* Think of it for me,) look to the date of this letter, and tell me, what are the thoughts which arise in your mind? Do you not recollect, that eighteen years have run their circuit since we pledged our mutual faith to each other, and the hymeneal torch was lighted at the altar of Love? Yet, yet it burns with unabating fervor. Old Ocean has not quenched it, nor old Time smothered it in this bosom. It cheers me in the lonely hour; it comforts me even in the gloom which sometimes possesses my mind.

It is, my friend, from the remembrance of the joys I have lost, that the arrow of affliction is pointed. I recollect the untitled man, to whom I gave my heart, and, in the agony of recollection, when time and distance present themselves together, wish he had never been any other. Who shall give me back time? Who shall compensate to me those years I cannot recall? How dearly have I paid for a titled husband? Should I wish you less wise, that I might enjoy more happiness? I cannot find that in my heart. Yet Providence has wisely placed the real blessings of life within the reach of moderate abilities; and he who is wiser than his

neighbor sees so much more to pity and lament, that I doubt whether the balance of happiness is in his scale.

I feel a disposition to quarrel with a race of beings who have cut me off, in the midst of my days, from the only society I delighted in. "Yet no man liveth for himself," says an authority I will not dispute. Let me draw satisfaction from this source, and, instead of murmuring and repining at my lot, consider it in a more pleasing view. Let me suppose, that the same gracious Being, who first smiled upon our union and blessed us in each other, endowed my friend with powers and talents for the benefit of mankind, and gave him a willing mind to improve them for the service of his country. You have obtained honor and reputation at home and abroad. O! may not an inglorious peace wither the laurels you have won.

I wrote you by Captain Grinnell. The *Firebrand* is in great haste to return, and I fear will not give me time to say half I wish. I want you to say many more things to me than you do; but you write so wise, so like a minister of state. I know your embarrassments. Thus again I pay for titles. Life takes its complexion from inferior things. It is little attentions and assiduities that sweeten the bitter draught and smooth the rugged road.

I have repeatedly expressed my desire to make a part of your family. But "Will you come and see me?" cannot be taken in that serious light I should choose to consider an invitation from those I love. I do not doubt but that you would be glad to see me, but I know you are apprehensive of dangers and fatigues. I

know your situation may be unsettled, and it may be more permanent than I wish it. Only think how the words, "three, four, and five years' absence," sound? They sink into my heart with a weight I cannot express. Do you look like the miniature you send? I cannot think so. But you have a better likeness, I am told. Is that designed for me? Gracious Heaven! restore to me the original, and I care not who has the shadow.

We are hoping for the fall of Gibraltar, because we imagine that will facilitate a peace; and who is not weary of the war? The French fleet still remain with us, and the British cruisers insult them. More American vessels have been captured since they have lain here than for a year before; the *General Greene* is taken and carried into Halifax, by which, I suppose, I have lost some small bundles or packages. Beals told me, that you gave him seven small packages, which he delivered Captain Bacon for me. The prisoners have all arrived, except Savil, who is yet in France. I mentioned to you before, that some of them had been with me, and offered to repay the money with which you supplied them. I could only tell them, that I had never received a line from you concerning the matter, and that I chose first to hear from you. I would not receive a farthing, unless I had your express direction, and your handwriting to prove, that what you had done was from your private purse, which I was confident was the case, or you would have been as ready to have relieved others, if you had any public funds for that purpose, as those which belonged to this town. I found a story prevailing, that what you had done was at the public

expense. This took its rise either from ignorance or ingratitude; but it fully determined me to receive your direction. The persons who have been with me are the two Clarks, the two Beals, and Job Field.

Adieu, my dear friend. Ever, ever, yours,

PORTIA.

To JOHN ADAMS

23 December, 1782.

My Dearest Friend,—I have omitted writing by the last opportunity to Holland, because I had but small faith in the designs of the owners or passengers; and I had just written you so largely, by a vessel bound to France, that I had nothing new to say. There are few occurrences in this northern climate, at this season of the year, to divert or entertain you; and, in the domestic way, should I draw you the picture of my heart, it would be what I hope you still would love, though it contained nothing new. The early possession you obtained there, and the absolute power you have ever maintained over it, leave not the smallest space unoccupied. I look back to the early days of our acquaintance and friendship, as to the days of love and innocence, and, with an indescribable pleasure, I have seen near a score of years roll over our heads, with an affection heightened and improved by time; nor have the dreary years of absence in the smallest degree effaced from my mind the image of the dear, untitled man to whom I gave my heart. I cannot sometimes refrain considering the honors with which he is invested, as badges of my unhappiness. The unbounded

confidence I have in your attachment to me and the dear pledges of our affection, has soothed the solitary hour, and rendered your absence more supportable; for, had I loved you with the same affection, it must have been misery to have doubted. Yet a cruel world too often injures my feelings, by wondering how a person, possessed of domestic attachments, can sacrifice them by absenting himself for years.

"If you had known," said a person to me the other day, "that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone?" I recollected myself a moment, and then spoke the real dictates of my heart. "If I had known, Sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years more should be added to the number, (which Heaven avert!) I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example, which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the great community."

It is now, my dear friend, a long, long time, since I had a line from you. The fate of Gibraltar leads me to fear, that a peace is far distant, and that I shall not see you,—God only knows when. I shall say little about my former request; not that my desire is less, but, before this can reach you, 't is probable I may receive your opinion; if in favor of my coming to you, I shall have no occasion to urge it further; if against it, I

would not embarrass you by again requesting it. I will endeavor to sit down and consider it as the portion allotted me. My dear sons are well. Our friends all desire to be remembered. The fleet of our allies expects to sail daily, but where destined we know not. A great harmony has subsisted between them and the Americans ever since their residence here.

Adieu, my dear friend. Why is it, that I hear so seldom from my dear John? But one letter have I ever received from him since he arrived in Petersburgh. I wrote him by the last opportunity. Ever remember me, as I do you, with all the tenderness, which it is possible for one object to feel for another, which no time can obliterate, no distance alter, but which is always the same in the bosom of

PORTIA.

TO HER SISTER, MRS. CRANCH

On board ship *Active,* Latitude 44, Longitude 34.
Tuesday, 6 July, 1784. From the Ocean.

My Dear Sister,—I have been sixteen days at sea, and have not attempted to write a single letter. 'Tis true, I have kept a journal whenever I was able; but that must be close locked up, unless I was sure to hand it you with safety.

'Tis said of Cato, the Roman Censor, that one of the three things, which he regretted during his life, was going once by sea when he might have made his journey by land. I fancy the philosopher was not proof against that most disheartening, dispiriting malady, sea-sickness. Of this I am very sure, that no lady

would ever wish a second time to try the sea, were the objects of her pursuit within the reach of a land journey. I have had frequent occasion, since I came on board, to recollect an observation of my best friend's, "that no being in nature was so disagreeable as a lady at sea," and this recollection has in a great measure reconciled me to the thought of being at sea without him; for one would not wish, my dear sister, to be thought of in that light by those, to whom we would wish to appear in our best array. The decency and decorum of the most delicate female must in some measure yield to the necessities of nature; and, if you have no female capable of rendering you the least assistance, you will feel grateful to any one who will feel for you, and relieve or compassionate your sufferings.

And this was truly the case of your poor sister and all her female companions, when not one of us could make her own bed, put on or take off her shoes, or even lift a finger. As to our other clothing, we wore the greater part of it until we were able to help ourselves. Added to this misfortune, Briesler, my man-servant, was as bad as any of us. But for Job, I know not what we should have done. Kind, attentive, quick, neat, he was our nurse for two days and nights; and, from handling the sails at the top-gallant-mast head, to the more feminine employment of making wine-cordial, he has not his equal on board. In short, he is the favorite of the whole ship. Our sickness continued for ten days, with some intermissions. We crawled upon deck whenever we were able; but it was so cold and

damp, that we could not remain long upon it. And the confinement of the air below, the constant rolling of the vessel, and the nausea of the ship, which was much too tight, contributed to keep up our disease. The vessel is very deep loaded with oil and potash. The oil leaks, the potash smokes and ferments. All adds to the *flavor*. When you add to all this the horrid dirtiness of the ship, the slovenliness of the steward, and the unavoidable slopping and spilling occasioned by the tossing of the ship, I am sure you will be thankful that the pen is not in the hand of Swift or Smollet, and still more so that you are far removed from the scene. No sooner was I able to move, than I found it necessary to make a bustle amongst the waiters, and demand a cleaner abode. By this time, Briesler was upon his feet, and, as I found I might reign mistress on board without any offense, I soon exerted my authority with scrapers, mops, brushes, infusions of vinegar, etc., and in a few hours you would have thought yourself in a different ship. Since which, our abode is much more tolerable, and the gentlemen all thank me for my care. Our captain is an admirable seaman, always attentive to his sails and his rigging; keeps the deck all night; careful of everybody on board; watchful that they run no risk; kind and humane to his men, who are all as still and quiet as any private family; nothing cross or dictatorial in his manners; a much more agreeable man than I expected to find him. He cannot be called a polished gentleman; but he is, so far as I have seen, a very clever man. . . .

'T is not a little attention that we ladies stand in

need of at sea; for it is not once in the twenty-four hours that we can even cross the cabin without being held or assisted. Nor can we go upon deck without the assistance of two gentlemen, and when there, we are always bound into our chairs. Whilst you, I imagine, are scorching under the midsummer heat, we can comfortably bear our double calico gowns, our baize ones upon them, and a cloth cloak in addition to all these. . . .

I have accustomed myself to writing a little every day, when I was able, so that a small motion of the ship does not render it more unintelligible than usual; but there is no time, since I have been at sea, when the ship is what we call still, that its motion is not equal to the moderate rocking of a cradle. As to wind and weather, since we came out, they have been very fortunate for us in general. We have had three calm days, and two days contrary wind, with a storm, I called it; but the sailors say it was only a breeze. This was upon the Banks of Newfoundland, the wind at east; through the day we could not sit in our chairs, only as some gentleman sat by us with his arm fastened into ours, and his feet braced against a table or chair, that was lashed down with ropes; bottles, mugs, plates, crashing to pieces, first on one side and then on the other; the sea running mountain-high, and knocking against the sides of the vessel as though it would burst them. When I became so fatigued with the incessant motion as not to be able to sit any longer, I was assisted into my cabin, where I was obliged to hold myself in with all my might the remainder of the

night. No person, who is a stranger to the sea, can form an adequate idea of the debility occasioned by sea-sickness. The hard rocking of a ship in a storm, and the want of sleep for many nights, altogether reduce one to such a lassitude, that you care little for your fate. The old seamen thought nothing of all this, nor once entertained an idea of danger. Compared to what they have suffered, I do suppose it was trifling; but to me it was alarming, and I most heartily prayed, if this was only a breeze, to be delivered from a storm.

Our accommodations on board are not what I could wish, or hoped for. We cannot be alone, only when the gentlemen are thoughtful enough to retire upon deck, which they do for about an hour in the course of the day. Our staterooms are about half as large as cousin Betsey's little chamber, with two cabins in each. Mine had three, but I could not live so. Upon which Mrs. Adams's brother gave up his to Abby,* and we are now stowed two and two. This place has a small grated window, which opens into the companion-way, and by this is the only air admitted. The door opens into the cabin, where the gentlemen all sleep, and where we sit, dine, etc. We can only live with our door shut, whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law; but what should I have thought on shore, to have laid myself down to sleep in common with half a dozen gentlemen? We have curtains, it is true, and we only in part undress, about as much as the Yankee bundlers; but we have the

* The daughter of Mrs. Adams.

satisfaction of falling in with a set of well-behaved, decent gentlemen, whose whole deportment is agreeable to the strictest delicacy, both in word and action.

If the wind and weather continue as favorable as they have hitherto been, we expect to make our passage in thirty days, which is going a hundred miles a day. 'T is a vast tract of ocean which we have to traverse; I have contemplated it with its various appearances. It is indeed a secret world of wonders, and one of the sublimest objects in Nature.

> "Thou mak'st the foaming billows roar,
> Thou mak'st the roaring billows sleep."

They proclaim the Deity, and are objects too vast for the control of feeble man. That Being alone, who "maketh the clouds his chariot, and rideth upon the wings of the wind," is equal to the government of this stupendous part of creation.

And now, my dear sister, after this minute account of my important self, which, judging by myself, you take an affectionate interest in, I call upon you to inquire after your welfare, my much esteemed brother's, and my dear niece's. Not a day or night but I visit your calm retreat, look at my own deserted habitation, and recollect past endearments with a melancholy composure, and really am so vain as to commiserate you on account of the vacuity I fancy my absence occasions. . . .

I will now tell you where I am sitting. At a square table in the great cabin, at one corner of which are Colonel Norton and Mr. Foster, engaged in playing

backgammon; at the other, Mr. Green, writing; and at the fourth, Dr. Clark, eating ham. Behind Colonel Norton, Mr. Spear, reading Thomson's *Seasons* with his hat on. Young Lawrence behind me, reading Anson's *Voyages;* Esther,* knitting; the steward and boys, bustling about after wine and porter; and last of all, as the least importantly employed, Mrs. Adams and Abby, in their cabin asleep, and this at twelve o'clock in the day. O shame! The Captain comes down and finds me writing; kindly tenders me some large paper to write upon; I believe he thinks I shall have occasion for it. This man has a kindness in his disposition, which his countenance does not promise. Mr. Green comes down from deck, and reports that the mate says we are sixteen hundred miles on our way. This is good nearing; I can scarcely realize myself upon the ocean, or that I am within fourteen hundred miles of the British coast. I rejoice with trembling; painful and fearful ideas will arise and intermix with the pleasurable hopes of a joyful meeting of my long absent friend. I frequently recollect some lines of Miss More's, in her *Sir Eldred of the Bower,* describing a mixture of hope and anxiety. She says:

> "'Twas such a sober sense of joy,
> As angels well might keep;
> A joy chastised by piety,
> A joy prepared to weep."

I shall write, whilst I am on board, whenever I can catch a quiet time. It is an amusement to me; read-

* A domestic of Mrs. Adams.

ing tires one; work I do sometimes, but, when there is no writing, there is less pleasure in working; I shall keep the letter open until I arrive, and put it on board the first vessel I find coming to America. 'T is impossible for me to find any variety at sea to entertain my friends with, so that this letter with all its inaccuracies must be submitted to them. Do not however expose me, especially where I have a little credit; you know very well that affection and intimacy will cover a multitude of faults. . . .

To Mrs. Cranch

Auteuil, distant from Paris four miles.
5 September, 1784.

My Dear Sister,—It is now the 5th of September, and I have been at this place more than a fortnight; but I have had so many matters to arrange, and so much to attend to, since I left London, that I have scarcely touched a pen. . . .

Abby has had less of care upon her, and therefore has been very attentive to her pen, and I hope will supply my deficiencies.

Auteuil is a village four miles distant from Paris, and one from Passy. The house we have taken is large, commodious, and agreeably situated, near the Woods of Boulogne, which belong to the King, and which Mr. Adams calls his park, for he walks an hour or two every day in them. The house is much larger than we have need of; upon occasion, forty beds may be made in it. I fancy it must be very cold in winter. There are few houses with the privilege which this

enjoys, that of having the saloon, as it is called, the apartment where we receive company, upon the first floor. This room is very elegant, and about a third larger than General Warren's hall. The dining-room is upon the right hand, and the saloon upon the left, of the entry, which has large glass doors opposite to each other, one opening into the court, as they call it, the other into a large and beautiful garden. Out of the dining-room you pass through an entry into the kitchen, which is rather small for so large a house. In this entry are stairs which you ascend, at the top of which is a long gallery fronting the street, with six windows, and, opposite to each window, you open into the chambers, which all look into the garden.

But with an expense of thirty thousand livres in looking-glasses, there is no table in the house better than an oak board, nor a carpet belonging to the house. The floors I abhor, made of red tiles in the shape of Mrs. Quincy's floor-cloth tiles. These floors will by no means bear water, so that the method of cleaning them is to have them waxed, and then a man-servant with foot brushes drives round your room, dancing here and there like a Merry Andrew. This is calculated to take from your foot every atom of dirt, and leave the room in a few moments as he found it. The house must be exceedingly cold in winter. The dining-rooms, of which you make no other use, are laid with small stones, like the red tiles for shape and size. The servants' apartments are generally upon the first floor, and the stairs which you commonly have to ascend to get into the family apart-

ments are so dirty, that I have been obliged to hold up my clothes, as though I was passing through a cow-yard.

I have been but little abroad. It is customary in this country for strangers to make the first visit. As I cannot speak the language, I think I should make rather an awkward figure. I have dined abroad several times with Mr. Adams's particular friends, the Abbés, who are very polite and civil, three sensible and worthy men. The Abbé de Mably has lately published a book, which he has dedicated to Mr. Adams. This gentleman is nearly eighty years old; the Abbé Chalut, seventy-five; and Arnoux, about fifty, a fine, sprightly man, who takes great pleasure in obliging his friends. Their apartments were really nice. I have dined once at Dr. Franklin's, and once at Mr. Barclay's, our consul, who has a very agreeable woman for his wife, and where I feel like being with a friend. Mrs. Barclay has assisted me in my purchases, gone with me to different shops, etc. To-morrow I am to dine at Monsieur Grand's; but I have really felt so happy within doors, and am so pleasingly situated, that I have had little inclination to change the scene. I have not been to one public amusement as yet, not even the opera, though we have one very near us.

You may easily suppose I have been fully employed, beginning house-keeping anew, and arranging my family to our no small expense and trouble; for I have had bed-linen and table-linen to purchase and make, spoons and forks to get made of silver, three dozen of each, besides tea furniture, china for the

table, servants to procure, etc. The expense of living abroad, I always supposed to be high, but my ideas were nowise adequate to the thing. I could have furnished myself in the town of Boston, with everything I have, twenty or thirty per cent cheaper than I have been able to do it here. Everything which will bear the name of elegant, is imported from England, and, if you will have it, you must pay for it, duties and all. I cannot get a dozen handsome wine-glasses under three guineas, nor a pair of small decanters for less than a guinea and a half. The only gauze fit to wear is English, at a crown a yard; so that really a guinea goes no further than a copper with us. For this house, garden, stables, etc., we give two hundred guineas a year. Wood is two guineas and a half per cord; coal, six livres the basket of about two bushels; this article of firing, we calculate at one hundred guineas a year. The difference between coming upon this negotiation to France and remaining at the Hague, where the house was already furnished at the expense of a thousand pounds sterling, will increase the expense here to six or seven hundred guineas; at a time, too, when Congress have cut off five hundred guineas from what they have heretofore given. For our coachman and horses alone, (Mr. Adams purchased a coach in England,) we give fifteen guineas a month. It is the policy of this country to oblige you to a certain number of servants, and one will not touch what belongs to the business of another, though he or she has time enough to perform the whole. In the first place, there is a coachman who does not an individual thing but attend

to the carriages and horses; then the gardener, who has business enough; then comes the cook; then the *maître d'hôtel;* his business is to purchase articles in the family, and oversee, that nobody cheats but himself; a *valet de chambre,*—John serves in this capacity; a *femme de chambre,*—Esther serves in this line, and is worth a dozen others; a *coiffeuse,*—for this place, I have a French girl about nineteen, whom I have been upon the point of turning away, because Madame will not brush a chamber; "it is not de fashion, it is not her business." I would not have kept her a day longer, but found, upon inquiry, that I could not better myself, and hair-dressing here is very expensive, unless you keep such a madam in the house. She sews tolerably well, so I make her as useful as I can. She is more particularly devoted to Mademoiselle. Esther diverted me yesterday evening, by telling me that she heard her go muttering by her chamber door after she had been assisting Abby in dressing. "Ah, mon Dieu, 'tis provoking,"—(she talks a little English.)—"Why, what is the matter, Pauline, what is provoking?"—"Why Mademoiselle look so pretty, I, so mauvais." There is another indispensable servant, who is called a *frotteur;* his business is to rub the floors.

We have a servant who acts as *maître d'hôtel,* whom I like at present, and who is so very gracious as to act as footman too, to save the expense of another servant, upon condition that we give him a gentleman's suit of clothes in lieu of a livery. Thus, with seven servants and hiring a charwoman upon occasion of company, we may possibly make out to keep house;

with less, we should be hooted at as ridiculous, and could not entertain any company. To tell this in our own country, would be considered as extravagance; but would they send a person here in a public character to be a public jest? At lodgings in Paris last year, during Mr. Adams's negotiations for a peace, it was as expensive to him as it is now at house-keeping, without half the accommodations.

Washing is another expensive article; the servants are all allowed theirs, besides their wages; our own costs us a guinea a week. I have become steward and book-keeper, determined to know with accuracy what our expenses are, and to prevail with Mr. Adams to return to America, if he finds himself straitened, as I think he must be. Mr. Jay went home because he could not support his family here with the whole salary; what then can be done, curtailed as it now is, with the additional expense? Mr. Adams is determined to keep as little company as he possibly can, but some entertainments we must make, and it is no unusual thing for them to amount to fifty or sixty guineas at a time. More is to be performed by way of negotiation, many times, at one of these entertainments, than at twenty serious conversations; but the policy of our country has been, and still is, to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. We stand in sufficient need of economy, and, in the curtailment of other salaries, I suppose they thought it absolutely necessary to cut off their foreign ministers. But, my own interest apart, the system is bad; for that nation which degrades their own ministers by obliging them to live in narrow circumstances,

cannot expect to be held in high estimation themselves. We spend no evenings abroad, make no suppers, attend very few public entertainments, or spectacles, as they are called, and avoid every expense that is not held indispensable. Yet I cannot but think it hard, that a gentleman who has devoted so great a part of his life to the service of the public, who has been the means, in a great measure, of procuring such extensive territories to his country, who saved their fisheries, and who is still laboring to procure them further advantages, should find it necessary so cautiously to calculate his pence, for fear of overrunning them. I will add one more expense. There is now a Court mourning, and every foreign minister, with his family, must go into mourning for a Prince of eight years old, whose father is an ally to the King of France. This mourning is ordered by the Court, and is to be worn eleven days only. Poor Mr. Jefferson had to hie away for a tailor to get a whole black silk suit made up in two days; and at the end of eleven days, should another death happen, he will be obliged to have a new suit of mourning, of cloth, because that is the season when silk must be left off. We may groan and scold, but these are expenses which cannot be avoided; for fashion is the deity every one worships in this country, and, from the highest to the lowest, you must submit. Even poor John and Esther had no comfort amongst the servants, being constantly the subjects of their ridicule, until we were obliged to direct them to have their hair dressed. Esther had several crying fits upon the occasion, that she should be forced to be

so much of a fool; but there was no way to keep them from being trampled upon but this; and, now that they are *à la mode de Paris,* they are much respected. To be out of fashion is more criminal than to be seen in a state of nature, to which the Parisians are not averse. . . .

Who do you think dined with us the other day? A Mr. Mather and his lady, son of Dr. Mather, and Mrs. Hay, who have come to spend the winter in France. I regret that they are going to some of the provinces. To-day, Mr. Tracy, Mr. Williams, Mr. Jefferson, and Colonel Humphreys are to dine with us; and one day last week we had a company of twenty-seven persons; Dr. Franklin, Mr. Hartley and his secretaries, etc., etc. But my paper warns me to close. Do not let anybody complain of me. I am going on writing to one after another as fast as possible, and, if this vessel does not carry the letters, the next will. Give my love to one of the best men in the world.

Affectionately yours,

A. A.

To John Adams *

Quincy, 8 February, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself

* On the occasion of his taking office as President of the United States.

head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

III

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT

1759–1797

Dying in childbed at thirty-eight, having just given birth to the Mary Godwin who was to be Shelley's wife, Mary Wollstonecraft ended a life that had been little else but sad, that had known small leisure, no luxury, few close friends. The few months she spent as the friend and later the wife of William Godwin were perhaps as full of contentment as any she had known. The still shorter period during which she was the mistress of Captain Imlay, to whom the following letters are addressed, probably offered her all the true happiness she experienced—and all the bitterest chagrin and disappointment.

The six Wollstonecraft children found themselves motherless when their eldest sister, Mary, was twenty-one years old. Although their father lived somewhat longer and married again, neither his first wife nor his second was able to make him anything but shiftless and incompetent, idle, lazy, and good-for-naught. Mary's closest friend was the child of a like father. Her younger sister, Eliza Wollstonecraft, probably to escape the poverty at home, at seventeen was married to a man of the most violent disposition. Small wonder, therefore, that the Wollstonecraft sisters, and

particularly Mary as the most vigorous and capable of them, came to look on marriages as made in a place the direct opposite of heaven. It was necessary, of course, for Mary to earn her own living. She turned to teaching—the only respectable situation for a young woman at that time—and with her sister and a friend she started a little school which lasted for only a couple of years before it was obliged to be closed up. Thus toward education, as well as marriage, Mary turned her inquiring mind. And in both she found many things that wanted improvement. As a private governess she was thrown with persons of small refinement and fewer intellectual attainments, and it was not until she was past thirty that she became engaged in literary work in London, and found herself among associates more congenial to her tastes and more suited to her intellectual capacities. She was translator, editor, literary adviser; she wrote the work that made her moderately famous—*A Vindication of the Rights of Woman.*

The dedication of the work states the argument thus: "If woman be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge, for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice."

This was startling doctrine for the day, and it is not surprising that Mary Wollstonecraft should, by virtue of it, have been frowned upon as too radical, and as desiring woman to be emancipated from the restrictions of law, religion, and morality. Nothing was

further from the case. But in France clamor was being raised for the rights of man, and sober folk were shrinking from such dangerous doctrine. Still more must they shrink from the more dangerous proposal of rights for women. Even her two sisters disagreed with Mary's views. And finding that she was meeting with small support in England, she went to France, the cradle of liberty, where the common man was for the first time being vindicated, though it was in blood, and where, therefore it was not too rash to assume that woman might achieve a like triumph.

To France, therefore, went Mary Wollstonecraft at the age of thirty-five. And in France shortly after her arrival she became acquainted with Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American living at that time in Paris. There is no record that before she met Imlay she ever loved; at any rate she soon centered her affections on him, and since a marriage in Paris at that time between an Englishwoman and an American would have been extremely difficult if not impossible, she became his mistress. The letters from which the following selection has been made are written to Imlay during the course of their love affair, and cover the first months after the birth of their child, and the subsequent period in which Mary discovered that Imlay no longer loved her and that, indeed, he had formed an attachment for another woman. Here, then, is a complete human tragedy: love offered, love fulfilled, love unrequited. Only seldom can the course of a love affair be so sharply and clearly followed; more seldom still are letters that mark its course available for publication.

Mary was a vigorous, hard-working, serious-minded woman. She had a strong sense of her own rights, a deep love of justice and truth, and the highest regard for conduct that seemed to her fitting and right. Thus when she became convinced that Imlay no longer loved her she refused to take a penny of his money to support herself, although she was willing to allow him to contribute to the support of his child. She was still engaged in literary work—hack work we should call it now, and she made little enough money at it. Nevertheless her innate sense for what was just made her behave as few women of her time must have behaved, made her desire to be independent when love no longer bound her, made her insist on preserving her own integrity at all costs.

The last two years of her life were spent in the company of literary and liberal friends, among whom was Godwin. He was attracted first by her *Letters from Sweden,* and when they met he was further won by her personal charm. Their mutual interest soon ripened into friendship and affection; neither believed that marriage was a necessary state for them, but when Mary found herself once more with child, they decided that it would be easier to be married than not. And theirs must have been one of the very first of those marriages, which even now excite considerable comment, wherein the husband had a separate establishment to which he repaired in the morning to work uninterruptedly, and at which he often stayed the night. They dined together; a similar story has only recently been a nine-days' wonder in the newspapers.

Here then was rest after storm, a period of peace in an unhappy life. Unfortunately it was not to last long. Mary Godwin was born August 30, 1797. Ten days later her mother died of puerperal fever, with her faculties, both physical and intellectual, at their highest. She was spared the tragedy of her daughter's life, but one may think the world has missed much by her own untimely death.

LETTERS

Letter 2

[Paris, August, 1793]

Past Twelve O'Clock, Monday Night.

I obey an emotion of my heart, which made me think of wishing thee, my love, good-night! before I go to rest, with more tenderness than I can to-morrow, when writing a hasty line or two under Colonel ——'s eye. You can scarcely imagine with what pleasure I anticipate the day, when we are to begin almost to live together; and you would smile to hear how many plans of employment I have in my head, now that I am confident my heart has found peace in your bosom. Cherish me with that dignified tenderness, which I have only found in you; and your own dear girl will try to keep under a quickness of feeling, that has sometimes given you pain. Yes, I will be *good,* that I may deserve to be happy; and whilst you love me, I cannot

again fall into the miserable state which rendered life a burthen almost too heavy to be borne.

But, good-night! God bless you! Sterne says that is equal to a kiss—yet I would rather give you the kiss into the bargain, glowing with gratitude to Heaven, and affection to you. I like the word affection, because it signifies something habitual; and we are soon to meet, to try whether we have mind enough to keep our hearts warm.

I will be at the barrier a little after ten o'clock tomorrow. Yours,

Letter 4

[Paris, September, 1793]

Friday Morning.

A man, whom a letter from Mr. —— previously announced, called here yesterday for the payment of a draft; and, as he seemed disappointed at not finding you at home, I sent him to Mr. ——. I have since seen him, and he tells me he has settled the business.

So much for business! May I venture to talk a little longer about less weighty affairs? How are you? I have been following you all along the road this comfortless weather; for, when I am absent from those I love, my imagination is as lively as if my senses had never been gratified by their presence—I was going to say caresses—and why should I not? I have found out that I have more mind than you, in one respect; because I can, without any violent effort of reason, find food for love in the same object, much longer than you can. The way to my senses is through my heart; but,

forgive me! I think there is sometimes a shorter cut to yours.

With ninety-nine men out of a hundred, a very sufficient dash of folly is necessary to render a woman piquante, a soft word for desirable; and, beyond these casual ebullitions of sympathy, few look for enjoyment by fostering a passion in their hearts. One reason, in short, why I wish my whole sex to become wiser, is, that the foolish ones may not, by their pretty folly, rob those whose sensibility keeps down their vanity, of the few roses that afford them some solace in the thorny road of life.

I do not know how I fell into these reflections, excepting one thought produced it—that these continual separations were necessary to warm your affection. Of late we are always separating. Crack! crack! and away you go! This joke wears the sallow cast of thought; for, though I began to write cheerfully, some melancholy tears have found their way into my eyes, that linger there, whilst a glow of tenderness at my heart whispers that you are one of the best creatures in the world. Pardon then the vagaries of a mind that has been almost "crazed by care," as well as "crossed in hapless love," and bear with me a *little* longer! When we are settled in the country together, more duties will open before me, and my heart, which now, trembling into peace, is agitated by every emotion that awakens the remembrance of old griefs, will learn to rest on yours, with that dignity your character, not to talk of my own, demands.

Take care of yourself, and write soon to your own

girl (you may add dear, if you please) who sincerely loves you, and will try to convince you of it, by becoming happier.

LETTER 5

[Paris, November, 1793]

Sunday Night.

I have just received your letter, and feel as if I could not go to bed tranquilly without saying a few words in reply, merely to tell you that my mind is serene, and my heart affectionate.

Ever since you last saw me inclined to faint, I have felt some gentle twitches, which make me begin to think that I am nourishing a creature who will soon be sensible of my care. This thought has not only produced an overflowing of tenderness to you, but made me very attentive to calm my mind and take exercise, lest I should destroy an object, in whom we are to have a mutual interest, you know. Yesterday—do not smile!—finding that I had hurt myself by lifting precipitately a large log of wood, I sat down in an agony, till I felt those said twitches again.

Are you very busy? . . .

LETTER 8

[Paris, December 30, 1793]

Monday Night.

My Best Love,—Your letter to-night was particularly grateful to my heart, depressed by the letters I received by ——, for he brought me several, and the parcel of books directed to Mr. —— was for me. Mr. ——'s letter was very long and very affectionate;

but the account he gives me of his own affairs, though he obviously makes the best of them, has vexed me.

A melancholy letter from my sister Eliza has also harassed my mind—that from my brother would have given me sincere pleasure; but for. . . . There is a spirit of independence in his letter that will please you; and you shall see it, when we are once more over the fire together. I think that you would hail him as a brother, with one of your tender looks, when your heart not only gives a luster to your eye, but a dance of playfulness, that he would meet with a glow half made up of bashfulness, and a desire to please the ——, where shall I find a word to express the relationship which subsists between us? Shall I ask the little twitcher? But I have dropt half the sentence that was to tell you how much he would be inclined to love the man loved by his sister. I have been fancying myself sitting between you, ever since I began to write, and my heart has leaped at the thought! You see how I chat to you.

I did not receive your letter till I came home; and I did not expect it, for the post came in much later than usual. It was a cordial to me, and I wanted one.

Mr. —— tells me that he has written again and again. Love him a little! It would be a kind of separation, if you did not love those I love.

There was so much considerate tenderness in your epistle to-night, that, if it has not made you dearer to me, it has made me forcibly feel how very dear you are to me, by charming away half my cares.

Yours affectionately,

MARY.

Letter 10

[Paris, January 1, 1794]
Wednesday Night.

As I have been, you tell me, three days without writing, I ought not to complain of two; yet, as I expected to receive a letter this afternoon, I am hurt; and why should I, by concealing it, affect the heroism I do not feel?

I hate commerce. How differently must ——'s head and heart be organized from mine! You will tell me that exertions are necessary: I am weary of them! The face of things, public and private, vexes me. The "peace" and clemency which seemed to be dawning a few days ago, disappear again. "I am fallen," as Milton said, "on evil days"; for I really believe that Europe will be in a state of convulsion during half a century at least. Life is but a labor of patience: it is always rolling a great stone up a hill; for, before a person can find a resting-place, imagining it is lodged, down it comes again, and all the work is to be done over anew!

Should I attempt to write any more, I could not change the strain. My head aches, and my heart is heavy. The world appears an "unweeded garden" where "things rank and vile" flourish best.

If you do not return soon—or, which is no such mighty matter, talk of it—I will throw my slippers out at window, and be off—nobody knows where.

Finding that I was observed, I told the good women, the two Mrs. ——s simply that I was with child; and

let them stare! and ——, and ——, nay, all the world, may know it for aught I care! Yet I wish to avoid ——'s coarse jokes.

Considering the care and anxiety a woman must have about a child before it comes into the world, it seems to me, *by a natural right,* to belong to her. When men get immersed in the world, they seem to lose all sensations, excepting those necessary to continue or produce life! Are these the privileges of reason? Amongst the feathered race, whilst the hen keeps the young warm, her mate stays by to cheer her; but it is sufficient for man to condescend to get a child. in order to claim it. A man is a tyrant!

You may now tell me, that, if it were not for me, you would be laughing away with some honest fellows in London. The casual exercise of social sympathy would not be sufficient for me—I should not think such an heartless life worth preserving. It is necessary to be in good humor with you, to be pleased with the world.

Thursday Morning.

I was very low-spirited last night, ready to quarrel with your cheerful temper, which makes absence easy to you. And why should I mince the matter? I was offended at your not even mentioning it. I do not want to be loved like a goddess, but I wish to be necessary to you. God bless you!

Letter 11

[Paris, January, 1794]

Monday Night.

I have just received your kind and rational letter,

and would fain hide my face, glowing with shame for my folly. I would hide it in your bosom, if you would again open it to me, and nestle closely till you bade my fluttering heart be still, by saying that you forgave me. With eyes overflowing with tears, and in the humblest attitude, I entreat you. Do not turn from me, for indeed I love you fondly, and have been very wretched since the night I was so cruelly hurt by thinking that you had no confidence in me.

It is time for me to grow more reasonable, a few more of these caprices of sensibility would destroy me. I have, in fact, been very much indisposed for a few days past, and the notion that I was tormenting, or perhaps killing, a poor little animal, about which I am grown anxious and tender, now I feel it alive, made me worse. My bowels have been dreadfully disordered, and everything I ate or drank disagreed with my stomach; still I feel intimations of its existence, though they have been fainter.

Do you think that the creature goes regularly to sleep? I am ready to ask as many questions as Voltaire's Man of Forty Crowns. Ah! do not continue to be angry with me. You perceive that I am already smiling through my tears. You have lightened my heart, and my frozen spirits are melting into playfulness.

Write the moment you receive this. I shall count the minutes. But drop not an angry word. I cannot now bear it. Yet, if you think I deserve a scolding (it does not admit of a question, I grant), wait till you

come back, and then, if you are angry one day, I shall be sure of seeing you the next. . . .

God bless you, my love; do not shut your heart against a return of tenderness; and, as I now in fancy cling to you, be more than ever my support. Feel but as affectionate when you read this letter, as I did writing it, and you will make happy, your

MARY.

LETTER 12

[Paris, January, 1794]

Wednesday Morning.

I will never, if I am not entirely cured of quarreling, begin to encourage "quick-coming fancies," when we are separated. Yesterday, my love, I could not open your letter for some time; and, though it was not half as severe as I merited, it threw me into such a fit of trembling, as seriously alarmed me. I did not, as you may suppose, care for a little pain on my own account; but all the fears which I have had for a few days past, returned with fresh force. This morning I am better; will you not be glad to hear it? You perceive that sorrow has almost made a child of me, and that I want to be soothed to peace.

One thing you mistake in my character, and imagine that to be coldness, which is just the contrary. For, when I am hurt by the person most dear to me, I must let out a whole torrent of emotions, in which tenderness would be uppermost, or stifle them altogether; and it appears to me almost a duty to stifle them when I imagine *that I am treated with coldness.*

I am afraid that I have vexed you, my own love. I know the quickness of your feelings—and let me, in the sincerity of my heart, assure you, there is nothing I would not suffer to make you happy. My own happiness wholly depends on you; and knowing you, when my reason is not clouded, I look forward to a rational prospect of as much felicity as the earth affords, with a little dash of rapture into the bargain, if you will look at me, when we meet again, as you have sometimes greeted your humbled, yet most affectionate

MARY.

LETTER 16

[Paris, February, 1794]

Tuesday Morning.

I seize this opportunity to inform you, that I am to set out on Thursday with Mr. ——, and hope to tell you soon (on your lips) how glad I shall be to see you. I have just got my passport, so I do not foresee any impediment to my reaching Havre, to bid you good night next Friday in my new apartment, where I am to meet you and love, in spite of care, to smile me to sleep, for I have not caught much rest since we parted.

You have, by your tenderness and worth, twisted yourself more artfully round my heart than I supposed possible. Let me indulge the thought that I have thrown out some tendrils to cling to the elm by which I wish to be supported. This is talking a new language for me! But, knowing that I am not a parasite-plant, I am willing to receive the proofs of affection,

that every pulse replies to, when I think of being once more in the same house with you. God bless you!

Yours truly,

MARY.

LETTER 21

[Havre, August 19, 1794]

Tuesday.

I received both your letters to-day. I had reckoned on hearing from you yesterday, therefore was disappointed, though I imputed your silence to the right cause. I intended answering your kind letter immediately, that you might have felt the pleasure it gave me; but —— came in, and some other things interrupted me; so that the fine vapor has evaporated, yet, leaving a sweet scent behind. I have only to tell you, what is sufficiently obvious, that the earnest desire I have shown to keep my place, or gain more ground in your heart, is a sure proof how necessary your affection is to my happiness. Still I do not think it false delicacy, or foolish pride, to wish that your attention to my happiness should arise *as much* from love, which is always rather a selfish passion, as reason— that is, I want you to promote my felicity, by seeking your own. For, whatever pleasure it may give me to discover your generosity of soul, I would not be dependent for your affection on the very quality I most admire. No; there are qualities in your heart which demand my affection; but unless the attachment appears to me clearly mutual, I shall labor only to esteem your character instead of cherishing a tenderness for your person.

I write in a hurry, because the little one, who has been sleeping a long time, begins to call for me. Poor thing! when I am sad, I lament that all my affections grow on me, till they become too strong for my peace, though they all afford me snatches of exquisite enjoyment. This for our little girl was at first very reasonable—more the effect of reason, a sense of duty, than feeling—now she has got into my heart and imagination, and when I walk out without her, her little figure is ever dancing before me.

You too have somehow clung round my heart. I found I could not eat my dinner in the great room, and, when I took up the large knife to carve for myself, tears rushed to my eyes. Do not, however, suppose that I am melancholy, for, when you are from me, I not only wonder how I can find fault with you, but how I can doubt your affection.

I will not mix any comments on the inclosed (it roused my indignation) with the effusion of tenderness, with which I assure you that you are the friend of my bosom, and the prop of my heart.

Letter 23

[Paris, 1794]
September 22.

I have just written two letters, that are going by other conveyances, and which I reckon on your receiving long before this. I therefore merely write, because I know I should be disappointed at seeing any one who had left you if you did not send a letter, were it ever so short, to tell me why you did not write longer, and

you will want to be told, over and over again, that our little Hercules is quite recovered.

Besides looking at me, there are three other things which delight her; to ride in a coach, to look at a scarlet waistcoat, and hear loud music—yesterday, at the *fête,* she enjoyed the two latter; but, to honor J. J. Rousseau, I intend to give her a sash, the first she has ever had round her—and why not?—for I have always been half in love with him.

Well, this you will say is trifling—shall I talk about alum or soap? There is nothing picturesque in your present pursuits; my imagination, then, rather chooses to ramble back to the barrier with you, or to see you coming to meet me, and my basket of grapes. With what pleasure do I recollect your looks and words, when I have been sitting on the window, regarding the waving corn!

Believe me, sage sir, you have not sufficient respect for the imagination. I could prove to you in a trice that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions—animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite, senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords.

If you call these observations romantic, a phrase in this place which would be tantamount to nonsensical, I shall be apt to retort, that you are embruted by trade and the vulgar enjoyments of life. Bring me then back your barrier-face, or you shall have nothing to say to my barrier-girl; and I shall fly from you, to cherish the remembrances that will ever be dear to me; for I am yours truly,

MARY.

LETTER 29

[Paris, 1794]
December 28.

. . . I do, my love, indeed sincerely sympathize with you in all your disappointments. Yet, knowing that you are well, and think of me with affection, I only lament other disappointments, because I am sorry that you should thus exert yourself in vain, and that you are kept from me. ——, I know, urges you to stay, and is continually branching out into new projects, because he has the idle desire to amass a large fortune, rather an immense one, merely to have the credit of having made it. But we who are governed by other motives, ought not to be led on by him. When we meet, we will discuss this subject. You will listen to reason, and it has probably occurred to you, that it will be better, in future, to pursue some sober plan, which may demand more time, and still enable you to arrive at the same end. It appears to me absurd to waste life in preparing to live.

Would it not now be possible to arrange your busi-

ness in such a manner as to avoid the inquietudes, of which I have had my share since your departure? Is it not possible to enter into business as an employment necessary to keep the faculties awake, and (to sink a little in the expressions) the pot boiling, without suffering what must ever be considered as a secondary object, to engross the mind, and drive sentiment and affection out of the heart?

I am in a hurry to give this letter to the person who has promised to forward it with ——'s. I wish then, to counteract, in some measure, what he has doubtless recommended most warmly.

Stay, my friend, whilst it is *absolutely* necessary. I will give you no tenderer name, though it glows at my heart, unless you come the moment the settling the *present* objects permit. *I do not consent* to your taking any other journey, or the little woman and I will be off, the Lord knows where. But, as I had rather owe everything to your affection, and, I may add, to your reason (for this immoderate desire of wealth, which makes —— so eager to have you remain, is contrary to your principles of action), I will not importune you. I will only tell you that I long to see you, and, being at peace with you, I shall be hurt, rather than made angry, by delays. Having suffered so much in life, do not be surprised if I sometimes, when left to myself, grow gloomy, and suppose that it was all a dream, and that my happiness is not to last. I say happiness, because remembrance retrenches all the dark shades of the picture.

My little one begins to show her teeth, and use her

legs. She wants you to bear your part in the nursing business, for I am fatigued with dancing her, and yet she is not satisfied; she wants you to thank her mother for taking such care of her, as only you can.

Yours truly,

MARY.

LETTER 31

[Paris, 1794]
December 30.

Should you receive three or four of the letters at once which I have written lately, do not think of Sir John Brute, for I do not mean to wife you. I only take advantage of every occasion, that one out of three of my epistles may reach your hands, and inform you that I am not of ——'s opinion, who talks till he makes me angry, of the necessity of your staying two or three months longer. I do not like this life of continual inquietude, and, *entre nous,* I am determined to try to earn some money here myself, in order to convince you that, if you choose to run about the world to get a fortune, it is for yourself, for the little girl and I will live without your assistance, unless you are with us. I may be termed proud; be it so, but I will never abandon certain principles of action.

The common run of men have such an ignoble way of thinking, that, if they debauch their hearts, and prostitute their persons, following perhaps a gust of inebriation, they suppose the wife, slave rather, whom they maintain, has no right to complain, and ought to receive the sultan, whenever he deigns to return, with

open arms, though his have been polluted by half an hundred promiscuous amours during his absence.

I consider fidelity and constancy as two distinct things; yet the former is necessary to give life to the other, and such a degree of respect do I think due to myself, that, if only probity, which is a good thing in its place, brings you back, never return!—for if a wandering of the heart, or even a caprice of the imagination detains you, there is an end of all my hopes of happiness. I could not forgive it if I would.

I have gotten into a melancholy mood, you perceive. You know my opinion of men in general; you know that I think them systematic tyrants, and that it is the rarest thing in the world to meet with a man with sufficient delicacy of feeling to govern desire. When I am thus sad I lament that my little darling, fondly as I dote on her, is a girl. I am sorry to have a tie to a world that for me is ever sown with thorns.

You will call this an ill-humored letter, when, in fact, it is the strongest proof of affection I can give, to dread to lose you. —— has taken such pains to convince me that you must and ought to stay, that it has inconceivably depressed my spirits. You have always known my opinion. I have ever declared, that two people who mean to live together ought not to be long separated. If certain things are more necessary to you than me—search for them. Say but one word, and you shall never hear of me more. If not, for God's sake let us struggle with poverty—with any evil, but these continual inquietudes of business, which I have been told were to last but a few months, though every day the end ap-

pears more distant! This is the first letter in this strain that I have determined to forward to you; the rest lie by, because I was unwilling to give you pain, and I should not now write if I did not think that there would be no conclusion to the schemes, which demand, as I am told, your presence.

Letter 32

[Paris, 1795]
January 9.

I just now received one of your hasty *notes;* for business so entirely occupies you, that you have not time, or sufficient command of thought, to write letters. Beware! you seem to be got into a whirl of projects and schemes, which are drawing you into a gulf, that, if it do not absorb your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine.

Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste,—I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection,—escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you I have been endeavoring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away, winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give. Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?

I am really unable to bear the continual inquietude which your and ——'s never-ending plans produce.

This you may term want of firmness, but you are mistaken; I have still sufficient firmness to pursue my principle of action. The present misery, I cannot find a softer word to do justice to my feelings, appears to me unnecessary, and therefore I have not firmness to support it as you may think I ought. I should have been content, and still wish, to retire with you to a farm. My God! anything but these continual anxieties, anything but commerce, which debases the mind, and roots out affection from the heart.

I do not mean to complain of subordinate inconveniences; yet I will simply observe, that, led to expect you every week, I did not make the arrangements required by the present circumstances, to procure the necessaries of life. In order to have them, a servant, for that purpose only, is indispensable. The want of wood has made me catch the most violent cold I ever had; and my head is so disturbed by continual coughing, that I am unable to write without stopping frequently to recollect myself. This, however, is one of the common evils which must be borne with—bodily pain does not touch the heart, though it fatigues the spirits.

Still, as you talk of your return, even in February, doubtingly, I have determined, the moment the weather changes, to wean my child. It is too soon for her to begin to divide sorrow! And as one has well said, "despair is a freeman," we will go and seek our fortune together.

This is not a caprice of the moment, for your absence has given new weight to some conclusions that I was very reluctantly forming before you left me. I do

not choose to be a secondary object. If your feelings were in unison with mine, you would not sacrifice so much to visionary prospects of future advantage.

Letter 33

[Paris, 1795]

January 15.

I was just going to begin my letter with the fag end of a song, which would only have told you, what I may as well say simply, that it is pleasant to forgive those we love. I have received your two letters, dated the 26th and 28th of December, and my anger died away. You can scarcely conceive the effect some of your letters have produced on me. After longing to hear from you during a tedious interval of suspense, I have seen a superscription written by you. Promising myself pleasure, and feeling emotion, I have laid it by me, till the person who brought it, left the room,—when, behold! on opening it, I have found only half-a-dozen hasty lines, that have damped all the rising affection of my soul.

Well, now for business. . . .

My animal is well; I have not yet taught her to eat, but nature is doing the business. I gave her a crust to assist the cutting of her teeth; and now she has two, she makes good use of them to gnaw a crust, biscuit, etc. You would laugh to see her; she is just like a little squirrel; she will guard a crust for two hours; and, after fixing her eye on an object for some time, dart on it with an aim as sure as a bird of prey—nothing can equal her life and spirits. I suffer from a cold;

but it does not affect her. Adieu! Do not forget to love us—and come soon to tell us that you do.

Letter 35

[Paris, 1795]
February 9.

The melancholy presentiment has for some time hung on my spirits, that we were parted forever; and the letters I received this day, by Mr. ——, convince me that it was not without foundation. You allude to some other letters, which I suppose have miscarried; for most of those I have got, were only a few hasty lines, calculated to wound the tenderness the sight of the superscriptions excited.

I mean not however to complain; yet so many feelings are struggling for utterance, and agitating a heart almost bursting with anguish, that I find it very difficult to write with any degree of coherence.

You left me indisposed, though you have taken no notice of it; and the most fatiguing journey I ever had, contributed to continue it. However, I recovered my health; but a neglected cold, and continual inquietude during the last two months, have reduced me to a state of weakness I never before experienced. Those who did not know that the canker-worm was at work at the core, cautioned me about suckling my child too long. God preserve this poor child, and render her happier than her mother!

But I am wandering from my subject: indeed my head turns giddy, when I think that all the confidence I have had in the affection of others is come to this.

I did not expect this blow from you. I have done my duty to you and my child; and if I am not to have any return of affection to reward me, I have the sad consolation of knowing that I deserved a better fate. My soul is weary, I am sick at heart; and, but for this little darling, I would cease to care about a life, which is now stripped of every charm.

You see how stupid I am, uttering declamation, when I meant simply to tell you, that I consider your requesting me to come to you, as merely dictated by honor. Indeed I scarcely understand you. You request me to come, and then tell me that you have not given up all thoughts of returning to this place.

When I determined to live with you, I was only governed by affection. I would share poverty with you, but I turn with affright from the sea of trouble on which you are entering. I have certain principles of action; I know what I look for to found my happiness on. It is not money. With you I wish for sufficient to procure the comforts of life, as it is, less will do. I can still exert myself to obtain the necessaries of life for my child, and she does not want more at present. I have two or three plans in my head to earn our subsistence; for do not suppose that, neglected by you, I will lie under obligations of a pecuniary kind to you! No; I would sooner submit to menial service. I wanted the support of your affection; that gone, all is over! I did not think, when I complained of ——'s contemptible avidity to accumulate money, that he would have dragged you into his schemes.

I cannot write. I inclose a fragment of a letter, writ-

ten soon after your departure, and another which tenderness made me keep back when it was written. You will see then the sentiments of a calmer, though not a more determined moment. Do not insult me by saying that "our being together is paramount to every other consideration!" Were it, you would not be running after a bubble, at the expense of my peace of mind.

Perhaps this is the last letter you will ever receive from me.

Letter 36

[Paris, 1795]
February 10.

You talk of "permanent views and future comfort" —not for me, for I am dead to hope. The inquietudes of the last winter have finished the business, and my heart is not only broken, but my constitution destroyed. I conceive myself in a galloping consumption, and the continual anxiety I feel at the thought of leaving my child, feeds the fever that nightly devours me. It is on her account that I again write to you, to conjure you, by all that you hold sacred, to leave her here with the German lady you may have heard me mention! She has a child of the same age, and they may be brought up together, as I wish her to be brought up. I shall write more fully on the subject. To facilitate this, I shall give up my present lodgings, and go into the same house. I can live much cheaper there, which is now become an object. I have had 3,000 livres from——, and I shall take one more, to pay my servant's wages, etc., and then I shall endeavor to procure what I want

by my own exertions. I shall entirely give up the acquaintance of the Americans.

——and I have not been on good terms for a long time. Yesterday he very unmanlily exulted over me, on account of your determination to stay. I had provoked it, it is true, by some asperities against commerce which have dropped from me when we have argued about the propriety of your remaining where you are; and it is no matter. I have drunk too deep of the bitter cup to care about trifles.

When you first entered into these plans, you bounded your views to the gaining of a thousand pounds. It was sufficient to have procured a farm in America, which would have been an independence. You find now that you did not know yourself, and that a certain situation in life is more necessary to you than you imagined—more necessary than an uncorrupted heart. For a year or two you may procure yourself what you call pleasures; but, in the solitude of declining life, I shall be remembered with regret—I was going to say with remorse, but checked my pen.

As I have never concealed the nature of my connection with you, your reputation will not suffer. I shall never have a confident; I am content with the approbation of my own mind; and, if there be a searcher of hearts, mine will not be despised. Reading what you have written relative to the desertion of woman, I have often wondered how theory and practice could be so different, till I recollected that the sentiments of passion, and the resolves of reason are very distinct. As to my sisters, you are so continually hurried with

business, you need not write to them; I shall, when my mind is calmer. God bless you! Adieu!

This has been such a period of barbarity and misery, I ought not to complain of having my share. I wish one moment that I had never heard of the cruelties that have been practiced here and the next, envy the mothers who have been killed with their children. Surely I had suffered enough in life, not to be cursed with a fondness, that burns up the vital stream I am imparting. You will think me mad: I would I were so, that I could forget my misery—so that my head or heart would be still.

Letter 40

[1795]

London, Friday, May 22.

I have just received your affectionate letter, and am distressed to think that I have added to your embarrassments at this troublesome juncture, when the exertion of all the faculties of your mind appears to be necessary to extricate you out of your pecuniary difficulties. I suppose it was something relative to the circumstance you have mentioned, which made —— request to see me to-day, to *converse about a matter of great importance.* Be that as it may, his letter (such is the state of my spirits) inconceivably alarmed me, and rendered the last night as distressing, as the two former had been.

I have labored to calm my mind since you left me. Still I find that tranquillity is not to be obtained by exertion; it is a feeling so different from the resigna-

tion of despair! I am, however, no longer angry with you, nor will I ever utter another complaint; there are arguments which convince the reason, whilst they carry death to the heart. We have had too many cruel explanations, that not only cloud every future prospect, but embitter the remembrances which alone give life to affection. Let the subject never be revived!

It seems to me that I have not only lost the hope, but the power of being happy. Every emotion is now sharpened by anguish. My soul has been shook, and my tone of feelings destroyed. I have gone out and sought for dissipation, if not amusement, merely to fatigue still more, I find, my irritable nerves——

My friend—my dear friend—examine yourself well. I am out of the question; for, alas! I am nothing, and discover what you wish to do—what will render you most comfortable—or, to be more explicit, whether you desire to live with me, or part forever! When you can once ascertain it, tell me frankly, I conjure you! for believe me, I have very involuntarily interrupted your peace.

I shall expect you to dinner on Monday, and will endeavor to assume a cheerful face to greet you; at any rate I will avoid conversations, which only tend to harass your feelings, because I am most affectionately yours, MARY.

[Hull, 1795]
Friday, June 12.

I have just received yours dated the 9th, which I suppose was a mistake, for it could scarcely have

loitered so long on the road. The general observations which apply to the state of your own mind, appear to me just, as far as they go; and I shall always consider it as one of the most serious misfortunes of my life, that I did not meet you, before satiety had rendered your senses so fastidious, as almost to close up every tender avenue of sentiment and affection that leads to your sympathetic heart. You have a heart, my friend, yet, hurried away by the impetuosity of inferior feelings, you have sought in vulgar excesses for that gratification which only the heart can bestow.

The common run of men, I know, with strong health and gross appetites, must have variety to banish *ennui,* because the imagination never lends its magic wand, to convert appetite into love, cemented by according reason. Ah! my friend, you know not the ineffable delight, the exquisite pleasure, which arises from an unison of affection and desire, when the whole soul and senses are abandoned to a lively imagination, that renders every emotion delicate and rapturous. Yes; these are emotions, over which satiety has no power, and the recollection of which, even disappointment cannot disenchant; but they do not exist without self-denial. These emotions, more or less strong, appear to me to be the distinctive characteristic of genius, the foundation of taste, and of that exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, of which the common herd of eaters and drinkers and *child-begetters* certainly have no idea. You will smile at an observation that has just occurred to me:—I consider those minds as the most strong

and original whose imagination acts as the stimulus to their senses.

Well! you will ask what is the result of all this reasoning? Why, I cannot help thinking that it is possible for you, having great strength of mind, to return to nature, and regain a sanity of constitution, and purity of feeling, which would open your heart to me. I would fain rest there!

Yet, convinced more than ever of the sincerity and tenderness of my attachment to you, the involuntary hopes which a determination to live has revived, are not sufficiently strong to dissipate the cloud that despair has spread over futurity. I have looked at the sea, and at my child, hardly daring to own to myself the secret wish, that it might become our tomb; and that the heart, still so alive to anguish, might there be quieted by death. At this moment ten thousand complicated sentiments press for utterance, weigh on my heart, and obscure my sight.

Are we ever to meet again? and will you endeavor to render that meeting happier than the last? Will you endeavor to restrain your caprices, in order to give vigor to affection, and to give play to the checked sentiments that nature intended should expand your heart? I cannot indeed, without agony, think of your bosom's being continually contaminated; and bitter are the tears which exhaust my eyes, when I recollect why my child and I are forced to stray from the asylum, in which, after so many storms, I had hoped to rest, smiling at angry fate. These are not common sorrows; nor can you perhaps conceive how much active fortitude

it requires to labor perpetually to blunt the shafts of disappointment.

Examine now yourself, and ascertain whether you can live in something like a settled style. Let our confidence in future be unbounded; consider whether you find it necessary to sacrifice me to what you term "the zest of life"; and, when you have once a clear view of your own motives, of your own incentive to action, do not deceive me!

The train of thoughts which the writing of this epistle awoke, makes me so wretched that I must take a walk, to rouse and calm my mind. But first, let me tell you, that, if you really wish to promote my happiness, you will endeavor to give me as much as you can of yourself. You have great mental energy, and your judgment seems to me so just that it is only the dupe of your inclination in discussing one subject.

The post does not go out to-day. To-morrow I may write more tranquilly. I cannot yet say when the vessel will sail in which I have determined to depart.

[The passage below in regard to a destroyed document, refers to some letters which were written under a purpose of suicide and not intended to be opened till afterwards.]

[Hull, June 13, 1795]
Saturday Morning.

Your second letter reached me about an hour ago. You were certainly wrong in supposing that I did not mention you with respect; though, without my being conscious of it, some sparks of resentment may have animated the gloom of despair—Yes; with less affec-

tion, I should have been more respectful. However the regard which I have for you is so unequivocal to myself, I imagine that it must be sufficiently obvious to everybody else. Besides, the only letter I intended for the public eye was to ——, and that I destroyed from delicacy before you saw them, because it was only written (of course warmly in your praise) to prevent any odium being thrown on you.

I am harassed by your embarrassments, and shall certainly use all my efforts to make the business terminate to your satisfaction in which I am engaged.

My friend—my dearest friend—I feel my fate united to yours by the most sacred principles of my soul, and the yearnings of—yes, I will say it—a true, unsophisticated heart.

Yours most truly,
MARY.

. . . Do write by every occasion! I am anxious to hear how your affairs go on; and, still more, to be convinced that you are not separating yourself from us. For my little darling is calling papa, and adding her parrot word—Come, Come! And will you not come, and let us exert ourselves? I shall recover all my energy, when I am convinced that my exertions will draw us more closely together. One more adieu!

LETTER 42

[Tonsberg, 1795]
August 7.

Air, exercise, and bathing, have restored me to health, braced my muscles, and covered my ribs, even

whilst I have recovered my former activity. I cannot tell you that my mind is calm, though I have snatched some moments of exquisite delight, wandering through the woods, and resting on the rocks.

This state of suspense, my friend, is intolerable; we must determine on something, and soon; we must meet shortly, or part forever. I am sensible that I acted foolishly, but I was wretched when we were together. Expecting too much, I let the pleasure I might have caught slip from me. I cannot live with you, I ought not—if you form another attachment. But I promise you, mine shall not be intruded on you. Little reason have I to expect a shadow of happiness, after the cruel disappointments that have rent my heart; but that of my child seems to depend on our being together. Still I do not wish you to sacrifice a chance of enjoyment for an uncertain good. I feel a conviction that I can provide for her, and it shall be my object—if we are indeed to part to meet no more. Her affection must not be divided. She must be a comfort to me—if I am to have no other and only know me as her support. I feel that I cannot endure the anguish of corresponding with you—if we are only to correspond. No; if you seek for happiness elsewhere, my letters shall not interrupt your repose. I will be dead to you. I cannot express to you what pain it gives me to write about an eternal separation. You must determine—examine yourself. But, for God's sake! spare me the anxiety of uncertainty! I may sink under the trial; but I will not complain.

Adieu! If I had anything more to say to you, it is

all flown, and absorbed by the most tormenting apprehensions; yet I scarcely know what new form of misery I have to dread.

I ought to beg your pardon for having sometimes written peevishly, but you will impute it to affection, if you understand anything of the heart of

Yours truly,
MARY.

LETTER 43

[Tonsberg, 1795]
August 9.

Five of your letters have been sent after me from Stromstad. One, dated the 14th of July, was written in a style which I may have merited, but did not expect from you. However, this is not a time to reply to it, except to assure you that you shall not be tormented with any more complaints. I am disgusted with myself for having so long importuned you with my affection.

My child is very well. We shall soon meet, to part no more, I hope—I mean I and my girl. I shall wait with some degree of anxiety till I am informed how your affairs terminate.

Yours sincerely,
MARY.

LETTER 44

[Gothenburg, 1795]
August 26.

I arrived here last night, and with the most exquisite delight, once more pressed my babe to my heart. We

shall part no more. You perhaps cannot conceive the pleasure it gave me, to see her run about, and play alone. Her increasing intelligence attaches me more and more to her. I have promised her that I will fulfill my duty to her, and nothing in future shall make me forget it. I will also exert myself to obtain an independence for her, but I will not be too anxious on this head.

I have already told you that I have recovered my health. Vigor, and even vivacity of mind, have returned with a renovated constitution. As for peace, we will not talk of it. I was not made, perhaps, to enjoy the calm contentment so termed. . . .

You tell me that my letters torture you; I will not describe the effect yours have on me. I received three this morning, the last dated the 7th of this month. I mean not to give vent to the emotions they produced. Certainly you are right; our minds are not congenial. I have lived in an ideal world, and fostered sentiments that you do not comprehend, or you would not treat me thus. I am not, I will not be, merely an object of compassion—a clog, however light, to tease you. Forget that I exist: I will never remind you. Something emphatical whispers me to put an end to these struggles. Be free—I will not torment, when I cannot please. I can take care of my child; you need not continually tell me that our fortune is inseparable, *that you will try to cherish tenderness* for me. Do no violence to yourself! When we are separated, our interest, since you give so much weight to pecuniary

considerations, will be entirely divided. I want not protection without affection; and support I need not, whilst my faculties are undisturbed. I had a dislike to living in England; but painful feelings must give way to superior considerations. I may not be able to acquire the sum necessary to maintain my child and self elsewhere. It is too late to go to Switzerland. I shall not remain at [Hamburg], living expensively. But be not alarmed! I shall not force myself on you any more.

Adieu! I am agitated, my whole frame is convulsed, my lips tremble, as if shook by cold, though fire seems to be circulating in my veins.

God bless you!

Letter 46

[Hamburg, 1795]
September 25.

I have just finished a letter to be given in charge to Captain ——. In that I complained of your silence, and expressed my surprise that three mails should have arrived without bringing a line for me. Since I closed it, I hear of another, and still no letter. I am laboring to write calmly—this silence is a refinement on cruelty. Had Captain —— remained a few days longer, I would have returned with him to England. What have I to do here? I have repeatedly written to you fully. Do you do the same, and quickly. Do not leave me in suspense. I have not deserved this of you. I cannot write, my mind is so distressed. Adieu!

LETTER 47

[Hamburg, 1795]

September 27.

When you receive this, I shall either have landed, or be hovering on the British coast; your letter of the 18th decided me.

By what criterion of principle or affection you term my questions extraordinary and unnecessary, I cannot determine. You desire me to decide. I had decided. You must have had long ago two letters of mine, to the same purport, to consider. In these, God knows! there was but too much affection, and the agonies of a distracted mind were but too faithfully portrayed! What more then had I to say? The negative was to come from you. You had perpetually recurred to your promise of meeting me in the autumn. Was it extraordinary that I should demand a yes, or no? Your letter is written with extreme harshness, coldness I am accustomed to, in it I find not a trace of the tenderness of humanity, much less of friendship. I only see a desire to heave a load off your shoulders.

I am above disputing about words. It matters not in what terms you decide.

The tremendous power who formed this heart, must have foreseen that, in a world in which self-interest, in various shapes, is the principal mobile, I had little chance of escaping misery. To the fiat of fate I submit. I am content to be wretched; but I will not be contemptible. Of me you have no cause to complain, but for having had too much regard for you—for

having expected a degree of permanent happiness, when you only fought for a momentary gratification.

I am strangely deficient in sagacity. Uniting myself to you, your tenderness seemed to make me amends for all my former misfortunes. On this tenderness and affection with that confidence did I rest!—but I leaned on a spear that has pierced me to the heart. You have thrown off a faithful friend, to pursue the caprices of the moment. We certainly are differently organized; for even now, when conviction has been stamped on my soul by sorrow, I can scarcely believe it possible. It depends at present on you, whether you will see me or not. I shall take no step, till I see or hear from you.

Preparing myself for the worst—I have determined, if your next letter be like the last, to write to Mr. Johnson to procure me an obscure lodging, and not to inform anybody of my arrival. There I will endeavor in a few months to obtain the sum necessary to take me to France; from you I will not receive any more. I am not yet sufficiently humbled to depend on your beneficence.

Some people, whom my unhappiness has interested, though they know not the extent of it, will assist me to attain the object I have in view, the independence of my child. Should a peace take place, ready money will go a great way in France, and I will borrow a sum, which my industry *shall* enable me to pay at my leisure, to purchase a small estate for my girl. The assistance I shall find necessary to complete her education, I can get at an easy rate at Paris. I can introduce

her to such society as she will like; and thus, securing for her all the chance for happiness, which depends on me, I shall die in peace, persuaded that the felicity which has hitherto cheated my expectation, will not always elude my grasp. No poor tempest-tossed mariner ever more earnestly longed to arrive at his port.

I shall not come up in the vessel all the way, because I have no place to go to. Captain —— will inform you where I am. It is needless to add, that I am not in a state of mind to bear suspense—and that I wish to see you, though it be for the last time.

Letter 49

[London, November, 1795.]

I write you now on my knees; imploring you to send my child and the maid with ——, to Paris, to be consigned to the care of Madame ——, Rue ——, Section de ——. Should they be removed, —— can give their direction.

Let the maid have all my clothes without distinction.

Pray pay the cook her wages, and do not mention the confession which I forced from her; a little sooner or later is of no consequence. Nothing but my extreme stupidity could have rendered me blind so long. Yet, whilst you assured me that you had no attachment, I thought we might still have lived together.

I shall make no comments on your conduct or any appeal to the world. Let my wrongs sleep with me! Soon, very soon, I shall be at peace. When you receive this, my burning head will be cold.

I would encounter a thousand deaths, rather than a night like the last. Your treatment has thrown my mind into a state of chaos; yet I am serene. I go to find comfort, and my only fear is, that my poor body will be insulted by an endeavor to recall my hated existence. But I shall plunge into the Thames where there is the least chance of my being snatched from the death I seek.

God bless you! May you never know by experience what you have made me endure. Should your sensibility ever awake, remorse will find its way to your heart; and, in the midst of business and sensual pleasure, I shall appear before you, the victim of your deviation from rectitude.

[After writing the above letter Mary Wollstonecraft attempted to drown herself in the Thames, and was with difficulty revived by the watermen who rescued her.]

Letter 70

[London, November, 1795.]

Sunday Morning.

I have only to lament, that, when the bitterness of death was past, I was inhumanly brought back to life and misery. But a fixed determination is not to be baffled by disappointment; nor will I allow that to be a frantic attempt which was one of the calmest acts of reason. In this respect, I am only accountable to myself. Did I care for what is termed reputation, it is by other circumstances that I should be dishonored.

You say, "that you know not how to extricate ourselves out of the wretchedness into which we have been

plunged." You are extricated long since. But I forbear to comment. If I am condemned to live longer, it is a living death.

It appears to me that you lay much more stress on delicacy than on principle; for I am unable to discover what sentiment of delicacy would have been violated by your visiting a wretched friend, if indeed you have any friendship for me. But since your new attachment is the only sacred thing in your eyes, I am silent—Be happy! My complaints shall never more damp your enjoyment; perhaps I am mistaken in supposing that even my death could, for more than a moment. This is what you call magnanimity. It is happy for yourself, that you possess this quality in the highest degree.

Your continually asserting that you will do all in your power to contribute to my comfort, when you only allude to pecuniary assistance, appears to me a flagrant breach of delicacy. I want not such vulgar comfort, nor will I accept it. I never wanted but your heart— That gone, you have nothing more to give. Had I only poverty to fear, I should not shrink from life. Forgive me then, if I say, that I shall consider any direct or indirect attempt to supply my necessities, as an insult which I have not merited, and as rather done out of tenderness for your own reputation, than for me. Do not mistake me; I do not think that you value money, therefore I will not accept what you do not care for, though I do much less, because certain privations are not painful to me. When I am dead, respect for yourself will make you take care of the child.

I write with difficulty—probably I shall never write to you again. Adieu!

God bless you!

Letter 76

[London, December, 1795.]

As the parting from you forever is the most serious event of my life, I will once expostulate with you, and call not the language of truth and feeling ingenuity!

I know the soundness of your understanding, and know that it is impossible for you always to confound the caprices of every wayward inclination with manly dictates of principle.

You tell me "that I torment you." Why do I? Because you cannot estrange your heart entirely from me, and you feel that justice is on my side. You urge "that your conduct was unequivocal." It was not. When your coolness has hurt me, with what tenderness have you endeavored to remove the impression! and even before I returned to England, you took great pains to convince me that all my uneasiness was occasioned by the effect of a worn-out constitution; and you concluded your letter with these words, "Business alone has kept me from you. Come to any port, and I will fly down to my two dear girls with a heart all their own."

With these assurances, is it extraordinary that I should believe what I wished? I might, and did think that you had a struggle with old propensities; but I still thought that I and virtue should at last prevail. I still thought that you had a magnanimity of char-

acter, which would enable you to conquer yourself.

Imlay, believe me, it is not romance, you have acknowledged to me feelings of this kind. You could restore me to life and hope, and the satisfaction you would feel would amply repay you.

In tearing myself from you, it is my own heart I pierce; and the time will come, when you will lament that you have thrown away a heart, that, even in the moment of passion, you cannot despise. I would owe everything to your generosity, but, for God's sake, keep me no longer in suspense! Let me see you once more!

Letter 77

[London, December, 1795.]

You must do as you please with respect to the child. I could wish that it might be done soon, that my name may be no more mentioned to you. It is now finished. Convinced that you have neither regard nor friendship, I disdain to utter a reproach, though I have had reason to think that the "forbearance" talked of has not been very delicate. It is, however, of no consequence. I am glad you are satisfied with your own conduct.

I now solemnly assure you, that this is an eternal farewell. Yet I flinch not from the duties which tie me to life.

That there is "sophistry" on one side or other, is certain; but now it matters not on which. On my part it has not been a question of words. Yet your understanding or mine must be strangely warped, for what you term "delicacy," appears to me to be exactly the

contrary. I have no criterion for morality, and have thought in vain, if the sensations which lead you to follow an ancle or step, be the sacred foundation of principle and affection. Mine has been of a very different nature, or it would not have stood the brunt of your sarcasms.

The sentiment in me is still sacred. If there is any part of me that will survive the sense of my misfortune, it is the purity of my affections. The impetuosity of your sense may have led you to term mere animal desire, the source of principle; and it may give zest to some years to come. Whether you will always think so, I shall never know.

It is strange that, in spite of all you do, something like conviction forces me to believe that you are not what you appear to be.

I part with you in peace.

JANE AUSTEN

IV

JANE AUSTEN

1775–1817

To read Jane Austen's novels and omit her letters is to know only half that may be learned about one of the most fascinating and gifted writers who ever lived. The six novels we have, beginning with *Pride and Prejudice* and ending with *Persuasion,* were written during a quarter century when certain conventions in novel writing seemed necessary and proper. It is only just to say that Jane Austen observed these conventions rarely compared to her contemporaries and embellished them with truth and intelligence and wit; but her novels are romances and her letters are not; in the letters written by her from approximately her twenty-first year until her death at the age of forty-two she cast conventions aside and appeared in her own character, so to speak; in the letters can be found a most delicate and undeniable malice, an observation at once keen and kind or keen and merciless, a tenderness for those she loved, the purest and clearest of minds, the coolest and deftest of wits.

The daughter of a country rector, Jane Austen was one of seven children of whom two were girls. Most of her letters are addressed to her sister Cassandra,

her senior by two years, and from them the present selection has been made. Except for a few visits to London, a residence at Bath, and at Southampton, and the short stay at Winchester just before her death, Jane Austen divided her time almost entirely between Steventon Rectory, in Hampshire, where she was born, and the estate of her brother Edward Knight in Kent. There she found the sort of country life which she pictures so vividly in her novels. There she passed her quiet, uneventful days. She would go to a ball in which ten couples stood up together, she would take tea with a neighbor, she would herself be hostess to a half dozen guests. But of "society," of what is known as "the world" she knew nothing, and there is no indication that she regretted the lack of it. The letters to Cassandra Austen are the record of these quiet years; what was done might have been dull, prosy, tiresome. But Miss Austen's pen was taking notes, and the result is neither dull nor tiresome. Her wit makes stupid people amusing, dull days lively, and the record of an uneventful life the purest delight.

The Austens were a large family. Each of the five brothers married, and four of them married twice. Edward's wife, Elizabeth Bridges, died in childbirth of her eleventh child; the other families were less numerous, but the total was impressive. And in addition, a stream of cousins and aunts, and a large circle of friends provided plenty of material to write about. These form the personæ of Miss Austen's letters. These were often the targets for her wit. To Cassandra, closer to her than any other person, she wrote

freely and without restraint. She was sure of sympathy and doubtless had no fear that her gossip, particularly when it was indiscreet, would ever spread beyond the page of her letter. Indeed, one of the most melancholy facts in all literature is that Cassandra, before her death in 1845, and before permitting Jane's correspondence to be read by another person, cut out of the letters any portions she considered improper. Thus we shall never see the most intimate of Jane Austen's remarks; we shall never know what she thought about matters closest to her heart. The record that we have skims the surface of a nature remarkable for its profundity; but if depths are closed to us, the surface remains joyful and bright.

In the main the letters that follow require no explanation. The persons are either neighbors and friends, who for the most part are mentioned only once or twice and that clearly enough, or the Austens themselves: James, Edward Knight, who took his name from his patron, Thomas Knight, Henry, Frank, and Charles with their wives and children. The Mary of the letters is the wife of James and sister of Martha Lloyd, one of Jane's closest friends; Elizabeth is the wife of Edward, and evidently the favorite of both Jane and Cassandra. The two letters announcing her death are among the most affecting in the correspondence. The Tom Lefroy mentioned in the first letter was the son of a close friend. Whether or not Miss Austen admired his waistcoat, he afterwards became Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and it is not known how keenly he felt the neighborly teasing with regard

to Mr. Austen's younger daughter of which that daughter writes. At least he married some one else and Miss Austen married nobody.

If Jane Austen had a romance there is no record of it. Her first biographer and relative, Mr. Austen-Leigh, hints that there might have been one. Cassandra, to be sure, was engaged but her betrothed died before they were married. Nothing so definite can be learned about Jane. And from the tone of the earlier letters, written, be it remembered, by a young lady of twenty-one or so, it may be guessed that Miss Austen was too keen for the ordinary run of male whom she was likely to meet. It is not unlikely that she possessed a sharp tongue; and a wit as fresh and amusing as hers often betrays its owner into observations that are relished by every one but the persons to whom they are directed. If this was never the case, if Miss Austen never found it necessary to regret remarks more apt than kind, she was more than human. And this may very well have been. But she was human, too; she was a woman, and a woman of more than ordinary perceptions, of far more than ordinary intelligence, and one may guess of more than ordinary passions. No one knows just what the illness was that carried Miss Austen off before she was forty-three; but in her small frame burned a flame that may have consumed her before her time. She sat for twenty years quietly in her parlor with her writing desk on her knee. In the midst of family conversation, surrounded by nieces and nephews not always, by her own account, quiet and well-behaved, interrupted by a thousand small details of living she

yet found time and energy to set down an imperishable record of the doings of those around her. The fire of genius burned in her; possibly it burned hotter for being banked close. We can think, perhaps, that it is a pity Jane Austen could not have met a man worthy of her mind who at the same time touched her heart. Her powers might have been extended thereby, she might have led a happier and more active life. But her life seemed, as we can learn about it, happy enough, and as for her work we must be content with what we have. That indeed is riches enough.

LETTERS

To Cassandra Austen

Steventon, Thursday (January 9), 1796.

In the first place I hope you will live twenty-three years longer. Mr. Tom Lefroy's birthday was yesterday, so that you are very near of an age.

After this necessary preamble I shall proceed to inform you that we had an exceeding good ball last night, and that I was very much disappointed at not seeing Charles Fowle of the party, as I had previously heard of his being invited. In addition to our set at the Harwoods' ball, we had the Grants, St. Johns, Lady Rivers, her three daughters and a son, Mr. and Miss Heathcote, Mrs. Lefevre, two Mr. Watkins, Mr. J. Portal, Miss Deanes, two Miss Ledgers, and a tall

clergyman who came with them, whose name Mary would never have guessed.

We were so terrible good as to take James in our carriage though there were three of us before; but indeed he deserves encouragement for the very great improvement which has lately taken place in his dancing. Miss Heathcote is pretty, but not near so handsome as I expected. Mr. H. began with Elizabeth, and afterwards danced with her again; but *they* do not know how *to be particular*. I flatter myself, however, that they will profit by the three successive lessons which I have given them.

You scold me so much in the nice long letter which I have this moment received from you, that I am almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together. I *can* expose myself, however, only *once more,* because he leaves the country soon after next Friday, on which day we *are* to have a dance at Ashe after all. He is a very gentlemanlike, good-looking, pleasant young man, I assure you. But as to our having ever met, except at the three last balls, I cannot say much; for he is so excessively laughed at about me at Ashe, that he is ashamed of coming to Steventon, and ran away when we called on Mrs. Lefroy a few days ago.

We left Warren at Dean Gate, in our way home last night, and he is now on his road to town. He left his love, etc., to you, and I will deliver it when we meet. Henry goes to Harden to-day in his way to his Master's degree. We shall feel the loss of

these two most agreeable young men exceedingly, and shall have nothing to console us till the arrival of the Coopers on Tuesday. As they will stay here till the Monday following, perhaps Caroline will go to the Ashe ball with me, though I dare say she will not.

I danced twice with Warren last night, and once with Mr. Charles Watkins, and, to my inexpressible astonishment, I entirely escaped John Lyford. I was forced to fight hard for it, however. We had a very good supper, and the greenhouse was illuminated in a very elegant manner.

We had a visit yesterday morning from Mr. Benjamin Portal, whose eyes are as handsome as ever. Everybody is extremely anxious for your return, but as you cannot come home by the Ashe ball, I am glad that I have not fed them with false hopes. James danced with Alithea, and cut up the turkey last night with great perseverance. You say nothing of the silk stockings; I flatter myself, therefore, that Charles has not purchased any, as I cannot very well afford to pay for them; all my money is spent in buying white gloves and pink persian. I wish Charles had been at Manydown, because he would have given you some description of my friend, and I think you must be impatient to hear something about him.

Henry is still hankering after the Regulars, and as his project of purchasing the adjutancy of the Oxfordshire is now over, he has got a scheme in his head about getting a lieutenancy and adjutancy in the 86th, a new-raised regiment, which he fancies will be ordered to the Cape of Good Hope. I heartily hope he will,

as usual, be disappointed in this scheme. We have trimmed up and given away all the old paper hats of Mamma's manufacture; I hope you will not regret the loss of yours.

After I had written the above, we received a visit from Mr. Tom Lefroy and his cousin George. The latter is really very well-behaved now; and as for the other, he has but *one* fault, which time will, I trust, entirely remove—it is that his morning coat is a great deal too light. He is a very great admirer of Tom Jones, and therefore wears the same colored clothes, I imagine, which *he* did when he was wounded.

Sunday.—By not returning till the 19th, you will exactly contrive to miss seeing the Coopers, which I suppose it is your wish to do. We have heard nothing from Charles for some time. One would suppose they must have sailed by this time, as the wind is so favorable. What a funny name Tom has got for his vessel! But he has no taste in names, as we well know, and I dare say he christened it himself. I am sorry for the Beaches' loss of their little girl, especially as it is the one so much like me.

I condole with Miss M. on her losses and with Eliza on her gains, and am ever yours,

J. A.

To Miss Austen,
Rev. Mr. Fowle's, Kintbury, Newbury.

To Cassandra Austen

Steventon, Saturday (January 14), 1796.

I have just received yours and Mary's letter, and thank you both, though their contents might have

been more agreeable. I do not at all expect to see you on Tuesday, since matters have fallen out so unpleasantly; and if you are not able to return till after that day, it will hardly be possible for us to send for you before Saturday, though for my own part I care so little about the ball that it would be no sacrifice to me to give it up for the sake of seeing you two days earlier. We are extremely sorry for poor Eliza's illness. I trust, however, that she has continued to recover since you wrote, and that you will none of you be the worse for your attendance on her. What a good-for-nothing fellow Charles is to bespeak the stockings! I hope he will be too hot all the rest of his life for it!

I sent you a letter yesterday to Ibthorp, which I suppose you will not receive at Kintbury. It was not very long or very witty, and therefore if you never receive it, it does not much signify. I wrote principally to tell you that the Coopers were arrived and in good health. The little boy is very like Dr. Cooper, and the little girl is to resemble Jane, they say.

Our party to Ashe to-morrow night will consist of Edward Cooper, James (for a ball is nothing without *him*), Buller, who is now staying with us, and I. I look forward with great impatience to it, as I rather expect to receive an offer from my friend in the course of the evening. I shall refuse him, however, unless he promises to give away his white coat.

I am very much flattered by your commendation of my last letter, for I write only for fame, and without any view to pecuniary emolument.

Edward is gone to spend the day with his friend, John Lyford, and does not return till to-morrow. Anna is now here; she came up in her chaise to spend the day with her young cousins, but she does not much take to them or to anything about them, except Caroline's spinning-wheel. I am very glad to find from Mary that Mr. and Mrs. Fowle are pleased with you. I hope you will continue to give satisfaction.

How impertinent you are to write to me about Tom, as if I had not opportunities of hearing from him myself! The *last* letter that I received from him was dated on Friday, 8th, and he told me that if the wind should be favorable on Sunday, which it proved to be, they were to sail from Falmouth on that day. By this time, therefore, they are at Barbadoes, I suppose. The Rivers are still at Manydown, and are to be at Ashe to-morrow. I intended to call on the Miss Biggs yesterday had the weather been tolerable. Caroline, Anna, and I have just been devouring some cold souse, and it would be difficult to say which enjoyed it most.

Tell Mary that I make over Mr. Heartley and all his estate to her for her sole use and benefit in future, and not only him, but all my other admirers into the bargain wherever she can find them, even the kiss which C. Powlett wanted to give me, as I mean to confine myself in future to Mr. Tom Lefroy, for whom I don't care sixpence. Assure her also, as a last and indubitable proof of Warren's indifference to me, that he actually drew that gentleman's picture for me, and delivered it to me without a sigh.

Friday.—At length the day is come on which I am

to flirt my last with Tom Lefroy, and when you receive this it will be over. My tears flow as I write at the melancholy idea. Wm. Chute called here yesterday. I wonder what he means by being so civil. There is a report that Tom is going to be married to a Lichfield lass. John Lyford and his sister bring Edward home to-day, dine with us, and we shall all go together to Ashe. I understand that we are to draw for partners. I shall be extremely impatient to hear from you again, that I may know how Eliza is, and when you are to return.

With best love, etc., I am affectionately yours,

J. Austen.

Miss Austen,
The Rev. Mr. Fowle's, Kintbury, Newbury.

To Cassandra Austen

Cork Street, Tuesday morn (August, 1796).

My dear Cassandra,—Here I am once more in this scene of dissipation and vice, and I begin already to find my morals corrupted. We reached Staines yesterday, I do not (know) when, without suffering so much from the heat as I had hoped to do. We set off again this morning at seven o'clock, and had a very pleasant drive, as the morning was cloudy and perfectly cool. I came all the way in the chaise from Hertford Bridge.

Edward and Frank are both gone out to seek their fortunes; the latter is to return soon and help us seek ours. The former we shall never see again. We are to be at Astley's to-night, which I am glad of. Edward has heard from Henry this morning. He has not

been at the races at all, unless this driving Miss Pearson over to Rowling one day can be so called. We shall find him there on Thursday.

I hope you are all alive after our melancholy parting yesterday, and that you pursued your intended avocation with success. God bless you! I must leave off, for we are going out.

Yours very affectionately,

J. Austen.

Everybody's love.

To Cassandra Austen

Rowling, Thursday (September 1), 1796.

My dearest Cassandra,—The letter which I have this moment received from you has diverted me beyond moderation. I could die of laughter at it, as they used to say at school. You are indeed the finest comic writer of the present age.

Since I wrote last, we have been very near returning to Steventon so early as next week. Such, for a day or two, was our dear brother Henry's scheme, but at present matters are restored, not to what they were, for my absence seems likely to be lengthened still farther. I am sorry for it, but what can I do?

Henry leaves us to-morrow for Yarmouth, as he wishes very much to consult his physician there, on whom he has great reliance. He is better than he was when he first came, though still by no means well. According to his present plan, he will not return here till about the 23rd, and bring with him, if he can, leave of absence for three weeks, as he wants very

much to have some shooting at Godmersham, whither Edward and Elizabeth are to remove very early in October. If this scheme holds, I shall hardly be at Steventon before the middle of that month; but if you cannot do without me, I could return, I suppose, with Frank if he ever goes back. He enjoys himself here very much, for he has just learnt to turn, and is so delighted with the employment, that he is at it all day long.

I am sorry that you found such a conciseness in the strains of my first letter. I must endeavor to make you amends for it, when we meet, by some elaborate details, which I shall shortly begin composing.

I have had my new gown made up, and it really makes a very superb surplice. I am sorry to say that my new colored gown is very much washed out, though I charged everybody to take great care of it. I hope yours is so too. Our men had but indifferent weather for their visit to Godmersham, for it rained great part of the way there and all the way back. They found Mrs. Knight remarkably well and in very good spirits. It is imagined that she will shortly be married again. I have taken little George once in my arms since I have been here, which I thought very kind. I have told Fanny about the bead of her necklace, and she wants very much to know where you found it.

To-morrow I shall be just like Camilla * in Mr. Dubster's summer-house; for my Lionel will have taken away the ladder by which I came here, or at least by which I intended to get away, and here I must stay

* *Camilla,* heroine of the novel by Fanny Burney.

till his return. My situation, however, is somewhat preferable to hers, for I am very happy here, though I should be glad to get home by the end of the month. I have no idea that Miss Pearson will return with me.

What a fine fellow Charles is, to deceive us into writing two letters to him at Cork! I admire his ingenuity extremely, especially as he is so great a gainer by it.

Mr. and Mrs. Cage and Mr. and Mrs. Bridges dined with us yesterday. Fanny seemed as glad to see me as anybody, and inquired very much after you, whom she supposed to be making your wedding-clothes. She is as handsome as ever, and somewhat fatter. We had a very pleasant day, and some *liqueurs* in the evening. Louisa's figure is very much improved; she is as stout again as she was. Her face, from what I could see of it one evening, appeared not at all altered. She and the gentlemen walked up here on Monday night—she came in the morning with the Cages from Hythe.

Lady Hales, with her two youngest daughters, have been to see us. Caroline is not grown at all coarser than she was, nor Harriet at all more delicate. I am glad to hear so good an account of Mr. Charde, and only fear that my long absence may occasion his relapse. I practice every day a much as I can—I wish it were more for his sake. I have heard nothing of Mary Robinson since I have been (here). I expect to be well scolded for daring to doubt, whenever the subject is mentioned.

Frank has turned a very nice little butter-churn for Fanny. I do not believe that any of the party were

aware of the valuables they had left behind; nor can I hear anything of Anna's gloves. Indeed I have not inquired at all about them hitherto.

We are very busy making Edward's shirts, and I am proud to say that I am the neatest worker of the party. They say that there are a prodigious number of birds hereabouts this year, so that perhaps *I* may kill a few. I am glad to hear so good an account of Mr. Limprey and J. Lovett. I know nothing of my mother's handkerchief, but I dare say I shall find it soon.

I am very affectionately yours,

JANE.

Miss Austen, Steventon, Overton, Hants.

To Cassandra Austen

Steventon, Saturday (October 27), 1798.

My dear Cassandra,—Your letter was a most agreeable surprise to me to-day, and I have taken a long sheet of paper to show my gratitude.

We arrived here yesterday between four and five, but I cannot send you quite so triumphant an account of our last day's journey as of the first and second. Soon after I had finished my letter from Staines, my mother began to suffer from the exercise or fatigue of traveling, and she was a good deal indisposed. She had not a very good night at Staines, but bore her journey better than I had expected, and at Basingstoke, where we stopped more than half an hour, received much comfort from a mess of broth and the sight of

Mr. Lyford, who recommended her to take twelve drops of laudanum when she went to bed as a composer, which she accordingly did.

James called on us just as we were going to tea, and my mother was well enough to talk very cheerfully to him before she went to bed. James seems to have taken to his old trick of coming to Steventon in spite of Mary's reproaches, for he was here before breakfast and is now paying us a second visit. They were to have dined here to-day, but the weather is too bad. I have had the pleasure of hearing that Martha is with them. James fetched her from Ibthorp on Thursday, and she will stay with them till she removes to Kintbury.

We met with no adventures at all in our journey yesterday, except that our trunk had once nearly slipped off, and we were obliged to stop at Hartley to have our wheels greased.

Whilst my mother and Mr. Lyford were together I went to Mrs. Ryder's and bought what I intended to buy, but not in much perfection. There were no narrow braces for children and scarcely any notting silk: but Miss Wood, as usual, is going to town very soon, and will lay in a fresh stock. I gave 2*s*. 3*d*. a yard for my flannel, and I fancy it is not very good, but it is so disgraceful and contemptible an article in itself that its being comparatively good or bad is of little importance. I bought some Japan ink likewise, and next week shall begin my operations on my hat, on which you know my principal hopes of happiness depend.

I am very grand indeed; I had the dignity of drop-

ping out my mother's laudanum last night. I carry about the keys of the wine and closet, and twice since I began this letter have had orders to give in the kitchen. Our dinner was very good yesterday, and the chicken boiled perfectly tender; therefore I shall not be obliged to dismiss Nanny on that account.

Almost everything was unpacked and put away last night. Nanny chose to do it, and I was not sorry to be busy. I have unpacked the gloves and placed yours in your drawer. Their color is light and pretty, and I believe exactly what we fixed on.

Your letter was chaperoned here by one from Mrs. Cooke, in which she says that *Battleridge* is not to come out before January, and she is so little satisfied with Cawthorn's dilatoriness that she never means to employ him again.

Mrs. Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband.

There has been a great deal of rain here for this last fortnight, much more than in Kent, and indeed we found the roads all the way from Staines most disgracefully dirty. Steventon lane has its full share of it, and I don't know when I shall be able to get to Deane.

I hear that Martha is in better looks and spirits than she has enjoyed for a long time, and I flatter myself she will now be able to jest openly about Mr. W.

The spectacles which Molly found are my mother's, the scissors my father's. We are very glad to hear

such a good account of your patients, little and great. My dear itty Dordy's remembrance of me is very pleasing to me—foolishly pleasing, because I know it will be over so soon. My attachment to him will be more durable. I shall think with tenderness and delight on his beautiful and smiling countenance and interesting manner until a few years have turned him into an ungovernable, ungracious fellow.

The books from Winton are all unpacked and put away; the binding has compressed them most conveniently, and there is now very good room in the bookcase for all that we wish to have there. I believe the servants were very glad to see us. Nanny was, I am sure. She confesses that it was very dull, and yet she had her child with her till last Sunday. I understand that there are some grapes left, but I believe not many; they must be gathered as soon as possible, or this rain will entirely rot them.

I am quite angry with myself for not writing closer; why is my alphabet so much more sprawly than yours? Dame Tilbury's daughter has lain in. Shall I give her any of your baby clothes? The laceman was here only a few days ago. How unfortunate for both of us that he came so soon! Dame Bushell washes for us only one week more, as Sukey has got a place. John Steevens' wife undertakes our purification. She does not look as if anything she touched would ever be clean, but who knows? We do not seem likely to have any other maidservant at present, but Dame Staples will supply the place of one. Mary has hired a young girl from Ashe who has never been out to service to be

her scrub, but James fears her not being strong enough for the place.

Earle Harwood has been to Deane lately, as I think Mary wrote us word, and his family then told him that they would receive his wife, if she continued to behave well for another year. He was very grateful, as well he might; their behavior throughout the whole affair has been particularly kind. Earle and his wife live in the most private manner imaginable at Portsmouth, without keeping a servant of any kind. What a prodigious innate love of virtue she must have, to marry under such circumstances!

It is now Saturday evening, but I wrote the chief of this in the morning. My mother has not been down at all to-day; the laudanum made her sleep a good deal, and upon the whole I think she is better. My father and I dined by ourselves. How strange! He and John Bond are now very happy together, for I have just heard the heavy step of the latter along the passage.

James Digweed called to-day, and I gave him his brother's deputation. Charles Harwood, too, has just called to ask how we are, in his way from Dummer, whether he has been conveying Miss Garrett, who is going to return to her former residence in Kent. I *will* leave off, or I shall not have room to add a word to-morrow.

Sunday.—My mother has had a very good night, and feels much better to-day.

I have received my Aunt's letter, and thank you for your scrap. I will write to Charles soon. Pray give

Fanny and Edward a kiss from me, and ask George if he has got a new song for me. 'Tis really very kind of my Aunt to ask us to Bath again; a kindness that deserves a better return than to profit by it.

Yours ever,

J. A.

Miss Austen,
Godmersham Park, Faversham, Kent.

To Cassandra Austen

Steventon, Thursday (November 20), 1800.

My dear Cassandra,—Your letter took me quite by surprise this morning; you are very welcome, however, and I am very much obliged to you. I believe I drank too much wine last night at Hurstbourne; I know not how else to account for the shaking of my hand to-day. You will kindly make allowance therefore for any indistinctness of writing, by attributing it to this venial error.

Naughty Charles did not come on Tuesday, but good Charles came yesterday morning. About two o'clock he walked in on a Gosport hack. His feeling equal to such a fatigue is a good sign, and his feeling no fatigue in it a still better. He walked down to Deane to dinner; he danced the whole evening, and to-day is no more tired than a gentleman ought to be.

Your desiring to hear from me on Sunday will, perhaps, bring you a more particular account of the ball than you may care for, because one is prone to think much more of such things the morning after they happen, than when time has entirely driven them out of one's recollection.

It was a pleasant evening; Charles found it remarkably so, but I cannot tell why, unless the absence of Miss Terry, towards whom his conscience reproaches him with being now perfectly indifferent, was a relief to him. There were only twelve dances, of which I danced nine, and was merely prevented from dancing the rest by the want of a partner. We began at ten, supped at one, and were at Deane before five. There were but fifty people in the room; very few families indeed from our side of the county, and not many more from the other. My partners were the two St. Johns, Hooper, Holder, and very prodigious Mr. Mathew, with whom I called the last, and whom I liked the best of my little stock.

There were very few beauties, and such as there were were not very handsome. Miss Iremonger did not look well, and Mrs. Blount was the only one much admired. She appeared exactly as she did in September, with the same broad face, diamond bandeau, white shoes, pink husband, and fat neck. The two Miss Coxes were there: I traced in one the remains of the vulgar, broad-featured girl who danced at Enham eight years ago; the other is refined into a nice, composed-looking girl, like Catherine Bigg. I looked at Sir Thomas Champneys and thought of poor Rosalie; I looked at his daughter, and thought her a queer animal with a white neck. Mrs. Warren, I was constrained to think a very fine young woman, which I much regret. She danced away with great activity. Her husband is ugly enough, uglier even than his cousin John; but he does not look so *very* old. The Miss Maitlands are

both prettyish, very like Anne, with brown skins, large dark eyes, and a good deal of nose. The General has got the gout, and Mrs. Maitland the jaundice. Miss Debary, Susan, and Sally, all in black, but without any statues, made their appearance, and I was as civil to them as circumstances would allow me.

They told me nothing new of Martha. I mean to go to her on Thursday, unless Charles should determine on coming over again with his friend Shipley for the Basingstoke ball, in which case I shall not go till Friday. I shall write to you again, however, before I set off, and I shall hope to hear from you in the meantime. If I do not stay for the ball, I would not on any account do so uncivil a thing by the neighborhood as to set off at that very time for another place, and shall therefore make a point of not being later than Thursday *morning*.

Mary said that I looked very well last night. I wore my aunt's gown and handkerchief, and my hair was at least tidy, which was all my ambition. I will now have done with the ball, and I will moreover go and dress for dinner.

Thursday evening.—Charles leaves us on Saturday, unless Henry should take us in his way to the island, of which we have some hopes, and then they will probably go together on Sunday.

The young lady whom it is expected that Sir Thomas is to marry is Miss Emma Wabshaw; she lives somewhere between Southampton and Winchester, is handsome, accomplished, amiable, and everything but rich. He is certainly finishing his house in a great hurry.

Perhaps the report of his being to marry a Miss Fanshawe might originate in his attentions to this very lady—the names are not unlike.

Summers has made my gown very well indeed, and I get more and more pleased with it. Charles does not like it, but my father and Mary do. My mother is very much resigned to it; and as for James, he gives it the preference over everything of the kind he ever saw, in proof of which I am desired to say that if you like to sell yours Mary will buy it.

We had a very pleasant day on Monday at Ashe, we sat down fourteen to dinner in the study, the dining-room being not habitable from the storms having blown down its chimney. Mrs. Bramston talked a good deal of nonsense, which Mr. Bramston and Mr. Clerk seemed almost equally to enjoy. There was a whist and a casino table, and six outsiders. Rice and Lucy made love, Mat. Robinson fell asleep, James and Mrs. Augusta alternately read Dr. Finnis' pamphlet on the cow-pox, and I bestowed my company by turns on all.

On inquiring of Mrs. Clerk, I find that Mrs. Heathcote made a great blunder in her news of the Crooks and Morleys. It is young Mr. Crook who is to marry the second Miss Morley, and it is the Miss Morleys instead of the second Miss Crook who were the beauties at the music meeting. This seems a more likely tale, a better devised imposture.

The three Digweeds all came on Tuesday, and we played a pool at commerce. James Digweed left Hampshire to-day. I think he must be in love with

you, from his anxiety to have you go to the Faversham balls, and likewise from his supposing that the two elms fell from their grief at your absence. Was not it a gallant idea? It never occurred to me before, but I dare say it was so.

Hacker has been here to-day putting in the fruit trees. A new plan has been suggested concerning the plantation of the new inclosure of the right-hand side of the elm walk: the doubt is whether it would be better to make a little orchard of it by planting apples, pears and cherries, or whether it should be larch, mountain ash, and acacia. What is your opinion? I say nothing, and am ready to agree with anybody.

You and George walking to Egerton! What a droll party! Do the Ashford people still come to Godmersham church every Sunday in a cart? It is *you* that always disliked Mr. N. Toke so much, not *I*. I do not like his wife, and I do not like Mr. Brett, but as for Mr. Toke, there are few people whom I like better.

Miss Harwood and her friend have taken a house fifteen miles from Bath; she writes very kind letters, but sends no other particulars of the situation. Perhaps it is one of the first houses in Bristol.

Farewell; Charles sends *you* his best love and Edward his worst. If you think the distinction improper, you may take the worst yourself. He will write to you when he gets back to his ship, and in the meantime desires that you will consider me as

Your affectionate sister,

J. A.

To Cassandra Austen

Castle Square (October 13), 1808.

My dearest Cassandra,—I have received your letter, and with most melancholy anxiety was it expected, for the sad news reached us last night, but without any particulars. It came in a short letter to Martha from her sister, begun at Steventon, and finished in Winchester.

We have felt—we do feel—for you all, as you will not need to be told: for you, for Fanny, for Henry, for Lady Bridges, and for dearest Edward, whose loss and whose sufferings seem to make those of every other person nothing. God be praised that you can say what you do of him: that he has a religious mind to bear him up, and a disposition that will gradually lead him to comfort.

My dear, dear Fanny, I am so thankful that she has you with her! You will be everything to her; you will give her all the consolation that human aid can give. May the Almighty sustain you all, and keep you, my dearest Cassandra, well; but for the present I dare say you are equal to everything.

You will know that the poor boys are at Steventon. Perhaps it is best for them, as they will have more means of exercise and amusement there than they could have with us, but I own myself disappointed by the arrangement. I should have loved to have them with me at such a time. I shall write to Edward by this post.

We shall, of course, hear from you again very soon, and as often as you can write. We will write as you desire, and I shall add Bookham. Hamstall, I sup-

pose, you write to yourselves, as you do not mention it.

What a comfort that Mrs. Deedes is saved from present misery and alarm! But it will fall heavy upon poor Harriot; and as for Lady B., but that her fortitude does seem truly great, I should fear the effect of such a blow, and so unlooked for. I long to hear more of you all. Of Henry's anguish I think with grief and solicitude; but he will exert himself to be of use and comfort.

With what true sympathy our feelings are shared by Martha you need not be told; she is the friend and sister under every circumstance.

We need not enter into a panegyric on the departed, but it is sweet to think of her great worth, of her solid principles, of her true devotion, her excellence in every relation of life. It is also consolatory to reflect on the shortness of the sufferings which led her from this world to a better.

Farewell for the present, my dearest sister. Tell Edward that we feel for him and pray for him.

Yours affectionately,

J. Austen.

I will write to Catherine.

Perhaps you can give me some directions about mourning.

Miss Austen,
Edward Austen's, Esq., Godmersham Park,
Faversham, Kent.

To Cassandra Austen

Castle Square, Saturday night (October 15), 1808.

My dear Cassandra,—Your accounts make us as

comfortable as we can expect to be at such a time. Edward's loss is terrible, and must be felt as such, and these are too early days indeed to think of moderation in grief, either in him or his afflicted daughter, but soon we may hope that our dear Fanny's sense of duty to that beloved father will rouse her to exertion. For his sake, and as the most acceptable proof of love to the spirit of her departed mother, she will try to be tranquil and resigned. Does she feel you to be a comfort to her, or is she too much overpowered for anything but solitude?

Your account of Lizzy is very interesting. Poor child! One must hope the impression *will* be strong, and yet one's heart aches for a dejected mind of eighty years old.

I suppose you see the corpse? How does it appear? We are anxious to be assured that Edward will not attend the funeral, but when it comes to the point I think he must feel it impossible.

Your parcel shall set off on Monday, and I hope the shoes will fit; Martha and I both tried them on. I shall send you such of your mourning as I think most likely to be useful, reserving for myself your stockings and half the velvet, in which selfish arrangement I know I am doing what you wish.

I am to be in bombazeen and crape, according to what we are told is universal *here,* and which agrees with Martha's previous observation. My mourning, however, will not impoverish me, for by having my velvet pelisse fresh lined and made up, I am sure I shall have no occasion *this winter* for anything new of

that sort. I take my cloak for the lining, and shall send yours on the chance of its doing something of the same for you, though I believe your pelisse is in better repair than mine. *One* Miss Baker makes my gown and the other my bonnet, which is to be silk covered with crape.

I have written to Edward Cooper, and hope he will not send one of his letters of cruel comfort to my poor brother; and yesterday I wrote to Alethea Bigg in reply to a letter from her. She tells us in confidence that Catherine is to be married on Tuesday se'nnight. Mr. Hill is expected at Manydown in the course of the ensuing week.

We are desired by Mrs. Harrison and Miss Austen to say everything proper for them to yourself and Edward on this sad occasion, especially that nothing but a wish of not giving additional trouble where so much is inevitable prevents their writing themselves to express their concern. They seem truly to feel concern.

I am glad you can say what you do of Mrs. Knight and of Goodnestone in general; it is a great relief to me to know that the shock did not make any of them ill. But what a task was yours to announce it! *Now* I hope you are not overpowered with letter-writing, as Henry and John can ease you of many of your correspondents.

Was Mr. Scudamore in the house at the time, was any application attempted, and is the seizure at all accounted for?

Sunday.—As Edward's letter to his son is not come here, we know that you must have been informed as

early as Friday of the boys being at Steventon, which I am glad of.

Upon your letter to Dr. Goddard's being forwarded to them, Mary wrote to ask whether my mother wished to have her grandsons sent to her. We decided on their remaining where they were, which I hope my brother will approve of. I am sure he will do us the justice of believing that in such a decision we sacrificed inclination to what we thought best.

I shall write by the coach to-morrow to Mrs. J. A., and to Edward, about their mourning, though this day's post will probably bring directions to them on that subject from yourselves. I shall certainly make use of the opportunity of addressing our nephew on the most serious of all concerns, as I naturally did in my letter to him before. The poor boys are, perhaps, more comfortable at Steventon than they could be here, but you will understand *my feelings* with respect to it.

To-morrow will be a dreadful day for you all. Mr. Whitfield's will be a severe duty. Glad shall I be to hear that it is over.

That you are forever in our thoughts you will not doubt. I see your mournful party in my mind's eye under every varying circumstance of the day; and in the evening especially figure to myself its sad gloom: the efforts to talk, the frequent summons to melancholy orders and cares, and poor Edward, restless in misery, going from one room to another, and perhaps not seldom upstairs, to see all that remains of his Elizabeth. Dearest Fanny must now look upon herself as his prime source of comfort, his dearest friend; as the

being who is gradually to supply to him, to the extent that is possible, what he has lost. This consideration will elevate and cheer her.

Adieu. You cannot write too often, as I said before. We are heartily rejoiced that the poor baby gives you no particular anxiety. Kiss dear Lizzy for us. Tell Fanny that I shall write in a day or two to Miss Sharp.

My mother is not ill.

Yours most truly,

J. Austen.

Tell Henry that a hamper of apples is gone to him from Kintbury, and that Mr. Fowle intended writing on Friday (supposing him in London) to beg that the charts, etc., may be consigned to the care of the Palmers. Mrs. Fowle has also written to Miss Palmer to beg she will send for them.

Miss Austen,
Edward Austen's, Esq., Godmersham Park,
Faversham, Kent.

To Cassandra Austen

Sloane Street, Monday (May 24), 1813.

My dearest Cassandra,—I am very much obliged to you for writing to me. You must have hated it after a worrying morning. Your letter came just in time to save my going to Remnant's, and fit me for Christian's, where I bought Fanny's dimity.

I went the day before (Friday) to Layton's, as I proposed, and got my mother's gown—seven yards at 6*s.* 6*d.* I then walked into No. 10, which is all dirt and confusion, but in a very promising way, and after being present at the opening of a new account, to my great

amusement, Henry and I went to the exhibition in Spring Gardens. It is not thought a good collection, but I was very well pleased, particularly (pray tell Fanny) with a small portrait of Mrs. Bingley,* excessively like her.

I went in hopes of seeing one of her sister, but there was no Mrs. Darcy.* Perhaps, however, I may find her in the great exhibition, which we shall go to if we have time. I have no chance of her in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings, which is now showing in Pall Mall, and which we are also to visit.

Mrs. Bingley's is exactly herself—size, shaped face, features, and sweetness; there never was a greater likeness. She is dressed in a white gown, with green ornaments, which convinces me of what I had always supposed, that green was a favorite color with her. I dare say Mrs. D. will be in yellow.

Friday was our worst day as to weather. We were out in a very long and very heavy storm of hail, and there had been others before, but I heard no thunder. Saturday was a good deal better; dry and cold.

I gave 2*s.* 6*d.* for the dimity. I do not boast of any bargains, but think the sarsenet and dimity good of their sort.

I have bought your locket, but was obliged to give 18*s.* for it, which must be rather more than you intended. It is neat and plain, set in gold.

We were to have gone to the Somerset House Exhibition on Saturday, but when I reached Henrietta Street Mr. Hampson was wanted there, and Mr. Til-

* The two heroines of *Pride and Prejudice.*

son and I were obliged to drive about town after him, and by the time we had done it was too late for anything but home. We never found him after all.

I have been interrupted by Mrs. Tilson. Poor woman! She is in danger of not being able to attend Lady Drummond Smith's party to-night. Miss Burdett was to have taken her, and now Miss Burdett has a cough and will not go. My cousin *Caroline* is her sole dependence.

The events of yesterday were, our going to Belgrave Chapel in the morning, our being prevented by the rain from going to evening service at St. James, Mr. Hampson's calling, Messrs. Barlow and Phillips dining here, and Mr. and Mrs. Tilson's coming in the evening *à l'ordinaire*. *She* drank tea with us both Thursday and Saturday; *he* dined out each day, and on Friday we were with them, and they wish us to go to them to-morrow evening, to meet Miss Burdett, but I do not know how it will end. Henry talks of a drive to Hampstead, which may interfere with it.

I should like to see Miss Burdett very well, but that I am rather frightened by hearing that she wishes to be introduced to *me*. If I *am* a wild beast I cannot help it. It is not my own fault.

There is no change in our plan of leaving London, but we shall not be with you before Tuesday. Henry thinks Monday would appear too early a day. There is no danger of our being induced to stay longer.

I have not quite determined how I shall manage about my clothes; perhaps there may be only my trunk to send by the coach, or there may be a bandbox with

it. I have taken your gentle hint, and written to Mrs. Hill.

The Hoblyns want us to dine with them, but we have refused. When Henry returns he will be dining out a great deal, I dare say; as he will then be alone, it will be more desirable; he will be more welcome at every table, and every invitation more welcome to him. He will not want either of us again till he is settled in Henrietta Street. This is my present persuasion. And he will not be settled there—really settled—till late in the autumn; "he will not be come to bide" till after September.

There is a gentleman in treaty for this house. Gentleman himself is in the country, but gentleman's friend came to see it the other day, and seemed pleased on the whole. Gentleman would rather prefer an increased rent to parting with five hundred guineas at once, and if that is the only difficulty it will not be minded. Henry is indifferent as to the which.

Get us the best weather you can for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. We are to go to Windsor in our way to Henley, which will be a great delight. We shall be leaving Sloane Street about 12, two or three hours after Charles's party have begun their journey. You will miss them, but the comfort of getting back into your room will be great. And then the tea and sugar!

I fear Miss Clewes is not better, or you would have mentioned it. I shall not write again unless I have any unexpected communication or opportunity to tempt me. I enclose Mr. Herington's bill and receipt.

I am very much obliged to Fanny for her letter; it made me laugh heartily, but I cannot pretend to answer it. Even had I more time, I should not feel at all sure of the sort of letter that Miss D.* would write. I hope Miss Benn is got well again, and will have a comfortable dinner with you to-day.

Monday Evening.—We have been both to the exhibition and Sir J. Reynolds, and I am disappointed, for there was nothing like Mrs. D. at either. I can only imagine that Mr. D. prizes any picture of her too much to like it should be exposed to the public eye. I can imagine he would have that sort of feeling—that mixture of love, pride, and delicacy.

Setting aside this disappointment, I had great amusement among the pictures; and the driving about, the carriage being open, was very pleasant. I liked my solitary elegance very much, and was ready to laugh all the time at my being where I was. I could not but feel that I had naturally small right to be parading about London in a barouche.

Henry desires Edward may know that he has just bought three dozen of claret for him (cheap), and ordered it to be sent down to Chawton.

I should not wonder if we got no farther than Reading on Thursday evening, and so reach Steventon only to a reasonable dinner hour the next day; but whatever I may write or you may imagine we know it will be something different. I shall be quiet to-morrow morning; all my business is done, and I shall only call again upon Mrs. Hoblyn, etc.

* Miss Darcy.

Love to your much . . . party.
Yours affectionately,

J. AUSTEN.

May 24, 1813. From Sloane St.
Miss Austen, Chawton.
By favor of Messrs. Gray & Vincent.

TO CASSANDRA AUSTEN

Godmersham Park, Saturday (Nov. 6), 1813.

My dear Cassandra,—Having half-an-hour before breakfast (very snug, in my own room, lovely morning, excellent fire—fancy me!) I will give you some account of the last two days. And yet, what is there to be told? I shall get foolishly minute unless I cut the matter short.

We met only the Bretons at Chilham Castle, besides a Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and a Miss Lee staying in the house, and were only fourteen altogether. My brother and Fanny thought it the pleasantest party they had ever known there, and I was very well entertained by bits and scraps. I had long wanted to see Dr. Breton, and his wife amuses me very much with her affected refinement and elegance. Miss Lee I found very conversable; she admires Crabbe as she ought. She is at an age of reason, ten years older than myself at least. She was at the famous ball at Chilham Castle, so of course you remember her.

By-the-bye, as I must leave off being young, I find many *douceurs* in being a sort of *chaperon*, for I am put on the sofa near the fire, and can drink as much wine as I like. We had music in the evening: Fanny and

Miss Wildman played, and Mr. James Wildman sat close by and listened, or pretended to listen.

Yesterday was a day of dissipation all through: first came Sir Brook to dissipate us before breakfast; then there was a call from Mr. Sherer, then a regular morning visit from Lady Honeywood in her way home from Eastwell; then Sir Brook and Edward set off, then we dined (five in number) at half-past four; then we had coffee; and at six Miss Clewes, Fanny, and I drove away. We had a beautiful night for our frisks. We were earlier than we need have been, but after a time Lady B. and her two companions appeared—we had kept places for them; and there we sat, all six in a row, under a side wall, I between Lucy Foote and Miss Clewes.

Lady B. was much what I expected; I could not determine whether she was rather handsome or very plain. I liked her for being in a hurry to have the concert over and get away, and for getting away at last with a great deal of decision and promptness, not waiting to compliment and dawdle and fuss about seeing *dear Fanny,* who was half the evening in another part of the room with her friends the Plumptres. I am growing too minute, so I will go to breakfast.

When the concert was over, Mrs. Harrison and I found each other out, and had a very comfortable little complimentary friendly chat. She is a sweet woman—still quite a sweet woman in herself, and so like her sister! I could almost have thought I was speaking to Mrs. Lefroy. She introduced me to her daughter, whom I think pretty, but most dutifully inferior to

la Mêre Beauté. The Faggs and the Hammonds were there—Wm. Hammond the only young man of renown. *Miss* looked very handsome, but I prefer her smiling, flirting sister Julia.

I was just introduced at last to Mary Plumptre, but should hardly know her again. She was delighted with *me,* however, good enthusiastic soul! And Lady B. found me handsomer than she expected, so you see I am not so very bad as you might think for.

It was 12 before we reached home. We were all dog-tired, but pretty well to-day; Miss Clewes says she has not caught cold, and Fanny's does not seem worse. I was so tired that I began to wonder how I should get through the ball next Thursday; but there will be so much more variety then in walking about, and probably so much less heat, that perhaps I may not feel it more. My China crape is still kept for the ball. Enough of the concert.

I had a letter from Mary yesterday. They traveled down to Cheltenham last Monday very safely, and are certainly to be there a month. Bath is still Bath. The H. Bridges' must quit them early next week, and Louisa seems not quite to despair of their all moving together, but to those who see at a distance there appears no chance of it. Dr. Parry does not want to keep Lady B. at Bath when she can once move. That is lucky. You will see poor Mr. Evelyn's death.

Since I wrote last, my 2nd edit. has stared me in the face. Mary tells me that Eliza means to buy it. I wish she may. It can hardly depend upon any more Fyfield Estate. I cannot help hoping that *many* will

feel themselves obliged to buy it. I shall not mind imagining it a disagreeable duty to them, so as they do it. Mary heard before she left home that it was very much admired at Cheltenham, and that it was given to Miss Hamilton. It is pleasant to have such a respectable writer named. I cannot tire *you,* I am sure, on this subject, or I would apologize.

What weather, and what news! We have enough to do to admire them both. I hope you derive your full share of enjoyment from each.

I have extended my lights and increased my acquaintance a good deal within these two days. Lady Honeywood you know; I did not sit near enough to be a perfect judge, but I thought her extremely pretty, and her manners have all the recommendations of ease and good humor and unaffectedness; and, going about with four horses and nicely dressed herself, she is altogether a perfect sort of woman.

Oh, and I saw Mr. Gipps last night—the useful Mr. Gipps, whose attentions came in as acceptably to us in handing us to the carriage, for want of a better man, as they did to Emma Plumptre. I thought him rather a good-looking little man.

I long for your letter to-morrow, particularly that I may know my fate as to London. My first wish is that Henry should really choose what he likes best; I shall certainly not be sorry if he does not want me. Morning church to-morrow; I shall come back with impatient feelings.

The Sherers are gone, but the Pagets are not come; we shall therefore have Mr. S. again. Mr. Paget acts

like an unsteady man. Dr. Mant, however, gives him a very good character; what is wrong is to be imputed to the lady. I dare say the house likes female government.

I have a nice long black and red letter from Charles, but not communicating much that I did not know.

There is some chance of a good ball next week, as far as females go. Lady Bridges may perhaps be there with some Knatchbulls. Mrs. Harrison, perhaps, with Miss Oxenden and the Miss Papillons; and if Mrs. Harrison, then Lady Fagg will come.

The shades of evening are descending, and I resume my interesting narrative. Sir Brook and my brother came back about four, and Sir Brook almost immediately set forward again to Goodnestone. We are to have Edwd. B. to-morrow, to pay us another Sunday's visit—the last for more reasons than one; they all come home on the same day that we go. The Deedes do not come till Tuesday; Sophia is to be the comer. She is a disputable beauty that I want much to see. Lady Eliz. Hatton and Annamaria called here this morning. Yes, they called; but I do not think I can say anything more about them. They came, and they sat, and they went.

Sunday.—Dearest Henry! What a turn he has for being ill, and what a thing bile is! This attack has probably been brought on in part by his previous confinement and anxiety; but, however it came, I hope it is going fast, and that you will be able to send a very good account of him on Tuesday. As I hear on Wednesday, of course I shall not expect to hear again on

Friday. Perhaps a letter to Wrotham would not have an ill effect.

We are to be off on Saturday before the post comes in, as Edward takes his own horses all the way. He talks of 9 o'clock. We shall bait at Lenham.

Excellent sweetness of you to send me such a nice long letter; it made its appearance, with one from my mother, soon after I and my impatient feelings walked in. How glad I am that I did what I did! I was only afraid that *you* might think the offer superfluous, but you have set my heart at ease. Tell Henry that I *will* stay with him, let it be ever so disagreeable to him.

Oh, dear me! I have not time on paper for half that I want to say. There have been two letters from Oxford—one from George yesterday. They got there very safely—Edwd. two hours behind the coach, having lost his way in leaving London. George writes cheerfully and quietly; hopes to have Utterson's rooms soon; went to lecture on Wednesday, states some of his expenses, and concludes with saying, "I am afraid I shall be poor." I am glad he thinks about it so soon. I believe there is no private tutor yet chosen, but my brother is to hear from Edwd. on the subject shortly.

You, and Mrs. H., and Catherine, and Alethea going about together in Henry's carriage seeing sights—I am not used to the idea of it yet. All that you are to see of Streatham, seen already! Your Streatham and my Bookham may go hang. The prospect of being taken down to Chawton by Henry perfects the plan to me. I was in hopes of your seeing some illumina-

tions, and you *have* seen them. "I thought you would come, and you *did* come." I am sorry *he* is not to *come* from the Baltic sooner. Poor Mary!

My brother has a letter from Louisa to-day of an unwelcome nature; they are to spend the winter at Bath. It was just decided on. Dr. Parry wished it, not from thinking the water necessary to Lady B., but so that he might be better able to judge how far his treatment of her, which is totally different from anything she had been used to, is right; and I suppose he will not mind having a few more of her Ladyship's guineas. His system is a lowering one. He took twelve ounces of blood from her when the gout appeared, and forbids wine, etc. Hitherto, the plan agrees with her. *She* is very well satisfied to stay, but it is a sore disappointment to Louisa and Fanny.

The H. Bridges leave them on Tuesday, and they mean to move into a smaller house; you may guess how Edward feels. There can be no doubt of his going to Bath now; I should not wonder if he brought Fanny Cage back with him.

We do not like Mr. Hampson's scheme.

You shall hear from me once more, some day or other.

Yours very affectionately,

J. A.

Miss Austen,
10 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

To Cassandra Austen

Hans Place, Saturday (Dec. 2), 1815.

My dear Cassandra,—Henry came back yesterday,

and might have returned the day before if he had known as much in time. I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. T. on Wednesday night that Mr. Seymour thought there was not the least occasion for his absenting himself any longer.

I had also the comfort of a few lines on Wednesday morning from Henry himself, just after your letter was gone, giving so good an account of his feelings as made me perfectly easy. He met with the utmost care and attention at Hanwell, spent his two days there very quietly and pleasantly, and, being certainly in no respect the worse for going, we may believe that he must be better, as he is quite sure of being himself. To make his return a complete gala Mr. Haden was secured for dinner. I need not say that our evening was agreeable.

But you seem to be under a mistake as to Mr. H. You call him an apothecary. He is no apothecary; he has never been an apothecary; there is not an apothecary in this neighborhood—the only inconvenience of the situation perhaps—but so it is; we have not a medical man within reach. He is a Haden, nothing but a Haden, a sort of wonderful nondescript creature on two legs, something between a man and an angel, but without the least spice of an apothecary. He is, perhaps, the only person *not* an apothecary hereabouts. He has never sung to us. He will not sing without a pianoforte accompaniment.

Mr. Meyers gives his three lessons a week, altering his days and his hours, however, just as he chooses, never very punctual, and never giving good measure.

I have not Fanny's fondness for masters, and Mr. Meyers does not give me any longing after them. The truth is, I think, that they are all, at least music-masters, made of too much consequence and allowed to take too many liberties with their scholars' time.

We shall be delighted to see Edward on Monday, only sorry that you must be losing him. A turkey will be equally welcome with himself. He must prepare for his own proper bedchamber here, as Henry moved down to the one below last week; he found the other cold.

I am sorry my mother has been suffering, and am afraid this exquisite weather is too good to agree with her. *I* enjoy it all over me, from top to toe, from right to left, longitudinally, perpendicularly, diagonally; and I cannot but selfishly hope we are to have it last till Christmas—nice, unwholesome, unseasonable, relaxing, close, muggy weather.

Oh, thank you very much for your long letter; it did me a great deal of good. Henry accepts your offer of making his nine gallon of mead thankfully. The mistake of the dogs rather vexed him for a moment, but he has not thought of it since. To-day he makes a third attempt at his strengthening plaister, and, as I am sure he will now be getting out a great deal, it is to be wished that he may be able to keep it on. He sets off this morning by the Chelsea coach to sign bonds and visit Henrietta St., and I have no doubt will be going every day to Henrietta St.

Fanny and I were very snug by ourselves as soon as we were satisfied about our invalid's being safe at Han-

well. By maneuvering and good luck we foiled all the Malings' attempts upon us. Happily I caught a little cold on Wednesday, the morning we were in town, which we made very useful, and we saw nobody but our precious and Mr. Tilson.

This evening the Malings are allowed to drink tea with us. We are in hopes—that is, we *wish*—Miss Palmer and the little girls may come this morning. You know, of course, that she could *not* come on Thursday, and she will not attempt to *name* any other day.

God bless you. Excuse the shortness of this, but I must finish it now that I may save you 2*d*. Best love.

Yours affectionately,

J. A.

It strikes me that I have no business to give the P. R.* a binding, but we will take counsel upon the question.

I am glad you have put the flounce on your chintz; I am sure it must look particularly well, and it is what I had thought of.

Miss Austen, Chawton, Alton, Hants.

* The Prince Regent, to whom, at his suggestion, she had dedicated *Emma*.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

V

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

1801–1866

Was Carlyle a cruel husband? Was Mrs. Carlyle a nagging wife? Impertinent questions like these vexed the literary world of London for a quarter of a century, and in large measure Carlyle's biographer, James Anthony Froude, was responsible. Himself believing that Mrs. Carlyle suffered from the egotism and selfishness of her genius of a husband, he sought to prove his point by the letters of Mrs. Carlyle's he chose to print, both to Carlyle and about him. The result was endless controversy, much criticism of Carlyle himself, and finally as a counterblast several additional volumes of letters edited by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, which if they were designed to prove anything, were doubtless meant to prove the exact contrary.

The truth will never be exactly known. To be the wife of a genius is difficult; to be the husband of a woman who is almost never in good health and almost always in actual pain, is not easy. But the vast numbers of letters from the Carlyles to each other, down to the last bitter complaint and up to the most ardent love passages, show clearly two things if nothing else: Carlyle passionately loved his wife; Jane Welsh lived only for her "difficult" husband.

As a girl Jeannie Welsh had many suitors. She is described as vivacious, captious, intelligent, and charming. Her father was a country doctor, a man looked up to by his neighbors for his wisdom and justice; her mother was, by all accounts, as beautiful as she was irresponsible and even silly. Their only daughter took qualities from both of them. And to many who knew her, she who could have chosen among several worthy men threw herself away to marry a dour young Scot who, if he was a man of brilliant capacities had not yet either fame or fortune, and who, if handsome, was already a chronic dyspeptic. But Jane Welsh, once she made up her mind to accept a persistent and at first unwelcome suitor, never faltered. And through her life she was unshaken in her belief in her husband's greatness. Presently she was to find her faith amply justified. After the publication of the *French Revolution,* Carlyle's literary position was assured, and he was presently a lion who often refused to be lionized. Mrs. Carlyle, as a lion's wife, was inevitably in a less enviable position. And the plain truth is that she, with all her gifts, with her brilliancy, her charm, her ready sympathy, had not the ability to be more than a great man's wife. When he first knew her Carlyle urged her to get down to some serious work; it would make her not happy, he told her, but content. And during her life he often repeated the wish. She never did. She managed his household with a desperate thoroughness; she entertained his admirers, dutifully keeping the dull ones quiet so that Carlyle could talk; she kept noises away and trained one servant after another to please

the master; and she kept up a voluminous correspondence, of which the following letters are only a very small fraction. But she never disciplined herself to regular and systematic literary labor; she lacked the urge, the driving force that would have turned her undoubted talents to some tangible use. She complained because she was only the wife of a genius; she did not take the trouble to be more.

When she died, quite suddenly, while Carlyle was not yet returned from his triumphant address as newly installed Rector of Edinburgh University, the poor old man was bereft of his dearest prop, his friend and comforter as well as his wife. He sat down with her letters and read them all again—forty years of them! —while surely he wept; and as he wept and read he annotated them, partly to make them clear to the world in case they should ever be published, partly to ease his sorrowing heart and to write down in black and white how much he had loved her. These annotations, too long to be included here, are heart-breakingly tender. "The noble little soul," he says; "oh, my poor little woman"; "my dear little heavy-laden, tender-hearted, 'worn and weary,' fellow pilgrim"; "my darling, my Jeannie"—"all gone, all gone!" While he at once tortured and comforted himself with rereading and commentating, he penned a body of evidence that itself ought to have proved that their love had been steadfast and enduring although sorely tried.

The letters themselves, beginning shortly after their marriage and continuing until the day of Mrs. Carlyle's death, show that she could be gay and tender,

bitter and sad, patient and full of self-pity, and above all, courageous to endure pain. Never in perfect health, she passed ten years of nervous torture, in which she suffered from a sort of neuralgic pain and a dreadful melancholia that was worse than pain. Opium, castor oil, and quinine were her constant solaces. And in the last years of her life, when her pain had subsided a little, she had a couple of unfortunate falls that made her wretched once more. During the period of melancholia she often sounds like a whining, bitter woman. The letters written through that period, even those printed by her champion Froude, are not pleasant ones. But it would be unfair to omit them; and the two short cries of pain—for they are no more than that—included in the present selection show that she suffered probably much more than any one but herself ever knew.

Persons mentioned in the letters here quoted for the most part need no explanation. Mazzini was a life-long friend; John Sterling was an admirer also. In every line almost occurs a word of familiar language that is often explained in Carlyle's notes, but that in most cases is intelligible enough without explanation. These very phrases and quaint words prove indisputably the deep and close sympathy between husband and wife. Only a very tender and gentle and gay relationship begets them. If the Carlyles were not always tender or gentle or gay, they differed very little from other wedded couples. But the depth of their attachment to each other was more than ordinary. They complemented each other; they were necessary to each

other; and without her who died first, the other was inconsolable.

LETTERS

Letter 9

To T. Carlyle

Chelsea: Oct. 12, 1835.

Dearest,—A newspaper is very pleasant when one is expecting nothing at all; but when it comes in place of a letter it is a positive insult to one's feelings. Accordingly your first newspaper was received by me in choicest mood; and the second would have been pitched in the fire, had there been one at hand, when, after having tumbled myself from the top story at the risk of my neck, I found myself deluded with 'wun penny'm.' However, I flatter myself you would experience something of a similar disappointment on receiving mine; and so we are quits, and I need not scold you. I have not been a day in bed since you went—have indeed been almost free of headache, and all other aches; and everybody says Mrs. Carlyle begins to look better—and what everybody says must be true. With this improved health everything becomes tolerable, even to the peesweep Sereetha (for we are still without other help). Now that I do not see you driven desperate with the chaos, I can take a quiet view of it, and even reduce it to some degree of order. Mother and I have fallen naturally into a fair division of labor, and we keep a very tidy house. Sereetha has attained the

unhoped-for perfection of getting up at half after six of her own accord, lighting the parlor-fire, and actually placing the breakfast things (*nil desperandum me duce!*). I get up at half after seven, and prepare the coffee and bacon-ham (which is the life of me, making me always hungrier the more I eat of it). Mother, in the interim, makes her bed, and sorts her room. After breakfast, mother descends to the inferno, where she jingles and scours, and from time to time scolds Sereetha till all is right and tight there. I, above stairs, sweep the parlor, blacken the grate—make the room look cleaner than it has been since the days of Grace Macdonald, then mount aloft to make my own bed (for I was resolved to enjoy the privilege of having a bed of my own); then clean myself (as the servants say), and sit down to the Italian lesson. A bit of meat roasted at the oven suffices two days cold, and does not plague us with cookery. Sereetha can fetch up tea-things, and the porridge is easily made on the parlor-fire; the kitchen one being allowed to go out (for economy), when the Peesweep retires to bed at eight o'clock.

That we are not neglected by the public, you may infer from the fact that, this very night, Peesweep fetched up four tea-cups on the tray; and when I asked the meaning of the two additional, she inquired, with surprise, 'Were there to be no gentlemen?' In fact, 'the kindness of these people' 'beats the world.' I had some private misgiving that your men would not mind me when you were not here, and I should have been mortified in that case, though I could not have blamed

them. But it is quite the reverse. Little Grant has been twice to know if he could 'do anything for me.' Garnier has been twice! The first time by engagement to you; the second time to meet Pepoli, whom he knew in Paris, and wished to re-know, and who proved *perfido* on the occasion. Pepoli has been twice, and is gliding into a flirtation with—*mia madre!* who presented him, in a manner *molto graziosa,* with her tartan scarf. From John Mill I have been privileged with two notes, and one visit. He evidently tried to yawn as little as possible, and stayed till the usual hour, lest, I suppose, he should seem to have missed your conversation. John Sterling and the Stimabile,* of course. The latter was at tea last night to meet Mr. Gibson—one of my fatal attempts at producing a reunion, for they coincided in nothing but years. The Stimabile was at Brighton for several days, and goes again next week, so that he has not been too deadly frequent.

Our visiting has been confined to one dinner and two teas at the Sterlings', and a tea at Hunt's! You must know, —— —— came the day after you went, and stayed two days. As she desired above all things to see Hunt, I wrote him a note, asking if I might bring her up to call. He replied he was just setting off to town, but would look in at eight o'clock. I supposed this, as usual, a mere off-put; but he actually came—found Pepoli as well as Miss ——, was amazingly lively, and very lasting, for he stayed till near twelve.

*A title we had for John's father. Signora degli Antoni, the Italian instructress in these months, setting her pupil an epistolary pattern, had thrown off one day a billet as if addressed to Edward Sterling, which began with *Stimabile Signor.* [Carlyle's note.]

Between ourselves, it gave me a poorish opinion of him, to see how uplifted to the third heaven he seemed by ——'s compliments and sympathizing talk. He asked us all, with enthusiasm, to tea the following Monday. —— came on purpose, and slept here. He sang, talked like a pen-gun, ever to ——, who drank it all in like nectar, while my mother looked cross enough, and I had to listen to the whispered confidences of Mrs. Hunt. But for me, who was declared to be grown 'quite prim and elderly,' I believe they would have communicated their mutual experiences in a retired window-seat till morning. 'God bless you, Miss ——,' was repeated by Hunt three several times in tones of ever-increasing pathos and tenderness, as he handed her downstairs behind me. ——, for once in her life, seemed past speech. At the bottom of the stairs a demur took place. I saw nothing; but I heard, with my wonted glegness—what think you?—a couple of handsome smacks! and then an almost inaudibly soft 'God bless you, Miss ——!'

Now just remember what sort of looking woman is —— ——; and figure their transaction! If he had kissed me, it would have been intelligible, but —— ——, of all people! By the way, Mr. Craik is immensely delighted with you, and grateful to Susan for having brought you together. Mrs. Cole came the other day, and sat an hour waiting for me while I was out, and finally had to go, leaving an obliging note offering me every assistance in procuring a servant.

Mrs. John Sterling takes to me wonderfully; but John, I perceive, will spoil all with his innocence. He

told her the other day, when she was declaring her wish that he would write on theology rather than make verses, that she 'might fight out that matter with Mrs. Carlyle, who, he knew, was always on the side of the poetical.' He (Sterling) has written a positively splendid poem of half-an-hour's length—an allegorical shadowing of the union of the ideal and actual. It is far the best thing he ever did—far beyond anything I could have supposed him capable of. He said, when he was writing it, he thought sometimes, 'Carlyle will be pleased with that.'

To descend to the practical, or, I should rather say ascend, for I have filled my whole paper with mere gossip. I think you seem, so far as human calculations avail, to have made a good hit as to the servant; character is not worth a straw; but you say she looks intelligent and good-humored, is young and willing. Fetch her, then, in God's name, and I will make the best I can of her. After all, we fret ourselves too much about little things; much that might be laughed off, if one were well and cheerful as one ought to be, becomes a grave affliction from being too gravely looked at. Remember also meal, and oh, for goodness sake, procure a dozen of bacon-hams! There is no bottom to my appetite for them. Sell poor Harry, by all means, or shoot him. We are too poor to indulge our fine feelings with keeping such large pets (especially at other people's expense). What a pity no frank is to be got! I have told you nothing yet. No word ever came from Basil Montague. I have translated four songs into Italian—written a long ex-

cessively *spirituosa* letter to 'mia adorable Clementina,' and many *graziose cartucie* besides. In truth, I have a *divino ingegno!*

You will come back strong and cheerful, will you not? I wish you were come, anyhow. Don't take much castor; eat plenty of chicken broth rather. Dispense my love largely. Mother returns your kiss with interest. We go on tolerably enough; but she has vowed to hate all my people except Pepoli. So that there is ever a 'dark brown shadd' in all my little reunions. She has given me a glorious black-velvet gown, realizing my *beau idéal* of Putz!

Did you take away my folding penknife? We are knifeless here. We were to have gone to Richmond to-day with the Silverheaded; but, to my great relief, it turned out that the steamboat is not running.

God keep you, my own dear husband, and bring you safe back to me. The house looks very empty without you, and my mind feels empty too.

YOUR JANE.

Letter 20

TO T. CARLYLE

Chelsea: Aug. 30, 1838.

Dear Husband of me,—I was most thankful to hear an articulate cheep (chirp) from you once more, for the little notekin 'did neither ill nor gude.' But this is a clear and comprehensive view of the matter, which may satisfy the female mind, for a time, and deserves a most ample three-penny in return. I would have sat down instantly on receiving it, and made a

clean breast of all my thinkings and doings, in the first fervor of enthusiasm, which such a good letter naturally inspired; but the letter came at one, and at two the carriage was ordered to convey me to pass the day with Mrs. C——; so it was plain, you could not get the 'first rush o' the tea,' without being stinted in quantity. But this morning, I have said it, that nothing short of an earthquake shall hinder me from filling this sheet.

First of all, then, dear Ill,* I am, and have been, in perfectly good case so far as the body is concerned. 'Association of Ideas' was like to have played the devil with me at first. The first night after your departure, I slept three hours; the second, forty minutes; and the third, none at all. If I had a cow, I should have bade it 'consider'; having none it was necessary to 'consider' myself. So I applied to Dr. Marshall for any sort of sleeping-draught, which had no opium in it, to break, if possible, this spell at the outset. He gave me something, consisting of red-lavender and other stimulants, which 'took an effect on me.' Not that I swallowed it! I merely set it by my bedside; and the feeling of lying down under new circumstances, of having a resource in short, put me to sleep! One night, indeed, the imagination was not enough; and I did take the thing into my inside, where it made all 'cozy,' and since then I have slept as well as usual; nor did these bad nights do me any visible harm. Helen † asks me every morning 'if I have no headache

* Converse of Goody.
† Helen was a new maid, of whom more hereafter.

yet?' And when I answer, none, she declares it to be quite 'mysterious!' In fact, I believe Mrs. Elliot's cab is of very material service in keeping me well. And I hope you will become a great *Paid,* and then we shall sometimes have a 'bit clatch.' I have driven out most days, from two till four, quite regularly. I also take care to have some dinner quite regularly. And I contrive to sup on Cape Madeira, which seems to be as good for me as porridge, after all. For the rest, my chief study is to keep myself tranquil and cheerful; convinced that I can do nothing so useful, either for myself or others. Accordingly, I read French novels, or anything that diverts me, without compunction; and sew no more, at curtains or anything else, than I feel to be pleasant.

For company, I have had enough to satisfy all my social wants. One visitor per day would content me; and I have often had more. Two tea-shines went off with *éclat,* the more so that the people came, for most part, at their own peril. The first consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Crawfurd, George Rennie and his wife, Mrs. Sterling, Il Conte, Darwin, and Robert Barker, who was up from Northampton on leave of absence. Do you shriek at the idea of all this? You need not. We all talked through other * (except Barker, who, by preserving uninterrupted silence, passed for some very wise man); and we were all happy in the consciousness of doing each our part to 'stave off' *ennui,* though it were by nothing better than nonsense. The next was a more rational piece of work; but more 'insipid':

*German, *durch einander.*

Mrs. Rich, and her two sisters, the Marshalls, Mrs. Sterling, and the always to be got Darwin. We talked about the condition of the poor, etc., etc., one at a time; and I am sure the saints think that, all this while, my light has been hid under a bushel—that, in fact, they have 'discovered me.' They kissed me all over, when they went away, and would have me out to Plumstead Common. Then I had Mr. C—— one night, to whom I prated so cleverly about domestic service, and all that, that his eyes twinkled the purest admiration, through his spectacles; and, two days after, he returned with Mrs. C——! to hear me again on the same topics. But catch me flinging my pearls before swine! But, oh, dear me, dearest, how the paper is getting covered over with absolute nothings; and I *have* really something to tell.

I have to tell you one very wonderful thing indeed, which brought a sort of tears into my eyes. The first money from F. R.* is come to hand, in the shape of a bill of exchange for fifty pounds, inclosed in a short business letter from Emerson. He says: 'An account has been rendered to me, which, though its present balance is in our favor, is less than I expected; yet, as far as I understand, it agrees well with all that has been promised. At least, the balance in our favor, when the edition is sold, which the booksellers assure me will undoubtedly be done within a year from the publication, must be 760 dollars, and whatever more Heaven and the subscribers may grant.' You are to know, dear, fifty pounds is exactly 224.22, the rate of

* *French Revolution.*

exchange being 9 per cent. He says nothing more, except that he will send a duplicate of the bill by next packet; and that 'the *Miscellanies* is published in two volumes, a copy of which goes to you immediately; 250 copies are already sold.' So you see, dear, here is Fortune actually smiling on you over the seas, with her lap full of dollars. Pray you, don't you be bashful; but smile on her in return. Another bit of good luck lies in the shape of a little hamper, full of Madeira, the Calvert wine—I have not unpacked it yet; but I guess it holds a dozen. I too am to have some wine given me. John Sterling has desired his wine merchant, on receiving a certain basketful of Malmsey from Madeira for him, to send some fraction of it to me.

He himself, John Sterling, you will be surprised to hear, is off this day for good. He spends a week in settling his family at Hastings, and then proceeds to Italy. Such is the order of Sir James Clark, and his own whim! He breakfasted with me this morning, to take leave; apparently in perfect health, and almost too good spirits, I think. I told him, he seemed to me a man who had a diamond given him to keep, which he was in danger of breaking all down into sparks, that every one might have a breastpin of it. He looked as Edward Irving used to do. I do not think that, morally, he is at all in a good way—too much of virtue 'and all that' on the lips. Woe to him if he fall into the net of any beautiful Italian! People who are so dreadfully 'devoted' to their wives are so apt, from mere habit, to get devoted to other people's wives as well!

Except Emerson's, there have been no letters for you; and of threepennies, only one of apology from Wilson, along with that *Globe;* and one from your namesake, wanting letters to 'Germany, with which he wants to acquaint himself'—or rather, in the language of truth, where he is going as a missionary (so Dr. Marshall tells me). I answered it politely.

I must not conclude without telling you a most surprising purpose I have in my head, which, if you have heard of O'Connell's late visit to a La Trappean Monastery, you will not be quite incredulous of. I am actually meditating to spend a week with—Miss Wilson at Ramsgate!! To do penance for all the nonsense I speak, by dooming myself, for one whole week, to speak nothing but real sense, and no mistake! She wrote me the most cordial invitation, and not to me only, but to Helen, whom she knew I did not like to leave; for three weeks I was to come. I answered in a long letter, which you would have liked amazingly, if you had had the good luck to hear it, that when I heard from John,* if there was time before his arrival, I would absolutely accept. I have had another letter from her since, gracious beyond expression; and am really meaning to lock up, and go with Helen for a week, if John does not come all the sooner. Address to me always here, however; as Dr. Marshall will send on my letters *instanter.* They are touchingly kind to me, these good Marshalls;—got up a dinnerchen, etc., etc. Everybody is kind to me. Only I have put the Stimabile in a great fuff—purposely, that I might not

* John Carlyle, then expected in London.

have him dangling here in your absence. Thus it is impossible for me to get a frank. But you will not grudge postage, even for this worthless letter, since it is mine.

I have not heard from my mother, nor written to her yet, so I know not where she is. I have forgot a thousand things. Madame Marcet has not been yet;—is to come,—a friend from Paris has deprived her of the pleasure, etc. Cavaignac was here last Friday. Edgeworth has been; wanted me out to Windsor. The blockhead Hume came to tea one night! No Americans! No strangers! Darwin is going off to the Wedgewoods with Mrs. Rich. Thank you for the particulars to Helen. Yes, try and see her mother. She is very kind to me. Get very very well; and come back so good! and so pooty.

Say all that is kind and grateful from me to the good Ferguses. And tell Elizabeth I will write her a long letter one of these days—to be also in no sorrow about Pepoli. He is merely lackadaisical. God bless you, dearest. Do not, I beseech you, soil your mind with a thought of postage; but write again quick. Be sure you go to Minto.

J. W. C.

Letter 34

To T. Carlyle

Sunday morning, Aug. 14, 1842.

My Dearest,—There are two notes from you this morning, one on each side of my plate; the first, having the address of Bury, only came along with the third;

so be sure you keep by Ixworth in future. As for 'Keeting,' it turned out on investigation to be neither more nor less than Mrs. Buller's way of writing Rectory.

It is much better with me now, and I find myself quite hefted to my new position. But I shall not soon forget the horrors of the first day; feeling myself growing every moment worse; away from you all, and desperated by the notion of confessing myself ill, and going to bed, and causing a fuss among strangers!

After having written to you, I tried sauntering among the trees; tried lying on the sofa in my own room; tried eating dinner (which is rationally served up here at three o'clock), and finally tried a drive in the carriage with Mrs. Buller, all the while saying nothing. But instead of admiring the beauties of Livermere Park, which they took me to see, I was wondering whether I should be able to 'stave off' fainting till I got back. On 'descending from the carriage,' I had finally to tell Mrs. Buller I was ill and would go to bed. She came upstairs after me, and offered me sal volatile, etc.; but seeing that I would have nothing, and wanted only to be let alone, she, with her usual good-breeding, pinned the bell-rope to my pillow, and went away. A while after, feeling myself turning all cold and strange, I considered would I ring the bell; I did not, and what came of me I cannot tell—whether I fainted, or suddenly fell dead-asleep; but when I opened my eyes, as it seemed, a minute or two after, it was quite dark, and a maid was lighting a night lamp at the table! I asked what o'clock it was? 'Half-

past eleven! Would I have tea?' No. 'Did I want anything?' No. She was no sooner gone than I fell naturally asleep; and when the cocks awoke me after daylight, I was quite free of pain, only desperately wearied.

The asses did not return the second night, nor last night, and I manage better or worse to weave the dogs, cocks, and rooks into my dreams. My condition has undergone a further amelioration, from having the mattress laid above the down-bed; it was like to choke me, besides that I lately read somewhere horrible things about the 'miasma' contracted by down-beds from all their various occupants through successive generations! and my imagination got disagreeably excited in consequence.

For the rest, nothing can be better suited to my wants than the life one has here; so that I feel already quite at home, and almost wishing that you were Rector of Troston—what a blessed exchange would it be for those poor people, whom I hear this moment singing feckless psalms! I could almost find in my heart to run over to the old tower, and give them a word of admonition myself. Reginald does not preach in the morning, he reads service merely, and preaches in the afternoon; I shall go then to see 'how the cretur gets through with it.' I have not made out yet whether there is a downright want in him, or whether his faculties are sunk in shameful indolence. He is grown very much into the figure of Mr. Ogilvie in miniature; when he speaks I dare not look at his mother, and feel it a mercy for his father that he is so deaf. The old

people do not mean to remain here,—the climate does not suit Mrs. Buller in winter; but they have not made up their minds whether to remove altogether or to hire some place during the cold weather. Oh dear me! 'They have trouble that have the worl' and trouble that want it.' I do not know whether it be worst to be without the power of indulging one's reasonable wishes or to have the power of indulging one's whims. So many people we know seem to have no comfort with their money, just because it enables them to execute all their foolish schemes.

Jeannie writes to me that when you discovered my parasol you 'crossed your hands in despair' as if you had seen 'the sun's perpendicular heat' already striking down on me. I thought you would be vexing yourself about it; but I have not missed it in the least; the drive here the first day was cold; and since then I have had a parasol of Mrs. Buller's, who rejoices in two. And now good-by, dearest, I have two nice long letters from Jeannie to return some acknowledgment for.

Your own
JANE C.

Letter 49

TO T. CARLYLE

Chelsea: Thursday, Aug. 3, 1843.

Dearest,—If you go on board to-night, this letter will reach you no sooner than if written to-morrow and addressed to Scotsbrig; but if you do not, and to-morrow there be a second day for you without any

news, you will be 'vaixed'; and on no account must you be vaixed if one can possibly help it. I cannot, however, make much of writing to-day; for it is thundering and raining in a quite soul-confusing manner; that in the first place, then, in the second, I have a headache. Last night the Stick-woman, who is always showing me small civilities, brought me a present of ass's milk (God knows where she got hold of the ass to milk it!), and she bade Helen tell me that if I would please to drink it to my supper, I should feel great benefit in the morning. I drank it, more for curiosity than for any superiority I could taste in it over cow's milk; and awoke, after two hours' sleep, with such a headache, and such a detestation of ass's milk! I was able to get up early to my breakfast; but am not recovered yet, nor shall be till I have had a night's sleep. I did myself no good by cleaning the lamp in the morning. It had ceased to act some time ago, and was beginning to lie heavy on my conscience, besides that light is one of the things I do not like to economize in, when I am alone; just the more alone I am, the more light I need, as I told Darwin, the night he drank tea with me, and, when the lamp was brought in, remarked that 'it was surely far too much light for a single woman'! Darwin, by the way, has gone out of sight latterly; it is a fortnight, I am sure, since he was here; he talked then of paying a visit to his brother and then going to the Mackintosh's.

I am sitting in the upstairs room now, while the earthquake is rumbling beneath it, and this and the thunder together are almost too much for me. They

have washed the ceilings, and Helen is now washing the paint, and doing the impossible to clean the paper with bread. 'Ah!' it takes such a quantity of labor, for a man quite inconceivable, to make what is dirty look one shade more near to clean. But here it is all quite clean, and so pretty! I feel like a little Queen sitting in it, so far as what Mazzini calls 'the material' is concerned; indeed, I suppose no Queen ever got half the comfort out of a nice room; Queens being born to them as the sparks fly upwards. There are still some finishing strokes to be given, the bookshelves all to be put up, and the window curtains; and a deal of needle-work has to go to the last. But when all is done, it will be such a pleasure to receive you and give you tea in your new library! when you have exhausted the world without.

Thanks for your constant little letters; when you come back, I do not know how I shall learn to do without them, they have come to be as necessary as any part of my 'daily bread.' But, my dear, I must stop, you see that my head is bad and that I am making it worse.

Bless you,
Yours, J. C.

Extracts of Letters from Liverpool

To T. Carlyle

July 27, 1845.—They are all gone to church and I am here alone, enjoying virtue's (Roman virtue's) own reward. My uncle at the last minute came to me

in the room where I had fortified myself (morally), and asked with a certain enthusiasm, 'Are you not going to church?' 'No, I have no thought of it.' 'And why not?' (crescendo). 'Because your minister is a ranting jackass, that cracks the drum of one's ears.' 'Who told you that?' (stamping like my grandfather.) 'I do not choose to compromise any one by naming my authority.' 'And what has that to do with going to a place of worship?' 'Nothing whatever; but it has a great deal to do with staying away from a place that is not of worship.' He looked at me over his spectacles for an instant as if doubtful whether to eat me raw or laugh; and 'eventually, thanks God,' * he chose the latter part. The girls, who came in fear and trembling to pick up my fragments, were astonished to find that I had carried the day. We get on famously, my uncle and I, and by dint of defiance, tempered with kisses, I can manage him better than any one else does.

July 30.—My uncle has enjoyed my visit very much. I wrote to him beforehand on the subject of his 'detestable politics,' and we have had no flares up this time. The only one I have witnessed was last night at cards. He and A—— were playing at *écarté* on a little table in a corner, very silently and amicably to all appearance; the rest of us were sewing or reading. Suddenly the little table flew into the air on the point of my uncle's foot, and a shower of cards fell all over the floor! 'D—— these eternal cards!' said he fiercely, as we all stared up at him in astonishment. 'Hang them! Curse them to hell!' They all looked fright-

* A saying of Mazzini.

ened; for me, the suddenness of the thing threw me into a fit of laughter, in which my uncle himself was the first to join. This morning at breakfast something was said about cards to be taken to Scotland. 'But,' said I, 'I thought they had been all sent last night to hell.' 'Pooh!' said my uncle quite gravely, 'that was only one pack.'

I am not wise in writing on with 'my brains' (as Rio would say) tormenting me in this way. But what to do? One's Good, if not feeling so lonely as might be wished, is in fact lonely enough, and one's self without one's own red bed to retire into. Cannot I stay in my 'boot' and be quiet? No, I get beside myself pent up there; latterly I have been bolting out of it through the men's room, whether they were clothed or no, like a bottle of ginger beer bursting the cork! 'Uncle, I beg your pardon but I must get out!' 'Weel, weel,' hiding himself behind the curtain, 'there is no help for it.'

God bless you, dear. I am in the Devil's own humor to-day if you care to know it—but ever yours, *not* without affection.

Letter 87

To T. Carlyle

Seaforth: Tuesday, July 14, 1846.

Oh! my dear husband, fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune, for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing

like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear how it was.

Not a line from you on my birthday, the postmistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again, without speaking a word; and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive. And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you, finally, so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so ill that you could not write?

That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway, and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it!

And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying out through the house: 'Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a letter for you.'

And so there was after all! The postmistress had overlooked it, and had given it to Robert, when he went afterwards, not knowing that we had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organization. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you, by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now

I will lie down awhile, and try to get some sleep. At least, to quiet myself, I will try to believe—oh, why cannot I believe it, once for all—that, with all my faults and follies, I am 'dearer to you than any earthly creature.' I will be better for Geraldine here; she is become very quiet and nice; and as affectionate for me as ever.

Your own,

J. C.

Letter 122

To T. Carlyle, the Grange, Alresford, Hants

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Tuesday, Jan. 29, 1850.

Dear Master,—I take the liberty to write to you myself (my mistress being out of the way of writing to you she says) that you may know Columbine and I are quite well, and play about as usual. There was no dinner yesterday to speak of; I had for my share only a piece of biscuit that might have been round the world; and if Columbine got anything at all, I didn't see it. I made a grab at one of two 'small beings' on my mistress's plate; she called them heralds of the morn; but my mistress said, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' and boxed my ears. I wasn't taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came, but a man for 'burial rate'; and my mistress gave him a rowing, because she wasn't going to be buried here at all. Columbine and I don't mind where we are buried.

This is a fine day for a run; and I hope I may be taken to see Mohe and Dumm. They are both nice well-bred dogs, and always so glad to see me; and the

parrot is great fun, when I spring at her; and Mrs. Lindsay has always such a lot of bones, and doesn't mind Mohe and Dumm and me eating them on the carpet. I like Mrs. Lindsay very much.

Tuesday evening.

Dear Master,—My mistress brought my chain, and said 'come along with me, while it shined, and I could finish after.' But she kept me so long in the London Library, and other places, that I had to miss the post. An old gentleman in the omnibus took such notice of me! He looked at me a long time, and then turned to my mistress, and said 'Sharp, isn't he?' And my mistress was so good as to say, 'Oh yes!' And then the old gentleman said again, 'I knew it! easy to see that!' And he put his hand in his hind-pocket, and took out a whole biscuit, a sweet one, and gave it me in bits. I was quite sorry to part from him, he was such a good judge of dogs. Mr. Greig from Canadagua and his wife left cards while we were out. Columbine said she saw them through the blind, and they seemed nice people.

Wednesday.

I left off, last night, dear master, to be washed. This morning I have seen a note from you, which says you will come to-morrow. Columbine and I are extremely happy to hear it; for then there will be some dinner to come and go on. Being to see you so soon, no more at present from your

Obedient little dog,

NERO.

Letter 128

To T. Carlyle

Chelsea: Thursday night, Aug. 22, 1850.

Now, dear! I have done a fair day's work (of sewing chiefly), and can sit down with a certain leisure to write you a peaceable little letter. Yes, yes; I have 'composed myself,' am 'quiet.' You shall have no more wail or splutter from me on this occasion. If I had been an able-bodied woman instead of a thoroughly broken-down one, I should surely have had sense and reticence enough not to fret you, in your seclusion, with details of my household 'worry.' But that dreadful Elizabeth * 'murdered sleep'; I 'lost my *happetite*,' and became so weak and excited that I was really no more responsible for what I wrote than a person in a brain fever would have been. For the last three nights I have been getting into sleep again without morphia, which had become worse than useless; and for the last three days I have eaten some dinner 'to speak of,' and now I begin to feel sane again, and, as John says, 'to see my way.'

Geraldine left me last night, very unwillingly. A little pressing would have made her throw over Letty altogether, and remain here for an indefinite time. It was not my wish, however, that she should protract her stay longer than she had already done; the pleasure of having her to talk with, and to rub my feet, was not—at least would not have continued to be—a sufficient compensation for the additional trouble of a visitor in the house, with no servant but a little girl

* A servant who had given trouble.

who had 'never been out before,' who could not cook a morsel of food or make a bed, or do any civilized thing, without having me at her heels. One does not like, if one can stand on one's legs at all, to see one's visitor doing servant's work; and besides poor Geraldine can't cook or make a bed any more than the girl who has 'never been out' and at the same time she is nothing like so indifferent as I am to eating, and 'all that sort of thing.' And then to get on with 'the rowans,' and her here, was impossible. 'When I was not cooking in the kitchen, or in some way providing for the present moment, I must 'lie down' and have my feet rubbed. By myself I get on quite nicely with the little maid, who, now that I have got her to tidy herself, and that she is no longer frightened, has developed a curious likeness to your sister Jane, which makes me feel quite friendly towards her. Not being to keep her, I put off no time in training her, but use her up to the best advantage. To-day, for example, she has been cleaning out the kitchen, closets, and presses, where many an abomination came to light, showing new cause why the 'no-interference' principle should never more get 'carried out' in this house, or any house of which I am the mistress. To-morrow, or next day, I shall probably hear from Miss Darby something final as to the Essex girl she had in view for me. I feel it very kind of you to offer to take me away, but I am perfectly clear that I should be here rather than anywhere else just now. In the first place, locking up the house would be foolish risk to run; there are more loose people about here now than when we did so for-

merly, and we are known now to be better worth robbing than we were formerly thought to be; and even then it was 'a tempting of Providence' only to be repeated on necessity. I should like very ill to have the house robbed; there are so many odds and ends in it that no money could replace. Secondly, not foreseeing (how could I?) that I was to be left sole agent of my own will and pleasure, I commenced in the first week of your absence a series of operations, which I feel my housewife honor concerned in bringing, without help or with such help as I can get, to a more or less satisfactory close; what I have tumbled up and pulled down must be restored to at least the habitable state I found it in, and no Brownie, I guess, would do that for me if I put the house-key in my pocket and went away. Thirdly (a woman has always three reasons), flying from the present inconvenience would be only postponing it; a servant must be found and set a-going in the 'right way' some time; and when better than now, when you are out of the road of being bothered by the initiatory process. Would it be preferable to arrive at home, hungry and travel-wearied, with our door-key, to usher ourselves into a dark, cold, foodless house, and go out the first thing next day to hunt up a servant? If Craik's woman could have been engaged for any particular time, that would have met the last objection. But my belief is that they will take her to Ireland and keep her there as long as she will stay. At all events, I can elicit no particle of certainty about her; and, indeed, feel it indelicate to press them on the subject. So now, 'compose yourself,' and trouble

your heart no further with my 'difficulties.' When I am not too ill for stirring about, as I have not been to-day, and do not mean to be for some time to come, and when you are not there to be put about by them, I make as light of material difficulties as any woman I know; find them, in fact, rather inspiriting; it was entirely the moral disturbance from Elizabeth that agitated me so absurdly at the commencement of the present mess.

Friday morning.—So far I had written last night when the clock struck twelve, and Nero, with his usual good sense, insisted on my going to bed; he had gone half an hour before by himself, and established himself under the bedclothes; but he returned at twelve and jumped till I rose and followed him.

I have hardly anything to tell you of the outer world. Mazzini is back from Paris, was here on Tuesday. The revolution in Paris is postponed for the moment. It was anticipated that the President's reception 'would have been, through—what shall I say?—bribery and so on, more enthusiastic'; then the President would have been emboldened to venture his great *coup,* and the Communist party would then have tried conclusions with him. As it is, these 'have nothing to fight against,' which is surely very sad. Another concert had come off the night before, in which, at the hour of commencement, not a performer had arrived, nor for half an hour after. Then all the gas went suddenly out; then 'a very fat—what shall I say?—drunk woman fell on Mazzini's neck and almost stifled him, upon my honor.' Then the principal singer did not come at all, and had to be brought *par*

vive force 'in a state of horrible drunkenness,' and was only sobered by Mazzini's taking his hand and 'appealing to his patriotism.' Then Mario and Grisi arrived for the last act without their music. My late difficulties dwindled into insignificance beside those of Mazzini with that tremendous concert—'but there will be much money.'

Anthony Sterling came up on Wednesday, and took Geraldine to the railway at night, I not feeling at all up to taking her myself. Next morning he was to start for Devonshire to have a week's yachting with Mr. Trelawny.

Count Reichenbach started for Belgium the end of last week, as mournful-looking as he came. I have seen no one else lately except Mrs. and Miss Farrar, who called on Tuesday, I think; the old lady in a state for having her patriotism appealed to (it struck me), and the young one very pale, 'needing some outing,' she said, and was to start on a yachting expedition this day. I never thanked you, I verily believe, for the heather, or the peacock's feather, but they were carefully preserved nevertheless.

I think they must have an empty room at Maryland Street just now, Helen being still in Scotland.

Affectionately yours,

J. C.

I am sure the *Nation* miscarried through no fault of mine. After the fate of the former week's *Leader,* I was very careful to put up the paper firmly, and it was posted in Chelsea on Monday.

Letter 129

To T. Carlyle

Chelsea: Friday, Aug. 23, 1850.

My dear, my dear, my dear!—I sent a long letter off yesterday, knowing that for the next few days I should have something like the sack of Troy on my hands. The sweeps are here, and the whitewashers, and the carpet-beaters! and myself is at this moment all over bread crumbs, from cleaning the parlor paper, and—and—and—. Even Nero has the consideration to leave off jumping for things, and has retired into 'a place by himself.'

And now 'comes to pass,' a poor son of Adam in want of a bathing-cap 'by return of post,' and none nearer than Albemarle Street will please him! Well, I will go after the cap, his hair being so long; but for writing, it cannot be asked for me under the present distracting circumstances. Only a word of thanks for your long letter. Don't mind length, at least only write longly about yourself. The cocks that awake you; everything of that sort is very interesting. I hasten over the cleverest descriptions of extraneous people and things, to find something 'all about' yourself 'all to myself.' But I must not dawdle.

Your affectionate

Jane Carlyle.

Letter 167

To T. Carlyle

Sunny Bank, Haddington: Friday, Aug. 9, 1856.

I got here last night about seven. The carriage was

waiting for me at the station, but this time empty; no kind Miss Kate in it. We came in at the back gate; and when we turned round the house I saw Miss Jess, or rather I saw a face, or rather eyes straining at the dining-room window with a look I shall remember while I live. The next moment I was in her arms; and then my 'godmother' tottered blindly forward, and took me in hers; and the two dear old women clasped and kissed and wept over me both together, and called out 'Jeannie, Jeannie!' 'Oh, my own bairn!' 'My angel' (! !) and ever so many beautiful names. Mrs. Donaldson and Miss Eliza had kindly retired to their own room, that the meeting might transact itself in peace. A beautiful tea was waiting on the table—all so pretty and calm and good! It looked like one of those entertainments spread for the good boys that 'went out to *poos* their fortunes' in my godmother's fairy tales; and my godmother herself, like the good fairy, so little, oh, so little, she has grown! and her face so little and round, and so sweet! And Miss Jess has been transformed by Kate's death into an active, self-forgetting providence for the older and blinder sister. She waits upon her, cuts her bread into mouthfuls, is gentle and thoughtful for her, reads aloud to her (Miss Donaldson tells me), she herself being about eighty; and instead of complaints about her own ailments, it is all now 'Poor Jean!' and the loss she had in Kate. The hearts of these two old women are as fresh as gowans. It is like being pretty well up towards heaven, being here. And what a house! so quiet and clean, and so perfectly the same as I knew it thirty

years ago! The same papers, the same carpets, the same everything that I made acquaintance with when I was a child, in perfect condition still. I expect to sleep in my great comfortable four-posted bed now that the first exciting night is over, and shall stay till the middle of next week, I think. My aunts were extremely kind, and expect me to make them a long visit on my return; but that is not possible, on account of the gas in my bedroom (at Morningside) and the public road passing the window, where carts grind from three in the morning. Besides that I like being at Auchtertool, and they want me there for all the time I can stay. Everybody is so kind to me—oh, so kind! that I often burst out crying with pure thankfulness to them all.

Betty said yesterday, speaking of the photograph I had sent her, the one with the bonnet and the dog, and which, together with yours, she has got handsomely framed and keeps in a pocket-handkerchief in a drawer! 'It has a look o' ye, but I dinna ken what that white thing is about the face!' 'That is the white roses of my bonnet, Betty.' 'A weel! a weel! May be sae! but as ye wur kindly sending me yer pictur, dear, I wud hae liket better ye had gotten 't dune wi' yer bare pow!' I promised her one with the bare pow, but said, 'You know, it is a shame for me to be without a cap or a bonnet at this age.' 'Ay, ay, I dar' say, it's no very richt; but ye ken, bairn, ye wasne brocht up to dae just like ither folk; at a' rates I'll hae the bare pow if ye please; though I wudna be thocht ower greedy!' Dear, darling old Betty! She gets no rest night or day for

that poor specter of a son; and it looks to me he may live for years in this suffering, hopeless state. And the husband, though a good enough man in his way—sober and laborious, and all that—has not the refinement or the spirituality of Betty, and can be but a sorry comforter to her in her sore trouble. She called me back as I was coming away yesterday to say, 'Dear, wull ye tell Miss Donal'son, for I am sure it 'ill please her to hear it, that the Bish'p is rale gude to us, puir auld manny!'

I had two bathes in the sea; neither did me any good —the first a great deal of harm, by ill luck. Just the day after I wrote—I had had no bathing—Walter took me to Aberdour; and I was to partly undress, and get a bathing gown at Aberdour House, where Mrs. Major Liddle lives. She gave me the key of the park, that Maggie and I might walk through it to the shore; but the key proved a wrong one, and, as there was no time to return for the right key, I proposed to Maggie to leap from the top of the wall, which was only high on the off-side. She positively declined; and we were at a fix, when a working man passing, I called to him, and asked him to catch us in leaping. He took me between his big thumbs, one on my left side, and the other, alas! on my right breast—that unlucky breast I am always hurting! There! I thought to myself, as I found my feet, 'There is something to serve me for six weeks again!'

I suffered a good deal for the first two or three days, and lost my just-recovered sleep. It (the pain) is going off, however, though still a nuisance, especially

when I use my right arm. Remember that in estimating the virtue of this very long letter.

I inclose a note from Lady A., which was forwarded to me here this morning.

I am not sure where to address; but, as one letter was sent to Scotsbrig, I had best send this one to the Gill.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. C.

Letter 171

To T. Carlyle

Scotsbrig: Thursday, Sept. 18, 1856.

Well, I am safe here, though not without a struggle for it.

Your letter this morning is a degree more legible than the first one! But, dear me! what galloping and spluttering over the paper; as if you were writing in a house on fire, and bent on making a little look as much as possible! I have measured the distance between your lines in the letter just come, and it is precisely one inch. In the first letter, it must have been an inch and half! I call that a foolish waste of writing-paper! If you have an excellent bedroom, could you not retire into it for, say, one hour, in the course of a whole week, and write composedly and leisurely? Why write in the midst of four people?

For the rest, in spite of all objections, 'for the occasion got up,' I daresay you are pretty comfortable. Why not? When you go to any house, one knows it is because you choose to go; and when you stay, it is

because you choose to stay. You don't, as weakly amiable people do, sacrifice yourself for the pleasure of 'others.' So pray do not think it necessary to be wishing yourself at home, and 'all that sort of thing,' on paper. 'I don't believe thee!' If I were inclined to, I should only have to call to mind the beautiful letters you wrote to me during your former visit to the Ashburtons in the Highlands, and which you afterwards disavowed and trampled into the fire! !

As to Tom Gillespie, if you could have got into his hands, I am sure he would have been useful to you, and been delighted to be so. But the poor man is quite laid up, has been for long in a dangerous state. His sister, Mrs. Binnie, lives near the Caledonian Railway; and I spent the hours I had to wait for the train on Tuesday at her house, and she was speaking quite despondingly about him. So that is no go!

Five pounds is as easily sent as two one-pound notes; more easily indeed, for I have no one-pound notes. So I send a five-pound note to put you out of all danger of running short. It is a very unnecessary grievance that to incur! so long as one has money.

I write to Mrs. Russell to-day that I shall be at Thornhill on Monday, D.V. Isabella says I had best go from here to Annan; it will make the gig-journey shorter. I haven't the least objection to the gig-journey, 'quite the contrary.' But I daresay Jamie's time is very precious just now, so I accepted that route at once. Whether I return to Scotsbrig or not will depend on your arrangements.

Lady Ashburton is very kind to offer to take me

back. Pray make her my thanks for the offer. But though a very little herring, I have a born liking to 'hang by my own head.' And when it is a question simply of paying my own way, or having it paid for me, I prefer 'lashing down' my four or five sovereigns on the table all at once! If there were any companionship in the matter it would be different; and if you go back with the Ashburtons it would be different, as then I should be going merely as part of your luggage, without self-responsibility. Settle it as you like, it will be all one to me; meeting you at Scotsbrig, or in Edinburgh, or going home by myself from Thornhill.

This is September 19th, the day of my father's death.

Jamie is going to take me a little drive at one o'clock. He is such a dear good Jamie for me always!

Walter wrote me a long letter, to meet me at Scotsbrig, which I received in bed yesterday, and it gave me 'a good comforting cry'; it is so kind—oh, so kind and brotherly!

Yours faithfully,
JANE W. C.

Letter 177

TO T. CARLYLE

Sunny Bank: Thursday, July 23, 1857.

The pens you made me, dear, are all ground down on this lime-paper, and I am obliged to write now with the backs, which has a perverse effect on my ideas, and my ideas are rather awry to begin with. I feel provoked that, having 'made an effort' like this to get well,

I do not succeed in doing it effectually and at once. 'Very absurd.' I ought to be thankful for ever so little amendment; above all, even if no cure should be worked on me by all this fresh air, and sweet milk, and riding in carriages, and having any own entire humor out, I ought to be thankful for the present escape from that horrid sickness, which nobody that has not felt it can know the horror of.

Though my nights are no better than they were at Chelsea—indeed, worse latterly—still it is only oppression and weariness I feel during the day; not that horrid feeling as if death were grasping at my heart. But, 'oh, my!' what a shame, when you are left alone there with plenty of smoke of your own to consume, to be puffing out mine on you from this distance! It is certainly a questionable privilege one's best friend enjoys, that of having all one's darkness rayed out on him. If I were writing to—who shall I say?—Mr. Barlow, now, I should fill my paper with 'wits,' and elegant quotations, and diverting anecdotes; should write a letter that would procure me laudation sky-high, on my 'charming, unflagging spirits,' and my 'extraordinary freshness of mind and feelings'; but to you I cannot for my life be anything but a bore.

I went and drank tea with Mrs. David Davidson, the worst-used woman I ever knew; and at seventy-eight years of age she hasn't a drop of gall in her whole composition, and is as serene as if she had never had a sorrow. She has still the same servant, Mary Jeffrys, who was with her when I was a child; she has served her with the same relish for fifty years. 'Ye

dinna find us as perfect as I could wuss,' she (Mary) said to me (the house was clean as a new pin); 'but I'm as wullin as ever to work, only no just sae able.' At the door she called after me: 'Ye'll find us ay here while we're to the fore; but it's no unco lang we can expect to get bided.' I don't think either mistress or maid could survive the other a month.

To-night, again, I go out to tea, at Miss Brown's; and on Saturday night at the Sheriffs', who were at school with me. On Monday I go to Mrs. Binnie's; on Tuesday to Craigenvilla, Morningside; and on Wednesday to Auchtertool.

I have a most affectionate letter from Lady Airlie, but I hardly think I shall go so far.

Compliments to Anne. Your care of the live stock does 'credit to your head and hort.'

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

Letter 183

TO T. CARLYLE

Craigenvilla, Edinburgh: Monday, Aug. 24, 1857.

Oh, my dear! What a magnificent book this is going to be! The best of all your books.* I say so, who never flatter, as you are too well aware; and who am 'the only person I know that is always in the right!' So far as it is here before me, I find it forcible and vivid, and sparkling as *The French Revolution,* with the geniality and composure and finish of *Cromwell*—a wonderful combination of merits! And how you have

* Frederick the Great.

contrived to fit together all those different sorts of pictures, belonging to different sorts of times, as compactly and smoothly as a bit of the finest mosaic! Really one may say, of these two first books at least, what Helen said of the letters of her sister who died—you remember?—'So splendidly put together one would have thought that hand couldn't have written them!'

It was the sheets that hindered me from writing yesterday; though I doubt if a letter posted at Morningside (the Scotch *Campo Santo*) yesterday (Sunday) would have reached you sooner than if posted to-day. Certainly it is a devil of a place for keeping the Sunday, this! Such preaching and fasting, and 'touting and praying,' as I was never before concerned in! But one never knows whence deliverance is to come any more than misfortune. I was cut out of all or nearly all, my difficulties yesterday by the simple providential means of—a bowel complaint! It was reason enough for staying away from church; excuse enough for declining to be read to; and the loss of my dinner was entirely made up for by the loss of my appetite! Nothing could have happened more opportunely! Left at home with Pen (the cat), when they had gone every one to her different 'Place of Worship,' I opened my desk to write you a letter. But I would just take a look at the sheets first. Miss Jess had put a second cover on the parcel, and forwarded it by railway on Saturday night; and I had not been able to read then, by the gaslight, which dazzles my eyes. It is one of the little peculiarities of this house that there isn't a candle allowed in it of any sort—wax, dip, molded, or composite!

Well, I took up the sheets and read here a little and there a little,' and then I began at the beginning and never could stop till I had read to the end, and pretty well learnt it by heart. I was still reading when Church came out, and so my letter got nipped in the bud. If it is so interesting for me, who have read and heard so many of the stories in it before, what must it be to others to whom it is all new? the matter as well as the manner of the narrative! Yes, you shall see, it will be the best of all your books—and small thanks to it! It has taken a doing!

I suppose you are roasting again. Here there has been no such heat since I came north as in the last three days—mercury at 75° in the shade yesterday. But there is plenty of east wind to keep one from suffocating, provided one can get it without the dust. I used to fancy Piccadilly dusty; but, oh, my, if you saw the Morningside Road!

I must tell you a compliment paid me before I conclude. A lady I hadn't seen for twenty years came to call for me. 'You were ill I heard,' she said. 'Ah, yes, it is easy to see you have suffered! an entire wreck, like myself.' Then, looking round on my three aunts, 'Indeed, like all of us!!'

Yours affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

What of Lady Sandwich? You never mention her. Fleming at Raith! I should have been as astonished to meet *him* in Kirkaldy, as to meet Tiger Wull's 'finest blackcock that ever stepped the streets of Greenock!"

Letter 226

To T. Carlyle

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Monday, Sept. 3, 1860.

Two letters from you this morning—one redirected from Alderley. But I must let the long letter I wrote yesterday go, as it is all the same! It is too much writing to throw away, after having given myself a headache over it. Besides, after having read your two letters of this morning, I feel none the less called upon to defend myself against the charge of 'huge error,' 'rashness,' 'precipitancy,' 'folly,' and so on! I maintain that, however unfortunate my course may have been, I could not, under the circumstances, have rightly taken any other! So the letter of yesterday had best go! Nor do I deign to accept the very beggarly apology you make for my 'infatuated conduct,' that I had myself lost heart for the Dumfriesshire visits, and was glad of any excuse to be off from them; that tortuous style of thing is not at all in my line. Had I lost heart I would have said so. On the contrary, feeling myself at Alderley, half-way—all the hateful preparatory lockings up and packings well over—nothing to do but go north at Crewe instead of south, and Mary Austin and Mrs. Russell promising me the very warmest welcome, far from losing heart, I had for the first time gained heart for the further enterprise; the 'interest' had 'not fallen but risen,' I assure you, and I turned south with real mortification! There! you have provoked that out of me, which, if 'well let alone,' I should never have said.

As for your indignation at my not writing, I don't

quarrel with that—only beg to remind you that 'the reciprocity is not all on one side!' I also have been feeling myself extremely neglected—for what shall I say? 'unborn generations?' Let us hope so, and not for just nothing at all!

Ever yours,
J. W. C.

To T. Carlyle

St. Leonards: Friday, April 8, 1864.

Oh, my own darling! God have pity on us! Ever since the day after you left, whatever flattering accounts may have been sent you, the truth is I have been wretched—perfectly wretched day and night with that horrible malady. Dr. B. knows nothing about it more than the other doctors. So, God help me, for on earth there is no help!

Lady A. writes that Lord A. left you two thousand pounds—not in his will, to save duty—but to be given you as soon as possible. 'The wished for come too late!' Money can do nothing for us now.

Your loving and sore suffering
Jane W. Carlyle.

To-day I am a little less tortured—only a little; but a letter having been promised, I write.

To T. Carlyle

St. Leonards: April 19, 1864.

It is no 'morbid despondency'; it is a positive physical torment day and night—a burning, throbbing, maddening sensation in the most nervous part of me

ever and ever. How to be in good spirits or have any hope but to die! When I spoke of going home, it was to *die* there; here were the place for *living*, if one could! It was not my wish to leave here. It was the B——s' own suggestion and wish that we should get a little house of our own.

Oh, have pity on me! I am worse than ever I was in that terrible malady. I am,

Yours as ever,

JANE CARLYLE.

To T. CARLYLE

St. Leonards-on-Sea: April 25, 1864.

Oh, my husband! I am suffering torments! each day I suffer more horribly. Oh, I would like you beside me! I am terribly alone. But I don't want to interrupt your work. I will wait till we are in our own hired house; and then if am no better, you must come for a day.

Your own wretched

J. W. C.

Letter 323

To T. CARLYLE

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: April 2, 1866.

Dearest,—By the time you get this you will be out of your trouble,* better or worse, but out of it, please God. And if ever you let yourself be led or driven into

* Delivering an address on the occasion of being made Rector of Edinburgh University.

such a horrid thing again, I will never forgive you—never!

What I have been suffering, vicariously, of late days is not to be told. If you had been to be hanged I don't see that I could have taken it more to heart. This morning, after about two hours of off-and-on sleep, I awoke, long before daylight, to sleep no more. While drinking a glass of wine and eating a biscuit at five in the morning, it came into my mind, 'What is *he* doing, I wonder, at this moment?' And then, instead of picturing you sitting smoking up the stranger-chimney, or anything else that was likely to be, I found myself always dropping off into details of a regular execution!—Now they will be telling him it is time! now they will be pinioning his arms and saying last words! Oh, mercy! was I dreaming or waking? was I mad or sane? Upon my word, I hardly know now. Only that I have been having next to no sleep all the week, and that at the best of times I have a too 'fertile imagination,' like 'oor David.' When the thing is over I shall be content, however it have gone as to making a good 'appearance' or a bad one. That you have made your 'address,' and are alive, that is what I long to hear, and, please, God! shall hear in a few hours. My 'imagination' has gone the length of representing you getting up to speak before an awful crowd of people, and, what with fuss, and 'bad air,' and confusion, dropping down dead.

Why on earth did you ever get into this galley?

J. W. C

*Letter 333**

To T. Carlyle

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea: Saturday, April 21, 1866.

Dearest,—It seems 'just a consuming of time' to write to-day, when you are coming the day after to-morrow. But 'if there were nothing else in it' (your phrase) such a piece of liberality as letting one have letters on Sunday, if called for, should be honored at least by availing oneself of it! All long stories, however, may be postponed till next week. Indeed, I have neither long stories nor short ones to tell this morning. To-morrow, after the tea-party, I may have more to say, provided I survive it! Though how I am to entertain, 'on my own basis,' eleven people in a hot night 'without refreshment' (to speak of) is more than I 'see my way' through! Even as to cups—there are only ten cups of company-china; and eleven are coming, myself making twelve! 'After all,' said Jessie, 'you had once eight at tea—three mair won't kill us!' I'm not so sure of that. Let us hope the motive will sanctify the end; being 'the welfare of others!' an unselfish desire to 'make two Ba-ings happy:' Principal Tulloch and Froude, who have a great liking for one another! The Spottiswoodes were added in the same philanthropic spirit. We met in a shop, and they begged permission to come again; so I thought it would be clever to get them over (handsomely with Froude and Mrs. Oliphant) before you came. Miss Wynne offered herself, by accident, for that same night.

The Marchioness was here yesterday, twice; called

* Written on the day of her death.

at four when I hadn't returned, and called at five. She brought with her yesterday a charming old Miss Talbot, with a palsied head, but the most lovable babyish old face! She seemed to take to me, as I did to her; and Lady Lothian stayed behind a minute, to ask if I would go with her some day to see this Miss Talbot, who had a house full of the finest pictures. You should have sent the Address to Lord Lothian or Lady. I see several names on the list less worthy of such attention.

Chapman is furious at Hotten; no wonder! When he went round to the booksellers, he found that everywhere Hotten had got the start of him. Smith and Elder had bought five hundred copies from Hotten! And poor Frederick did not receive his copies from Edinburgh till he had 'telegraphed,' six-and-thirty hours after I had received mine.

I saw in an old furniture-shop window at Richmond a copy of the Frederick picture that was lent you—not bad; coarsely painted, but the likeness well preserved. Would you like to have it? I will, if so, make you a present of it, being to be had 'very equal.' I 'descended from the carriage,' and asked, 'What was that?' (meaning what price was it). The broker told me impressively, 'That, ma'am, is Peter the Great.' 'Indeed! and what is the price?' 'Seven-and-sixpence.' I offered five shillings on the spot, but he would only come down to six shillings. I will go back for it if you like, and can find a place for it on my wall.

Yours ever,

J. W. C.

MARGARET FULLER

VI

MARGARET FULLER

1810–1850

Self-discipline was Margaret Fuller's first principle. Self-discipline and self-culture became her watchwords through life. At sixteen she could write of herself:

> I am wanting in that intuitive tact and polish, which nature has bestowed upon some, but which I must acquire. And, on the other hand, my powers of intellect, though sufficient, I suppose, are not well disciplined. Yet all such hindrances may be overcome by an ardent spirit.

Her father early inculcated the rigorous regimen which his daughter was content to follow through her life. At six she was learning Greek, at eight she was rapturous over her first glimpse of Shakespeare and disobedient in order to read it at a forbidden time. At thirteen her mind was mature enough for her to associate almost entirely with grown-ups on a plane of equality—or rather superiority, for few persons of any age were Margaret Fuller's intellectual equals. Yet she could write of this studious childhood:

> I do wish that I had read no books at all till later—that I had lived with toys, and played in the open air. Children should not cull the fruits of reflection and observation early, but expand in the sun, and let thoughts come to them. . . . With me, much of life was devoured in the bud.

Af fifteen she gave the following account of her day:

I rise a little before five, walk an hour, and then practice on the piano, till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French,—Sismondi's *Literature of the South of Europe,* till eight, then two or three lectures in Brown's *Philosophy*. About half past nine I go to Mr. Perkin's school and study Greek till twelve, when the school being dismissed, I recite, go home, and practice again till dinner at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk, or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing, for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and, about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice.

The marvel is that such a regimen did not lead to the insane asylum, nor was Margaret Fuller shunned as an insufferable pedant by every one she knew. She had, it is true, a sort of nervous breakdown when she was twelve; hideous nightmares came to plague her few hours of sleep. But if her health was not ever good, due largely one would think, to this mental torture, her wits did not suffer in the least. She never failed to astonish and enchant her listeners by her extraordinary powers of conversation. She was, in speech, dazzlingly clear and exact. And a keen sense of dramatic values added to her gifts.

If her friends unite in proclaiming her a marvelous talker, they are equally insistent on her uncommon sympathy and understanding. Persons she knew only slightly often found her cruelly sarcastic and egotistical; her friends never wanted her sympathy, and she

was the recipient of more confidences than any one will ever know about. It is probably true that she talked far better than she wrote. Yet write she did, all her life. While she taught at Mr. Alcott's school in Boston, while she was governess to her small brothers and sisters, and finally when she left for New York and became, in a short time, a regular contributor to the New York *Tribune* under the editorship of Horace Greeley. She wrote fitfully and when she was moved to do so. Mr. Greeley had often to complain of her dilatoriness, and to regret that a daily newspaper could not wait for a captious pen to get itself started. Yet she was his mainstay for many months; he absented himself from the paper, sure that she would fill his place adequately. And she was brave and daring as well as competent. Her review of one of Longfellow's volumes must have caused more than one gasp of astonishment. "This is the thinnest," she said, "of all Mr. Longfellow's thin volumes." That was all.

All her life Margaret Fuller longed to visit Europe. Her plans for a trip in 1835 were destroyed by her father's sudden death. And for several subsequent years she devoted herself to teaching in order to help support her brothers and sisters. But at last she was able to make the trip, and in 1846 she left America, never to return. She spent a few months in conventional touring, but when she reached Rome it seemed to her that she had come home. And her ardent spirit led her into the thick of the Italian nationalist movement and into the affectionate friendship of Mazzini. Here, too, she found her husband, a young nationalist

of noble family. They were obliged to keep their marriage a secret, because Count Ossoli was at odds with his royalist father and brothers. Not until a year after her child was born, could Margaret Fuller Ossoli safely make his existence known to her friends. During the siege of Rome, while she was busy caring for the wounded in the hospitals day and night, the little boy was away in the country with an incompetent and unscrupulous nurse. His mother found him wasted almost to a skeleton, when at last she could visit him. This, together with the dreadful hours while her husband, whom she tenderly loved, was fighting in the ranks, made her resolve that they three should never be separated again. When at last a voyage to America was resolved upon, she started with dismal misgivings.

> I shall embark [she wrote] more composedly in our merchant ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness, or amid the howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief.

And her prayer was answered. For at the close of a voyage that, beginning with the death from smallpox of the captain, seemed destined to ill fortune, the ship ran aground on Fire Island, and was dashed to pieces within sight of the poltroon life savers on shore who dared not launch a boat. Little Angelo, still warm, was washed up on the beach in the arms of the first mate. The bodies of his father and mother were never recovered.

Dying thus at forty, it is possible that the best of

Margaret Fuller's writing years lay ahead of her. For as it is, she is remarkable for what she was, rather than what she did. She was witty and sentimental, satirical and kind, egotistical and enormously self-distrustful, surrounded by friends and yet curiously lonely. Children loved her; men of great intellectual powers like Emerson and Hawthorne admired and liked her. She was well-read in history, philosophy, biography. She had an unshakeable belief in a life after death.

The letters that follow are in the main taken from her years in Italy, the last of her life. She maintained a voluminous correspondence always, but the Italian letters, dealing with the fight for a united Italy as well as with her own romance, seem to present a more comprehensible whole than others taken at random through the years which preceded them.

LETTERS

Liverpool, August 16, 1846.

My Dear Mother,—The last two days at sea passed well enough, as a number of agreeable persons were introduced to me, and there were several whom I knew before. I enjoyed nothing on the sea; the excessively bracing air so affected me that I could not bear to look at it. The sight of land delighted me. The tall crags, with their breakers and circling seabirds; then the green fields, how glad! We had a very fine day to come ashore, and made the shortest

passage ever known. The stewardess said, "Any one who complained this time, tempted the Almighty." I did not complain, but I could hardly have borne another day. I had no appetite; but am now making up for all deficiencies, and feel already a renovation beginning from the voyage; and, still more, from freedom and entire change of scene.

We got here Wednesday, at noon; next day we went to Manchester; the following day to Chester; returning here Saturday evening.

On Sunday we went to hear James Martineau; were introduced to him, and other leading persons. The next day and evening I passed in the society of very pleasant people, who have made every exertion to give me the means of seeing and learning; but they have used up all my strength.

To C. S.

As soon as I reached England, I found how right we were in supposing there was elsewhere a greater range of interesting character among the men, than with us. I do not find, indeed, any so valuable as three or four among the most marked we have known; but many that are strongly individual, and have a fund of hidden life. . . .

By far the most beauteous person I have seen is Joseph Mazzini. If you ever see Saunders's "People's Journal," you can read articles by him that will give you some notion of his mind, especially one on his friends, headed "Italian Martyrs." He is one in

whom holiness has purified, but somewhat dwarfed the man.

Our visit to Mr. Wordsworth was fortunate. He is seventy-six; but his is a florid, fair old age. He walked with us to all his haunts about the house. Its situation is beautiful, and the "Rydalian Laurels" are magnificent. Still, I saw abodes among the hill that I should have preferred for Wordsworth; more wild and still more romantic. The fresh and lovely Rydal Mount seems merely the retirement of a gentleman, rather than the haunt of a poet. He showed his benignity of disposition in several little things, especially in his attentions to a young boy we had with us. This boy had left the circus, exhibiting its feats of horsemanship, in Ambleside, "for that day only," at his own desire to see Wordsworth; and I feared he would be dissatisfied, as I know I should have been at his age, if, when called to see a poet, I had found no Apollo flaming with youthful glory, laurel-crowned, and lyre in hand; but instead, a reverend old man clothed in black, and walking with cautious step along the level garden-path. However, he was not disappointed; and Wordsworth, in his turn, seemed to feel and prize a congenial nature in this child.

Taking us into the house, he showed us the picture of his sister, repeating with much expression some lines of hers, and those so famous of his about her, beginning "Five years," etc.; also, his own picture, by Inman, of whom he spoke with esteem. I had asked to see a picture in that room, which has been described

in one of the finest of his later poems. A hundred times had I wished to see this picture, yet when seen was not disappointed by it. The light was unfavorable, but it had a light of its own,—

> "whose mild gleam
> Of beauty never ceases to enrich
> The common light."

Mr. Wordsworth is fond of the hollyhock; a partiality scarcely deserved by the flower, but which marks the simplicity of his tastes. He had made a long avenue of them, of all colors, from the crimson brown to rose, straw-color, and white, and pleased himself with having made proselytes to a liking for them, among his neighbors.

I never have seen such magnificent fuchsias as at Ambleside, and there was one to be seen in every cottage-yard. They are no longer here under the shelter of the green-house, as with us, and as they used to be in England. The plant, from its grace and finished elegance, being a great favorite of mine, I should like to see it as frequently and of as luxuriant growth at home, and asked their mode of culture, which I here mark down for the benefit of all who may be interested. Make a bed of bog-earth and sand; put down slips of the fuchsia, and give them a great deal of water; this is all they need. People have them out here in winter, but perhaps they would not bear the cold of our Januaries.

Mr. Wordsworth spoke with more liberality than we expected of the recent measures about the Corn-

laws, saying that "the principle was certainly right, though whether existing interests had been as carefully attended to as was right, he was not prepared to say," etc. His neighbors were pleased to hear of his speaking thus mildly, and hailed it as a sign that he was opening his mind to more light on these subjects. They lament that his habits of seclusion keep him much ignorant of the real wants of England and the world. Living in this region, which is cultivated by small proprietors, where there is little poverty, vice, or misery, he hears not the voice which cries so loudly from other parts of England, and will not be stilled by sweet, poetic suasion, or philosophy, for it is the cry of men in the jaws of destruction.

It was pleasant to find the reverence inspired by this great and pure mind warmest nearest home. Our landlady, in heaping praises upon him, added, constantly, "and Mrs. Wordsworth, too." "Do the people here," said I, "value Mr. Wordsworth most because he is a celebrated writer?" "Truly, madam," said she, "I think it is because he is so kind a neighbor."

To R. W. E. (Emerson)

Florence, June 20, 1847.

I have just come hither from Rome. Every minute, day and night, there is something to be seen or done at Rome, which we cannot bear to lose. We lived on the Corso, and all night long, after the weather became fine, there was conversation or music before my window. I never seemed really to sleep while there, and now, at Florence, where there is less to excite, and

I live in a more quiet quarter, I feel as if I needed to sleep all the time, and cannot rest as I ought, there is so much to do.

I now speak French fluently, though not correctly, yet well enough to make my thoughts avail in the cultivated society here, where it is much spoken. But to know the common people, and to feel truly in Italy, I ought to speak and understand the spoken Italian well, and I am now cultivating this sedulously. If I remain, I shall have, for many reasons, advantages for observation and enjoyment, such as are seldom permitted a foreigner.

I forgot to mention one little thing rather interesting. At the *Miserere* of the Sistine chapel, I sat beside Goethe's favorite daughter-in-law, Ottilia, to whom I was introduced by Mrs. Jameson.

To R. F. F. (Her Brother Richard?)

Rome, Oct. 29, 1847.

I am trying to economize,—anxious to keep the Roman expenses for six months within the limits of four hundred dollars. Rome is not as cheap a place as Florence, but then I would not give a pin to live in Florence.

We have just had glorious times with the October feasts, when all the Roman people were out. I am now truly happy here, quiet and familiar; no longer a staring, sight-seeing stranger, riding about finely dressed in a coach to see muses and sibyls. I see these forms now in the natural manner, and am contented.

Keep free from false ties; they are the curse of life. I find myself so happy here, alone and free.

To Her Mother
Written About the Time of Her Marriage

Rome, Dec. 16, 1847.

My life at Rome is thus far all I hoped. I have not been so well since I was a child, nor so happy ever, as during the last six weeks. I wrote you about my home; it continues good, perfectly clean, food wholesome, service exact. For all this I pay, but not immoderately. I think the sum total of my expenses here, for six months, will not exceed four hundred and fifty dollars.

My *marchesa,* of whom I rent my rooms, is the greatest liar I ever knew, and the most interested, heartless creature. But she thinks it for her interest to please me, as she sees I have a good many persons who value me; and I have been able, without offending her, to make it understood that I do not wish her society. Thus I remain undisturbed.

Every Monday evening, I receive my acquaintances. I give no refreshments, but only light the saloon, and decorate it with fresh flowers, of which I have plenty still. How I wish *you* could see them! . . .

On other evenings, I do not receive company, unless by appointment. I spend them chiefly in writing or study. I have now around me the books I need to know Italy and Rome. I study with delight, now that I can verify everything. The days are invariably fine,

and each day I am out from eleven till five, exploring some new object of interest, often at a great distance.

To Emerson

Rome, Dec. 20, 1847.

Nothing less than two or three years, free from care and forced labor, would heal all my hurts, and renew my life-blood at its source. Since Destiny will not grant me that, I hope she will not leave me long in the world, for I am tired of keeping myself up in the water without corks, and without strength to swim. I should like to go to sleep, and be born again into a state where my young life should not be prematurely taxed.

Italy has been glorious to me, and there have been hours in which I received the full benefit of the vision. In Rome, I have known some blessed, quiet days, when I could yield myself to be soothed and instructed by the great thoughts and memories of the place. But those days are swiftly passing. Soon I must begin to exert myself, for there is this incubus of the future, and none to help me, if I am not prudent to face it. So ridiculous, too, this mortal coil,—such small things.

I find how true was the lure that always drew me towards Europe. It was no false instinct that said I might here find an atmosphere to develop me in ways I need. Had I only come ten years earlier! Now my life must be a failure, so much strength has been wasted on abstractions, which only came because I grew not in the right soil. However, it is less a failure than with most others, and not worth thinking twice about.

Heaven has room enough, and good chances in store, and I can live a great deal in the years that remain.

To Emerson

Rome, April 1, 1848.

Yesterday, on returning from Ostia, I find the official news, that the Viceroy Ranieri has capitulated at Verona; that Italy is free, independent, and one. I trust this will prove no April foolery. It seems too good, too speedy a realization of hope.

To Emerson

Rome, March 29, 1849.

I have been engrossed, stunned almost, by the public events that have succeeded one another with such rapidity and grandeur. It is a time such as I always dreamed of, and for long secretly hoped to see. I rejoice to be in Europe at this time, and shall return possessed of a great history. Perhaps I shall be called to act. At present, I know not where to go, what to do. War is everywhere. I cannot leave Rome, and the men of Rome are marching out every day into Lombardy. The citadel of Milan is in the hands of my friends, Guerriere, etc., but there may be need to spill much blood yet in Italy. France and Germany are not in such a state that I can go there now. A glorious flame burns higher and higher in the heart of the nations.

The rain was constant through the Roman winter, falling in torrents from 16th December to 19th March. Now the Italian heavens wear again their

deep blue, the sun is glorious, the melancholy lustres are stealing again over the Campagna, and hundreds of larks sing unwearied above its ruins. Nature seems in sympathy with the great events that are transpiring. How much has happened since I wrote!—the resistance of Sicily, and the revolution of Naples; now the fall of Louis Philippe; and Metternich is crushed in Austria. I saw the Austrian arms dragged through the streets here, and burned in the Piazza del Popolo. The Italians embraced one another, and cried, *Miracolo! Providenza!* the Tribune Ciceronachio fed the flame with fagots; Adam Mickiewicz, the great poet of Poland, long exiled from his country, looked on; while Polish women brought little pieces that had been scattered in the street, and threw into the flames. When the double-headed eagle was pulled down from the lofty portal of the Palazzo di Venezia, the people placed there, in its stead, one of white and gold, inscribed with the name, ALTA ITALIA; and instantly the news followed, that Milan, Venice, Modena, and Parma, were driving out their tyrants. These news were received in Rome with indescribable rapture. Men danced, and women wept with joy along the street. The youths rushed to enroll themselves in regiments to go to the frontier. In the Colosseum, their names were received.

To M. S.

Rome, March 9, 1849.

Last night, Mazzini came to see me. You will have heard how he was called to Italy, and received at Leg-

horn like a prince, as he is; unhappily, in fact, the only one, the only great Italian. It is expected, that, if the republic lasts, he will be President. He has been made a Roman citizen, and elected to the Assembly; the labels bearing, in giant letters, "Giuseppe Mazzini, cittadino Romano," are yet up all over Rome. He entered by night, on foot, to avoid demonstrations, no doubt, and enjoy the quiet of his own thoughts at so great a moment. The people went under his windows the next night, and called him out to speak; but I did not know about it. Last night, I heard a ring; then somebody speak my name; the voice struck upon me at once. He looks more divine than ever, after all his new, strange sufferings. He asked after all of you. He stayed two hours; and we talked, though rapidly, of everything. He hopes to come often, but the crisis is tremendous, and all will come on him; since, if any one can save Italy from her foes, inward and outward, it will be he. But he is very doubtful whether this be possible; the foes are too many, too strong, too subtle. Yet Heaven helps sometimes. I only grieve I cannot aid him; freely would I give my life to aid him, only bargaining for a quick death. I don't like slow torture. I fear that it is in reserve for him to survive defeat. True, he can never be utterly defeated; but to see Italy bleeding, prostrate once more, will be very dreadful for him.

He has sent me tickets, twice, to hear him speak in the Assembly. It was a fine, commanding voice. But, when he finished, he looked very exhausted and melancholy. He looks as if the great battle he had fought

had been too much for his strength, and that he was only sustained by the fire of the soul.

All this I write to you, because you said, when I was suffering at leaving Mazzini,—"You will meet him in heaven." This I believe will be, despite all my faults.

To Emerson

Rome, June 10, 1849.

I received your letter amid the round of cannonade and musketry. It was a terrible battle fought here from the first till the last light of day. I could see all its progress from my balcony. The Italians fought like lions. It is a truly heroic spirit that animates them. They make a stand here for honor and their rights, with little ground for hope that they can resist, now they are betrayed by France.

Since the 30th April, I go almost daily to the hospitals, and, though I have suffered,—for I had no idea before, how terrible gunshot-wounds and wound-fever are,—yet I have taken pleasure, and great pleasure, in being with the men; there is scarcely one who is not moved by a noble spirit. Many, especially among the Lombards, are the flower of the Italian youth. When they begin to get better, I carry them books and flowers; they read, and we talk.

The palace of the Pope, on the Quirinal, is now used for convalescents. In those beautiful gardens, I walk with them,—one with his sling, another with his crutch. The gardener plays off all his water-works for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend.

A day or two since, we sat in the Pope's little pavilion, where he used to give private audience. The sun was going gloriously down over Monte Mario, where gleamed the white tents of the French light-horse among the trees. The cannonade was heard at intervals. Two bright-eyed boys sat at our feet, and gathered up eagerly every word said by the heroes of the day. It was a beautiful hour, stolen from the midst of ruin and sorrow; and tales were told as full of grace and pathos as in the gardens of Boccaccio, only in a very different spirit,—with noble hope for man, with reverence for woman.

The young ladies of the family, very young girls, were filled with enthusiasm for the suffering, wounded patriots, and they wished to go to the hospital to give their services. Excepting the three superintendents, none but married ladies were permitted to serve there, but their services were accepted. Their governess then wished to go too, and, as she could speak several languages, she was admitted to the rooms of the wounded soldiers, to interpret for them, as the nurses knew nothing but Italian, and many of these poor men were suffering, because they could not make their wishes known. Some are French, some German, and many Poles. Indeed, I am afraid it is too true that there were comparatively but few Romans among them. This young lady passed several nights there.

Should I never return,—and sometimes I despair of doing so, it seems so far off, so difficult. I am caught in such a net of ties here,—if ever you know of my life here, I think you will only wonder at the con-

stancy with which I have sustained myself; the degree of profit to which, amid great difficulties, I have put the time, at least in the way of observation. Meanwhile, love me all you can; let me feel, that, amid the fearful agitations of the world, there are pure hands, with healthful, even pulse, stretched out toward me, if I claim their grasp.

I feel profoundly for Mazzini; at moments I am tempted to say, "Cursed with every granted prayer," so cunning is the dæmon. He is become the inspiring soul of his people. He saw Rome, to which all his hopes through life tended, for the first time as a Roman citizen, and to become in a few days its ruler. He has animated, he sustains her to a glorious effort, which, if it fails this time, will not in the age. His country will be free. Yet to me it would be dreadful to cause all this bloodshed, to dig the graves of such martyrs.

Then Rome is being destroyed; her glorious oaks; her villas, haunts of sacred beauty, that seemed the possession of the world forever,—the villa of Raphael, the villa of Albani, home of Winkelmann, and the best expression of the ideal of modern Rome, and so many other sanctuaries of beauty,—all must perish lest a foe should level his musket from their shelter. *I* could not, could not!

I know not, dear friend, whether I ever shall get home across that great ocean, but here in Rome I shall no longer wish to live. O, Rome, *my* country! could I imagine that the triumph of what I held dear was to heap such desolation on thy head!

Speaking of the republic, you say, Do I not wish Italy had a great man? Mazzini is a great man. In mind, a great poetic statesman; in heart, a lover; in action, decisive and full of resource as Cæsar. Dearly I love Mazzini. He came in just as I had finished the first letter to you. His soft, radiant look makes melancholy music in my soul; it consecrates my present life, that, like the Magdalen, I may, at the important hour, shed all the consecrated ointment on his head. There is one, Mazzini, who understands thee well; who knew thee no less when an object of popular fear, than now of idolatry; and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee too.

To Richard Fuller

Rome, July 8, 1849.

I do not yet find myself tranquil and recruited from the painful excitements of these last days. But amid the ruined hopes of Rome, the shameful oppressions she is beginning to suffer, amid these noble, bleeding martyrs, my brothers, I cannot fix my thoughts on anything else.

I write that you may assure mother of my safety, which in the last days began to be seriously imperiled. Say, that as soon as I can find means of conveyance, without an expense too enormous, I shall go again into the mountains. There I shall find pure, bracing air, and I hope stillness, for a time. Say, she need feel no anxiety, if she do not hear from me for some time. I may feel indisposed to write, as I do now; my heart is too full.

Privates hopes of mine are fallen with the hopes of Italy. I have played for a new stake, and lost it. Life looks too difficult. But for the present, I shall try to waive all thought of self, and renew my strength.

After the attempt at revolution in France failed, could I have influenced Mazzini, I should have prayed him to capitulate; and yet I feel that no honorable terms can be made with such a foe, and that the only way is *never* to yield; but the sound of the musketry, the sense that men were perishing in a hopeless contest, had become too terrible for my nerves. I did not see Mazzini, the last two weeks of the republic. When the French entered, he walked about the streets, to see how the people bore themselves, and then went to the house of a friend. In the upper chamber of a poor house, with his life-long friends,—the Modenas,—I found him. Modena, who abandoned not only what other men hold dear,—home, fortune, peace,—but also endured, without the power of using the prime of his great artist-talent, a ten-years' exile in a foreign land; his wife every way worthy of him,—such a woman as I am not.

Mazzini had suffered millions more than I could; he had borne his fearful responsibility; he had let his dearest friends perish; he had passed all these nights without sleep; in two short months, he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all blood-shot; his skin orange; flesh he had none; his hair was mixed with white; his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched, never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender; sweet and

calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever; in him I revered the hero, and owned myself not of that mold.

You say truly, I shall come home humbler. God grant it may be entirely humble! In future, while more than ever deeply penetrated with principles, and the need of the martyr spirit to sustain them, I will ever own that there are few worthy, and that I am one of the least.

A silken glove might be as good a gauntlet as one of steel, but I, infirm of mood, turn sick even now as I think of the past.

To Her Mother
Shortly After the Above

Dearest Mother,—I received your letter a few hours before leaving Rome. Like all of yours, it refreshed me, and gave me as much satisfaction as anything could, at that sad time. Its spirit is of eternity, and befits an epoch when wickedness and perfidy so impudently triumph, and the best blood of the generous and honorable is poured out like water, seemingly in vain.

I cannot tell you what I suffered to abandon the wounded to the care of their mean foes; to see the young men, that were faithful to their vows, hunted from their homes,—hunted like wild beasts; denied a refuge in every civilized land. Many of those I loved are sunk to the bottom of the sea, by Austrian cannon, or will be shot. Others are in penury, grief, and

exile. May God give due recompense for all that has been endured!

My mind still agitated, and my spirits worn out, I have not felt like writing to any one. Yet the magnificent summer does not smile quite in vain for me. Much exercise in the open air, living much on milk and fruit, have recruited my health, and I am regaining the habit of sleep, which a month of nightly cannonade in Rome had destroyed. . . .

Receiving a few days since a packet of letters from America, I opened them with more feeling of hope and good cheer, than for a long time past. The first words that met my eye were these, in the hand of Mr. Greeley:—"Ah, Margaret, the world grows dark with us! You grieve, for Rome is fallen;—I mourn, for Pickie * is dead."

I have shed rivers of tears over the inexpressibly affecting letter thus begun. One would think I might have become familiar enough with images of death and destruction; yet somehow the image of Pickie's little dancing figure, lying, stiff and stark, between his parents, has made me weep more than all else. There was little hope he could do justice to himself, or lead a happy life in so perplexed a world; but never was a character of richer capacity,—never a more charming child. To me he was most dear, and would always have been so. Had he become stained with earthly faults, I could never have forgotten what he was when fresh from the soul's home, and what he was to me when *my* soul pined for sympathy, pure and unalloyed.

* Greeley's only son, and a favorite of Margaret's.

The three children I have seen who were the fairest in my eyes, and gave most promise of the future, were Waldo,* Pickie, Hermann Clarke;—all nipped in the bud. Endless thoughts has this given me, and a resolve to seek the realization of all hopes and plans elsewhere, which resolve will weigh with me as much as it can weigh before the silver cord is finally loosed. Till then, Earth, our mother, always finds strange, unexpected ways to draw us back to her bosom,—to make us seek anew a nutriment which has never failed to cause us frequent sickness.

This brings me to the main object of my present letter,—a piece of intelligence about myself, which I had hoped I might be able to communicate in such a way as to give you *pleasure*. That I cannot,—after suffering much in silence with that hope,—is like the rest of my earthly destiny.

The first moment, it may cause you a pang to know that your eldest child might long ago have been addressed by another name than yours, and has a little son a year old.

But, beloved mother, do not feel this long. I do assure you, that it was only great love for you that kept me silent. I have abstained a hundred times, when your sympathy, your counsel, would have been most precious, from a wish not to harass you with anxiety. Even now I would abstain, but it has become necessary, on account of the child, for us to live publicly and permanently together and we have no hope, in the pres-

* Emerson's son, about whom he wrote the poem, "Threnody."

ent state of Italian affairs, that we can do it at any better advantage, for several years, than now.

My husband is a Roman, of a noble but now impoverished house. His mother died when he was an infant; his father is dead since we met, leaving some property, but encumbered with debts, and in the present state of Rome hardly available, except by living there. He has three older brothers, all provided for in the Papal service,—one as Secretary of the Privy Chamber, the other two as members of the Guard Noble. A similar career would have been open to him, but he embraced liberal principles, and, with the fall of the Republic, has lost all, as well as the favor of his family, who all sided with the Pope. Meanwhile, having been an officer in the Republican service, it was best for him to leave Rome. He has taken what little money he had, and we plan to live in Florence for the winter. If he or I can get the means, we shall come together to the United States, in the summer;—earlier we could not, on account of the child.

He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and

most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is to be compared only with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E——. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together, in the sympathy with natural beauty,—with our child,—with all that is innocent and sweet.

I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become, in a few years, more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously.

However my other friends may feel, I am sure, that *you* will love him very much, and that he will love you no less. Could we all live together, on a moderate income, you would find peace with us. Heaven grant, that, on returning, I may gain means to effect this object. He, of course, can do nothing, while we are in the United States, but perhaps I can; and now that my health is better, I shall be able to exert myself, if sure that my child is watched by those who love him, and who are good and pure. . . .

What shall I say of my child? All might seem hyperbole, even to my dearest mother. In him I find satisfaction, for the first time, to the deep wants of my heart. Yet, thinking of those other sweet ones fled, I must look upon him as a treasure only lent. He is a fair child, with blue eyes and light hair; very affectionate, graceful, and sportive. He was baptized in

the Roman Catholic Church, by the name of Angelo Eugene Philip, for his father, grandfather, and my brother. He inherits the title of marquis.

Write the name of my child in your Bible, ANGELO OSSOLI, *born September 5, 1848*. God grant he may live to see you, and may prove worthy of your love!

More I do not feel strength to say. You can hardly guess how all attempt to express something about the great struggles and experiences of my European life enfeebles me. When I get home,—if ever I do,—it will be told without this fatigue and excitement. I trust there will be a little repose, before entering anew on this wearisome conflict.

I had addressed you twice,—once under the impression that I should not survive the birth of my child; again during the siege of Rome, the father and I being both in danger. I took Mrs. Story, and when she left Rome, Mr. Cass,* into my confidence. Both were kind as sister and brother. Amid much pain and struggle, sweet is the memory of the generous love I received from William and Emelyn Story, and their uncle. They helped me gently through a most difficult period. Mr. Cass, also, who did not know me at all, has done everything possible for me.

TO HER SISTER, ELLEN, WIFE OF ELLERY CHANNING

Written Shortly After the Above

About Ossoli I do not like to say much, as he is an

* American *Chargé d'Affaires* at Rome.

exceedingly delicate person. He is not precisely reserved, but it is not natural to him to talk about the objects of strong affection. I am sure he would not try to describe me to his sister, but would rather she would take her own impression of me; and, as much as possible, I wish to do the same by him. I presume that, to many of my friends, he will be nothing, and they will not understand that I should have life in common with him. But I do not think he will care;—he has not the slightest tinge of self-love. He has throughout our intercourse been used to my having many such ties. He has no wish to be anything to persons with whom he does not feel spontaneously bound, and when I am occupied, is happy in himself. But some of my friends and my family, who will see him in the details of practical life, cannot fail to prize the purity and simple strength of his character; and should he continue to love me as he has done, his companionship will be an inestimable blessing to me. I say *if,* because all human affections are frail, and I have experienced too great revulsions in my own, not to know it. Yet I feel great confidence in the permanence of his love. It has been unblemished so far, under many trials; especially as I have been more desponding and unreasonable, in many ways, than I ever was before, and more so, I hope, than I ever shall be again. But at all such times, he never had a thought except to sustain and cheer me. He is capable of the sacred love,—the love passing that of woman. He showed it to his father, to Rome, to me. Now he loves his child in the same way. I think he will be an excellent father, though he

could not speculate about it, nor, indeed, about anything.

Our meeting was singular,—fateful, I may say. Very soon he offered me his hand through life, but I never dreamed I should take it. I loved him, and felt very unhappy to leave him; but the connection seemed so every way unfit, I did not hesitate a moment. He, however, thought I should return to him, as I did. I acted upon a strong impulse, and could not analyze at all what passed in my mind. I neither rejoice nor grieve;—for bad or for good, I acted out my character. Had I never connected myself with any one, my path was clear; now it is all hid; but, in that case, my development must have been partial. As to marriage, I think the intercourse of heart and mind may be fully enjoyed without entering into this partnership of daily life. Still, I do not find it burdensome. The friction that I have seen mar so much the domestic happiness of others does not occur with us, or, at least, has not occurred. Then, there is the pleasure of always being at hand to help one another.

Still, the great novelty, the immense gain, to me, is my relation with my child. I thought the mother's heart lived in me before, but it did not;—I knew nothing about it. Yet, before his birth, I dreaded it. I thought I should not survive; but if I did, and my child did, was I not cruel to bring another into this terrible world? I could not, at that time, get any other view. When he was born, that deep melancholy changed at once into rapture; but it did not last long. Then came the prudential motherhood. I grew a coward, a care-

taker, not only for the morrow, but impiously faithless, for twenty or thirty years ahead. It seemed very wicked to have brought the little tender thing into the midst of cares and perplexities we had not feared in the least for ourselves. I imagined everything;—he was to be in danger of every enormity the Croats were then committing upon the infants of Lombardy;—the house would be burned over his head; but, if he escaped, how were we to get money to buy his bibs and primers? Then his father was to be killed in the fighting, and I to die of my cough, etc., etc.

During the siege of Rome, I could not see my little boy. What I endured at that time, in various ways, not many would survive. In the burning sun, I went, every day, to wait, in the crowd, for letters about him. Often they did not come. I saw blood that had streamed on the wall where Ossoli was. I have a piece of a bomb that burst close to him. I sought solace in tending the suffering men; but when I beheld the beautiful fair young men bleeding to death, or mutilated for life, I felt the woe of all the mothers who had nursed each to that full flower, to see them thus cut down. I felt the *consolation,* too,—for those youths died worthily. I was a Mater Dolorosa, and I remembered that she who helped Angelino into the world came from the sign of the Mater Dolorosa. I thought, even if he lives, if he comes into the world at this great troubled time, terrible with perplexed duties, it may be to die thus at twenty years, one of a glorious hecatomb, indeed, but still a sacrifice! It seemed then I was willing he should die.

To Her Mother

Florence, Nov. 7, 1849.

Dearest Mother,—Of all your endless acts and words of love, never was any so dear to me as your last letter;—so generous, so sweet, so holy! What on earth is so precious as a mother's love; and who has a mother like mine!

I was thinking of you and my father, all that first day of October, wishing to write, only there was much to disturb me that day, as the police were threatening to send us away. It is only since I have had my own child that I have known how much I always failed to do what I might have done for the happiness of you both; only since I have seen so much of men and their trials, that I have learned to prize my father as he deserved; only since I have had a heart daily and hourly testifying to me its love, that I have understood, too late, what it was for you to be deprived of it. It seems to me as if I had never sympathized with you as I ought, or tried to embellish and sustain your life, as far as is possible, after such an irreparable wound.

It will be sad for me to leave Italy, uncertain of return. Yet when I think of you, beloved mother; of brothers and sisters, and many friends, I wish to come. Ossoli is perfectly willing. He leaves in Rome a sister, whom he dearly loves. His aunt is dying now. He will go among strangers; but to him, as to all the young Italians, America seems the land of liberty. He hopes, too, that a new revolution will favor return after a number of years, and that then he may find really a home in Italy. All this is dark;—we can judge only

for the present moment. The decision will rest with me, and I shall wait till the last moment, as I always do, that I may have all the reasons before me.

I thought, to-day, ah, if she could only be with us now! But who knows how long this interval of peace will last? I have learned to prize such, as the halcyon prelude to the storm. It is now about a fortnight since the police gave us leave to stay, and we feel safe in our little apartment. We have no servant except the nurse, with occasional aid from the porter's wife, and now live comfortably so, tormented by no one, helping ourselves.

In the evenings we have a little fire now;—the baby sits on his stool between us. He makes me think how I sat on mine, in the chaise, between you and father. He is exceedingly fond of flowers;—he has been enchanted, this evening, by this splendid Gardenia, and these many crimson flowers that were given me at Villa Correggi, where a friend took us in his carriage. It was a luxury, this ride, as we have entirely renounced the use of a carriage for ourselves. How enchanted you would have been with that villa! It seems now as if, with the certainty of a very limited income, we could be so happy! But I suppose, if we had it, one of us would die, or the baby. Do not you die, my beloved mother;—let us together have some halcyon moments, again, with God, with nature, with sweet childhood, with the remembrance of pure trust and good intent; away from perfidy and care, and the blight of noble designs.

Ossoli wishes you were here, almost as much as I.

When there is anything really lovely and tranquil, he often says, "Would not *'La Madre'* like that?" He wept when he heard your letter. I never saw him weep at any other time, except when his father died, and when the French entered Rome. He has, I think, even a more holy feeling about a mother, from having lost his own, when very small. It has been a life-long want with him. He often shows me a little scar on his face, made by a jealous dog, when his mother was caressing him as an infant. He prizes that blemish much.

To the Same

Florence, December 1, 1849.

I do not know what to write about the baby, he changes so much,—has so many characters. He is like me in that, for his father's character is simple and uniform, though not monotonous, any more than are the flowers of spring flowers [*sic*] of the valley. Angelino is now in the most perfect rosy health,—a very gay, impetuous, ardent, but sweet-tempered child. He seems to me to have nothing in common with his first babyhood, with its ecstatic smiles, its exquisite sensitiveness, and a distinction in the gesture and attitudes that struck everybody. His temperament is apparently changed by taking the milk of these robust women. He is now come to quite a knowing age,—fifteen months.

In the morning, as soon as dressed, he signs to come into our room; then draws our curtain with his little dimpled hand, kisses me rather violently, pats my face, laughs, crows, shows his teeth, blows like the bellows,

stretches himself, and says *"bravo."* Then having shown off all his accomplishments, he expects, as a reward, to be tied in his chair, and have his playthings. These engage him busily, but still he calls to us to sing and drum, to enliven the scene. Sometimes he summons me to kiss his hand, and laughs very much at this. Enchanting is that baby-laugh, all dimples and glitter,—so strangely arch and innocent! Then I wash and dress him. That is his great time. He makes it last as long as he can, insisting to dress and wash me the while, kicking, throwing the water about, and full of all manner of tricks, such as, I think, girls never dream of. Then comes his walk;—we have beautiful walks here for him, protected by fine trees, always warm in mid-winter. The bands are playing in the distance, and children of all ages are moving about, and sitting with their nurses. His walk and sleep give me about three hours in the middle of the day.

I feel so refreshed by his young life, and Ossoli diffuses such a power and sweetness over every day, that I cannot endure to think yet of our future. Too much have we suffered already, trying to command it. I do not feel force to make any effort yet. I suppose that very soon now I must do something, and hope I shall feel able when the times comes. My constitution seems making an effort to rally, by dint of much sleep. I had slept so little, for a year and a half, and, after the birth of the child, I had such anxiety and anguish when separated from him, that I was consumed as by nightly fever. The last two months at Rome would have destroyed any woman. Then, when I went to

him, he was so ill, and I was constantly up with him at night, carrying him about. Now, for two months, we have been tranquil. We have resolved to enjoy being together as much as we can, in this brief interval,—perhaps all we shall ever know of peace. It is very sad we have no money, we could be so quietly happy a while. I rejoice in all Ossoli did; but the results, in this our earthly state, are disastrous, especially as my strength is now so impaired. This much I hope, in life or death, to be no more separated from Angelino.

Last winter, I made the most vehement efforts at least to redeem the time, hoping thus good for the future. But, of at least two volumes written at that time, no line seems of any worth. I had suffered much constraint,—much that was uncongenial, harassing, even torturing, before; but this kind of pain found me unprepared;—the position of a mother separated from her only child is too frightfully unnatural. . . .

To Her Mother

Her Last Letter, Written Three Days Before Sailing for America

Florence, May 14, 1850.

I will believe, I shall be welcome with my treasures,—my husband and child. For me, I long so much to see you! Should anything hinder our meeting upon earth, think of your daughter, as one who always wished, at least, to do her duty, and who always cherished you, according as her mind opened to discover excellence.

Give dear love, too, to my brothers; and first to my eldest, faithful friend, Eugene; a sister's love to Ellen; love to my kind and good aunts, and to my dear cousin E,—God bless them!

I hope we shall be able to pass some time together yet, in this world. But if God decrees otherwise, here and HEREAFTER,—my dearest mother,

Your loving child, MARGARET.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

VII

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

1816—1855

"She gave me," wrote Thackeray of Charlotte Brontë after her death, "the impression of being a very pure, and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Who that has known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the passionate honor, so to speak, of the woman? What a story is that of the family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy Yorkshire moors!"

What a story it is. And no less a story for the fact that the woman to whom Thackeray wrote the above impressive tribute is the same woman from whom he fled to his club, when at a dinner given by him in her honor she sat dumb and speechless and froze up speech in the other guests as well.

Three sisters sat in their moorland home. Their father was a preacher who loved solitude. On Sundays he emerged from his study to conduct morning

service; other services were mostly left to a succession of anemic curates. The three sisters dared on occasion to venture a timid foot into the world. Two of them, with their brilliant if erratic brother, attempted to start a school and could not for want of pupils. All of them tried and could not bear to be governesses in private families. All of them wrote—stories, poems, a mock history, innumerable little tales of which almost none have come down to us. And one of them, when she had watched her brother die of a combination of tuberculosis and opium, sat helplessly by and saw her sisters die also, of the same pulmonary affliction.

Such, in brief, was Charlotte Brontë's life. Within twelve months her brother Branwell, her sisters Emily and Anne left her forever. She was alone with her father in a large, empty, echoing house. The garden is described as "a little piece of barren ground running down to the walls of the churchyard, with here and there a currant bush as the sole adornment." The Reverend Patrick Brontë was a recluse. Evening after evening Charlotte sat alone, remembering happier days. It is no wonder that Thackeray and his guests found her dull and shy.

In 1846 was published a little book of poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. A year later Currer Bell published *Jane Eyre,* and if the total sale of the poems was but two copies, the novel attained a wide fame and London buzzed with speculation as to the identity of the author. In another year Ellis and Acton Bell were dead, and Currer was content to re-

veal herself as Charlotte Brontë. Of Emily she wrote as follows:

> Permit me to caution you not to speak of my sisters when you write to me. . . . Ellis Bell will not endure to be alluded to under any other appellation than the *nom de plume*. . . . It was inadvertent—the words, "we are three sisters" escaped me before I was aware. . . . I regret it bitterly now, for I find it is against every feeling and intention of Ellis Bell.

If Charlotte was not quite so pathologically retiring as Emily she was retiring enough. Her timid ventures into literary London were made reluctantly and seldom. Thackeray as a writer she worshiped, and she was willing to be presented to him. Other literary lions she eschewed and only on the rarest occasions would she trust herself to strangers.

Her friends she could almost have counted on one hand. Yet this strange, shy, gifted woman had three offers of marriage before the fourth which she at length accepted. She married one of the curates—one whom at first she had regarded with very critical eyes. To her lifelong friend Ellen Nussey she wrote in 1846:

> A cold, far-away sort of civility are the only terms on which I have ever been with Mr. Nicholls. I could by no means think of mentioning such a rumor [that they were engaged] to him even as a joke. It would make me the laughing-stock of himself and his fellow-curates for half a year to come. They regard me as an old maid, and I regard them, one and all, as highly uninteresting, narrow, and unattractive specimens of the coarser sex.

This she wrote at thirty. It took the Reverend Nicholls eight years to break down this unfavorable

impression, and he evidently did it by the ardor and insistence of his own passion rather than by any marked increase in attractiveness. Against her father's wishes Charlotte married him when she was thirty-eight years old. Of her short wedded life she says: "My life is changed indeed: to be wanted continually, to be constantly called for and occupied seems so strange; yet it is a marvelously good thing." And on her deathbed, after nine short months with her husband, she said: "I am not going to die. We have been so happy."

The letters that follow skim Charlotte Brontë's correspondence. The early one on marriage shows how far she was from the "immoral" woman many of the readers of *Jane Eyre* thought her. The one announcing her engagement is characteristically low-keyed and lacking in ecstasy. In those to W. S. Williams, a member of the firm of Smith and Elder, her publishers, and one of her closest friends, her literary opinions are shown to be forthright and courageous. She did not, indeed, want courage, gallantry, or devotion. She could on occasion be merry, as when to Ellen Nussey she wrote:

> I cannot tell what occupies your thoughts and time. Are you ill? Is some one of your family ill? Are you married? Are you dead? If it be so, you may as well write a word and let me know.

But for the most part this tone is absent from her letters. Satirical she might be; gay she was not. Yet in her, as in her sister Emily who wrote *Wuthering Heights,* and to a far lesser degree in Anne burned

a thin, white flame of genius. They were three sisters; they spent most of their short lives in the strange, wild moorlands. Nobody knows whence came the flame that rose in them. And it died with them and went back to the moors, to be one with the heather and the unfriendly sheep.

LETTERS

To Miss Ellen Nussey

November 20th, 1840.

My dearest Nell,—That last letter of thine treated of matters so high and important I cannot delay answering it for a day. Now I am about to write thee a discourse, and a piece of advice which thou must take as if it came from thy grandmother. But in the first place, before I begin with thee, I have a word to whisper in the ear of Mr. Vincent, and I wish it could reach him. In the name of St. Chrysostom, St. Simon, and St. Jude, why does not that amiable young gentleman come forward like a man and say all that he has to say personally, instead of trifling with kinsmen and kinswomen. "Mr. Vincent," I say, "go personally, and say: 'Miss ——, I want to speak to you.' Miss —— will of course civilly answer: 'I am at your service, Mr. Vincent.' And then, when the room is cleared of all but yourself and herself, just take a chair nearer. Insist upon her laying down that silly . . . work, and listening to you. Then begin, in a clear, distinct, deferential, but determined voice: 'Miss ——, I have a

question to put to you—a very important question: "Will you take me as your husband, for better, for worse?" I am not a rich man, but I have sufficient to support us. I am not a great man, but I love you honestly and truly. Miss ——, if you knew the world better you would see that this is an offer not to be despised—a kind attached heart and a moderate competency.' Do this, Mr. Vincent, and you may succeed. Go on writing sentimental and love-sick letters to ——, and I would not give sixpence for your suit." So much for Mr. Vincent. Now Miss ——'s turn comes to swallow the black bolus, called a friend's advice. Say to her: "Is the man a fool? is he a knave? a humbug, a hypocrite, a ninny, a noodle? If he is any or all of these, of course there is no sense in trifling with him. Cut him short at once—blast his hopes with lightning rapidity and keenness. Is he something better than this? has he at least common sense, a good disposition, a manageable temper? Then consider the matter." Say further: "You feel a disgust towards him now—an utter repugnance. Very likely, but be so good as to remember you don't know him; you have only had three or four days' acquaintance with him. Longer and closer intimacy might reconcile you to a wonderful extent. And now I'll tell you a word of truth, at which you may be offended or not as you like." Say to her: "From what I know of your character, and I think I know it pretty well, I should say you will never love before marriage. After that ceremony is over, and after you have had some months to settle down, and to get accustomed to the creature

you have taken for your worse half, you will probably make a most affectionate and happy wife; even if the individual should not prove all you could wish, you will be indulgent towards his little follies and foibles, and will not feel much annoyance at them. This will especially be the case if he should have sense sufficient to allow you to guide him in important matters." Say also: "I hope you will not have the romantic folly to wait for what the French call 'une grande passion.' My good girl, 'une grande passion' is 'une grande folie.' Mediocrity in all things in wisdom; mediocrity in the sensations is superlative wisdom." Say to her: "When you are as old as I am (I am sixty at least, being your grandmother), you will find that the majority of those worldly precepts, whose seeming coldness shocks and repels us in youth, are founded in wisdom."

No girl should fall in love till the offer is actually made. This maxim is just. I will even extend and confirm it: No young lady should fall in love till the offer has been made, accepted, the marriage ceremony performed, and the first half-year of wedded life has passed away. A woman may then begin to love, but with great precaution, very coolly, very moderately, very rationally. If she ever loves so much that a harsh word or a cold look cuts her to the heart she is a fool. If she ever loves so much that her husband's will is her law, and that she has got into a habit of watching his looks in order that she may anticipate his wishes, she will soon be a neglected fool.

I have two studies: you are my study for the success,

the credit, and the respectability of a quiet, tranquil character; Mary is my study for the contempt, the remorse, the misconstruction which follow the development of feelings in themselves noble, warm, generous, devoted, and profound, but which, being too freely revealed, too frankly bestowed, are not estimated at their real value. I never hope to see in this world a character more truly noble. She would die willingly for one she loved. Her intellect and her attainments are of the very highest standard. Yet I doubt whether Mary will ever marry. Mr. Weightman expresses himself very strongly on young ladies saying "No," when they mean "Yes." He assures me he means nothing personal. I hope not. Assuredly I quite agree with him in his disapprobation of such a senseless course. It is folly indeed for the tongue to stammer a negative when the heart is proclaiming an affirmative. Or rather, it is an act of heroic self-denial, of which *I* for one confess myself wholly incapable. *I would not tell such a lie* to gain a thousand pounds. Write to me again soon. What made you say I admired Hippocrates? It is a confounded "fib." I tried to find something admirable in him, and failed.

To W. S. Williams

Haworth, January 28th, 1848.

Dear Sir,—I need not tell you that when I saw Mr. Thackeray's letter inclosed under your cover, the sight made me very happy. It was some time before I dared open it, lest my pleasure in receiving it should be mixed with pain on learning its contents—lest, in short, the

dedication should have been, in some way, unacceptable to him.

And, to tell the truth, I fear this must have been the case; he does not say so, his letter is most friendly in its noble simplicity, but he apprises me, at the commencement, of a circumstance which both surprised and dismayed me.

I suppose it is no indiscretion to tell you this circumstance, for you doubtless know it already. It appears that his private position is in some points similar to that I have ascribed to Mr. Rochester; that thence arose a report that *Jane Eyre* had been written by a governess in his family, and that the dedication coming now has confirmed everybody in the surmise.

Well may it be said that fact is often stranger than fiction! The coincidence struck me as equally unfortunate and extraordinary. Of course I knew nothing whatever of Mr. Thackeray's domestic concerns, he existed for me only as an author. Of all regarding his personality, station, connections, private history, I was, and am still in a great measure, totally in the dark; but I am *very very* sorry that my inadvertent blunder should have made his name and affairs a subject for common gossip.

The very fact of his not complaining at all and addressing me with such kindness, notwithstanding the pain and annoyance I must have caused him, increases my chagrin. I could not half express my regret to him in my answer, for I was restrained by the consciousness that that regret was just worth nothing at all—quite valueless for healing the mischief I had done.

Can you tell me anything more on this subject? or can you guess in what degree the unlucky coincidence would affect him—whether it would pain him much and deeply; for he says so little himself on the topic, I am at a loss to divine the exact truth—but I fear.

Do not think, my dear sir, from my silence respecting the advice you have, at different times, given me for my future literary guidance, that I am heedless of, or indifferent to, your kindness. I keep your letters and not unfrequently refer to them. Circumstances may render it impracticable for me to act up to the letter of what you counsel, but I think I comprehend the spirit of your precepts, and trust I shall be able to profit thereby. Details, situations which I do not understand and cannot personally inspect, I would not for the world meddle with, lest I should make even a more ridiculous mess of the matter than Mrs. Trollope did in her *Factory Boy*. Besides, not one feeling on any subject, public or private, will I ever affect that I do not really experience. Yet though I must limit my sympathies; though my observation cannot penetrate where the very deepest political and social truths are to be learnt; though many doors of knowledge which are open for you are forever shut for me; though I must guess and calculate and grope my way in the dark, and come to uncertain conclusions unaided and alone where such writers as Dickens and Thackeray, having access to the shrine and image of Truth, have only to go into the temple, lift the veil a moment, and come out and say what they have seen—yet with every disadvantage, I mean still, in my own contracted way,

to do my best. Imperfect my best will be, and poor, and compared with the works of the true masters—of that greatest modern master Thackeray in especial (for it is him I at heart reverence with all my strength) —it will be trifling, but I trust not affected or counterfeit.—Believe me, my dear sir, yours with regard and respect, CURRER BELL.

To W. S. WILLIAMS

March 29th, 1848.

My dear Sir,—The notice from the *Church of England Quarterly Review* is not on the whole a bad one. True, it condemns the tendency of *Jane Eyre,* and seems to think Mr. Rochester should have been represented as going through the mystic process of "regeneration" before any respectable person could have consented to believe his contrition for his past errors sincere; true, also, that it casts a doubt on Jane's creed, and leaves it doubtful whether she was Hindoo, Mahommedan, or infidel. But notwithstanding these eccentricities, it is a conscientious notice, very unlike that in the *Mirror,* for instance, which seemed the result of a feeble sort of spite, whereas this is the critic's real opinion: some of the ethical and theological notions are not according to his system, and he disapproves of them.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Lewes's new work is soon to appear, and pleased also to learn that Messrs. Smith & Elder are the publishers. Mr. Lewes mentioned in the last note I received from him that he had just finished writing his new novel, and I have been

on the look out for the advertisement of its appearance ever since. I shall long to read it, if it were only to get a further insight into the author's character. I read *Ranthorpe* with lively interest—there was much true talent in its pages. Two thirds of it I thought excellent, the latter part seemed more hastily and sketchily written.

I trust Miss Kavanagh's work will meet with the success that, from your account, I am certain she and it deserve. I think I have met with an outline of the facts on which her tale is founded in some periodicals, *Chambers's Journal,* I believe. No critic, however rigid, will find fault with "the tendency" of her work, I should think.

I will tell you why you cannot fully sympathize with the French, or feel any firm confidence in their future movements: because too few of them are Lamartines, too many Ledru Rollins. That, at least, is my reason for watching their proceedings with more dread than hope. With the Germans it is different: to their rational and justifiable efforts for liberty one can heartily wish well.

It seems, as you say, as if change drew near England too. She is divided by the sea from the lands where it is making thrones rock, but earthquakes roll lower than the ocean, and we know neither the day nor the hour when the tremor and heat, passing beneath our island, may unsettle and dissolve its foundations. Meantime, one thing is certain, all will in the end work together for good.

You mention Thackeray and the last number of

Vanity Fair. The more I read Thackeray's works the more certain I am that he stands alone—alone in his sagacity, alone in his truth, alone in his feeling (his feeling, though he makes no noise about it, is about the most genuine that ever lived on a printed page), alone in his power, alone in his simplicity, alone in his self-control. Thackeray is a Titan, so strong that he can afford to perform with calm the most herculean feats; there is the charm and majesty of repose in his greatest efforts; *he* borrows nothing from fever, his is never the energy of delirium—his energy is sane energy, deliberate energy, thoughtful energy. The last number of *Vanity Fair* proves this peculiarly. Forcible, exciting in its force, still more impressive than exciting, carrying on the interest of the narrative in a flow, deep, full, resistless, it is still quiet—as quiet as reflection, as quiet as memory; and to me there are parts of it that sound as solemn as an oracle. Thackeray is never borne away by his own ardor—he has it under control. His genius obeys him —it is his servant, it works no fantastic changes at its own wild will, it must still achieve the task which reason and sense assign it, and none other. Thackeray is unique. I *can* say no more, I *will* say no less.—Believe me, yours sincerely, C. Bell.

To W. S. Williams

Haworth, July 31st, 1848.

My dear Sir,—I have lately been reading *Modern Painters,* and I have derived from the work much genuine pleasure and, I hope, some edification; at any rate,

it made me feel how ignorant I had previously been on the subject which it treats. Hitherto I have only had instinct to guide me in judging of art; I feel more as if I had been walking blindfold—this book seems to give me eyes. I *do* wish I had pictures within reach by which to test the new sense. Who can read these glowing descriptions of Turner's works without longing to see them? However eloquent and convincing the language in which another's opinion is placed before you, you still wish to judge for yourself. I like this author's style much: there is both energy and beauty in it; I like himself too, because he is such a hearty admirer. He does not give Turner half-measure of praise or veneration, he eulogizes, he reverences him (or rather his genius) with his whole soul. One can sympathize with that sort of devout, serious admiration (for he is no rhapsodist)—one can respect it; and yet possibly many people would laugh at it. I am truly obliged to Mr. Smith for giving me this book, not having often met with one that has pleased me more.

You will have seen some of the notices of *Wildfell Hall*. I wish my sister felt the unfavorable ones less keenly. She does not *say* much, for she is of a remarkably taciturn, still, thoughtful nature, reserved even with her nearest of kin, but I cannot avoid seeing that her spirits are depressed sometimes. The fact is, neither she nor any of us expected that view to be taken of the book which has been taken by some critics. That it had faults of execution, faults of art, was obvious, but faults of intention or feeling could be suspected by

none who knew the writer. For my own part, I consider the subject unfortunately chosen—it was one the author was not qualified to handle at once vigorously and truthfully. The simple and natural—quiet description and simple pathos are, I think, Acton Bell's forte. I liked *Agnes Grey* better than the present work.

Permit me to caution you not to speak of my sisters when you write to me. I mean, do not use the word in the plural. Ellis Bell will not endure to be alluded to under any other appellation than the *nom de plume.* I committed a grand error in betraying his identity to you and Mr. Smith. It was inadvertent—the words, "we are three sisters" escaped me before I was aware. I regretted the avowal the moment I had made it; I regret it bitterly now, for I find it is against every feeling and intention of Ellis Bell.

I was greatly amused to see in the *Examiner* of this week one of Newby's little cobwebs neatly swept away by some dexterous brush. If Newby is not too old to profit by experience, such an exposure ought to teach him that "Honesty is indeed the best policy."

Your letter has just been brought to me. I must not pause to thank you, I should say too much. Our life is, and always has been, one of few pleasures, as you seem in part to guess, and for that reason we feel what passages of enjoyment come in our way very keenly; and I think if you knew *how* pleased I am to get a long letter from you, you would laugh at me.

In return, however, I smile at you for the earnestness with which you urge on us the propriety of seeing

something of London society. There would be an advantage in it—a great advantage; yet it is one that no power on earth could induce Ellis Bell, for instance, to avail himself of. And even for Acton and Currer, the experiment of an introduction to society would be more formidable than you, probably, can well imagine. An existence of absolute seclusion and unvarying monotony, such as we have long—I may say, indeed, ever—been habituated to, tends, I fear, to unfit the mind for lively and exciting scenes, to destroy the capacity for social enjoyment.

The only glimpses of society I have ever had were obtained in my vocation of governess, and some of the most miserable moments I can recall were passed in drawing-rooms full of strange faces. At such times, my animal spirits would ebb gradually till they sank quite away, and when I could endure the sense of exhaustion and solitude no longer, I used to steal off, too glad to find any corner where I could really be alone. Still I know very well, that though that experiment of seeing the world might give acute pain for the time, it would do good afterwards; and as I have never, that I remember, gained any important good without incurring proportionate suffering, I mean to try to take your advice some day, in part at least—to put off, if possible, that troublesome egotism which is always judging and blaming itself, and to try, country spinster as I am, to get a view of some sphere where civilized humanity is to be contemplated.

I smile at you again for supposing that I could be annoyed at what you say respecting your religious and

philosophical views; that I could blame you for not being able, when you look amongst sects and creeds, to discover any one which you can exclusively and implicitly adopt as yours. I perceive myself that some light falls on earth from Heaven—that some rays from the shrine of truth pierce the darkness of this life and world; but they are few, faint, and scattered, and who without presumption can assert that he has found the *only* true path upwards?

Yet ignorance, weakness, or indiscretion, must have their creeds and forms; they must have their props—they cannot walk alone. Let them hold by what is purest in doctrine and simplest in ritual! *something,* they must have.

I never read Emerson; but the book which has had so healing an effect on your mind must be a good one. Very enviable is the writer whose words have fallen like a gentle rain on a soil that so needed and merited refreshment, whose influence has come like a genial breeze to lift a spirit which circumstances seem so harshly to have trampled. Emerson, if he has cheered you, has not written in vain.

May this feeling of self-reconcilement, of inward peace and strength, continue! May you still be lenient with, be just to, yourself. I will not praise nor flatter you, I should hate to pay those enervating compliments which tend to check the exertions of a mind that aspires after excellence; but I must permit myself to remark that if you had not something good and superior in you, something better, whether more *showy* or not, than is often met with, the assurance of your

friendship would not make one so happy as it does; nor would the advantage of your correspondence be felt as such a privilege.

I hope Mrs. Williams's state of health may soon improve and her anxieties lessen. Blameable indeed are those who sow division where there ought to be peace, and especially deserving of the ban of society.

I thank both you and your family for keeping our secret. It will indeed be a kindness to us to persevere in doing so; and I own I have a certain confidence in the honorable discretion of a household of which you are the head.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

C. Brontë.

To Miss Ellen Nussey

December 23rd, 1848.

My dear Ellen,—Emily suffers no more from pain or weakness now. She will never suffer more in this world. She is gone, after a hard, short conflict. She died on *Tuesday,* the very day I wrote to you. I thought it very possible she might be with us still for weeks, and a few hours afterwards she was in eternity. Yes, there is no Emily in time or on earth now. Yesterday we put her poor, wasted, mortal frame quietly under the church pavement. We are very calm at present. Why should we be otherwise? The anguish of seeing her suffer is over; the spectacle of the pains of death is gone by; the funeral day is past. We feel she is at peace. No need now to tremble for the hard frost and the keen wind. Emily does not feel them. She died in a time of promise. We saw her

taken from life in its prime. But it is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than she has left.

To W. S. Williams

2 Cliff, Scarboro', June 4th, 1849.

My dear Sir,—I hardly know what I said when I wrote last. I was then feverish and exhausted. I am now better and, I believe, quite clear.

You have been informed of my dear sister Anne's death. Let me now add that she died without severe struggle, resigned, trusting in God—thankful for release from a suffering life—deeply assured that a better existence lay before her. She believed, she hoped—and declared her belief and hope with her last breath. Her quiet, Christian death did not rend my heart as Emily's stern, simple, undemonstrative end did. I let Anne go to God, and felt He had a right to her. I could hardly let Emily go. I wanted to hold her back then, and I want her back now. Anne, from her childhood, seemed preparing for an early death. Emily's spirit seemed strong enough to bear her to fullness of years. They are both gone, and so is poor Branwell, and Papa has now me only—the weakest, puniest, least promising of his six children. Consumption has taken the whole five.

For the present Anne's ashes rest apart from the others. I have buried her here at Scarboro', to save Papa the anguish of the return and a third funeral.

I am ordered to remain at the sea-side awhile. I cannot rest here, but neither can I go home. Possibly I may not write again soon—attribute my silence

neither to idleness nor negligence. No letters will find me at Scarboro' after the 7th. I do not know what my next address will be. I shall wander a week or two on the East Coast, and only stop at quiet lonely places. No one need be anxious about me as far as I know. Friends and acquaintance seem to think *this* the worst time of suffering. They are surely mistaken. Anne reposes now—what have the long desolate hours of her patient pain and fast decay been?

Why life is so blank, brief, and bitter I do not know. Why younger and far better than I are snatched from it with projects unfulfilled I cannot comprehend, but I believe God is wise—perfect—merciful.

I have heard from Papa. He and the servants knew when they parted from Anne they would see her no more. All tried to be resigned. I knew it likewise, and I wanted her to die where she would be happiest. She loved Scarboro'. A peaceful sun gilded her evening.—Yours sincerely, C. Brontë.

To W. S. Williams

August 16th, 1849.

My dear Sir,—Since I last wrote to you I have been getting on with my book as well as I can, and I think I may now venture to say that in a few weeks I hope to have the pleasure of placing the MS. in the hands of Mr. Smith.

The *North British Review* duly reached me. I read attentively all it says about *E. Wyndham, Jane Eyre,* and *F. Hervey.* Much of the article is clever,

and yet there are remarks which—for me—rob it of importance.

To value praise or stand in awe of blame we must respect the source whence the praise and blame proceed, and I do not respect an inconsistent critic. He says, "if *Jane Eyre* be the production of a woman, she must be a woman unsexed."

In that case the book is an unredeemed error and should be unreservedly condemned. *Jane Eyre* is a woman's autobiography, by a woman it is professedly written. If it is written as no woman would write, condemn it with spirit and decision—say it is bad, but do not eulogize and then detract. I am reminded of the *Economist*. The literary critic of that paper praised the book if written by a man, and pronounced it "odious" if the work of a woman.

To such critics I would say, "To you I am neither man nor woman—I come before you as an author only. It is the sole standard by which you have a right to judge me—the sole ground on which I accept your judgment."

There is a weak comment, having no pretense either to justice or discrimination, on the works of Ellis and Acton Bell. The critic did not know that those writers had passed from time and life. I have read no review since either of my sisters died which I could have wished *them* to read—none even which did not render the thought of their departure more tolerable to me. To hear myself praised beyond them was cruel, to hear qualities ascribed to them so strangely the reverse of their real characteristics was scarce supportable. It is

sad even now; but they are so remote from earth, so safe from its turmoils, I can bear it better.

But on one point do I now feel vulnerable: I should grieve to see my father's peace of mind perturbed on my account; for which reason I keep my author's existence as much as possible out of his way. I have always given him a carefully diluted and modified account of the success of *Jane Eyre*—just what would please without startling him. The book is not mentioned between us once a month. The *Quarterly* I kept to myself—it would have worried papa. To that same *Quarterly* I must speak in the introduction to my present work—just one little word. You once, I remember, said that review was written by a lady—Miss Rigby. Are you sure of this?

Give no hint of my intention of discoursing a little with the *Quarterly*. It would look too important to speak of it beforehand. All plans are best conceived and executed without noise.—Believe me, yours sincerely, C. B.

To W. S. Williams

August 31st, 1849.

My dear Sir,—I cannot change my preface. I can shed no tears before the public, nor utter any groan in the public ear. The deep, real tragedy of our domestic experience is yet terribly fresh in my mind and memory. It is not a time to be talked about to the indifferent; it is not a topic for allusion to in print.

No righteous indignation can I lavish on the *Quarterly*. I can condescend but to touch it with the light-

est satire. Believe me, my dear sir, "C. Brontë" must not here appear; what she feels or has felt is not the question—it is "Currer Bell" who was insulted—he must reply. Let Mr. Smith fearlessly print the preface I have sent—let him depend upon me this once; even if I prove a broken reed, his fall cannot be dangerous: a preface is a short distance, it is not three volumes.

I have always felt certain that it is a deplorable error in an author to assume the tragic tone in addressing the public about his own wrongs or griefs. What does the public care about him as an individual? His wrongs are its sport; his griefs would be a bore. What we deeply feel is our own—we must keep it to ourselves. Ellis and Acton Bell were, for me, Emily and Anne; my sisters—to me intimately near, tenderly dear—to the public they were nothing—worse than nothing—being speculated upon, misunderstood, misrepresented. If I live, the hour may come when the spirit will move me to speak of them, but it is not come yet.—I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

C. Brontë.

To W. S. Williams

April 12th, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I own I was glad to receive your assurance that the Calcutta paper's surmise was unfounded.* It is said that when we *wish* a thing to be true, we are prone to believe it true; but I think (judg-

* That Thackeray had written a certain unfavorable *critique* of Shirley.

ing from myself) we adopt with a still prompter credulity the rumor which shocks.

It is very kind in Dr. Forbes to give me his book. I hope Mr. Smith will have the goodness to convey my thanks for the present. You can keep it to send with the next parcel, or perhaps I may be in London myself before May is over. That invitation I mentioned in a previous letter is still urged upon me, and well as I know what penance its acceptance would entail in some points, I also know the advantage it would bring in others. My conscience tells me it would be the act of a moral poltroon to let the fear of suffering stand in the way of improvement. But suffer I shall. No matter.

The perusal of *Southey's Life* has lately afforded me much pleasure. The autobiography with which it commences is deeply interesting, and the letters which follow are scarcely less so, disclosing as they do a character most estimable in its integrity and a nature most amiable in its benevolence, as well as a mind admirable in its talent. Some people assert that genius is inconsistent with domestic happiness, and yet Southey was happy at home and made his home happy; he not only loved his wife and children *though* he was a poet, but he loved them the better *because* he was a poet. He seems to have been without taint of worldliness. London with its pomps and vanities, learned coteries with their dry pedantry, rather scared than attracted him. He found his prime glory in his genius, and his chief felicity in home affections. I like Southey.

I have likewise read one of Miss Austen's works—

Emma—read it with interest and with just the degree of admiration which Miss Austen herself would have thought sensible and suitable. Anything like warmth or enthusiasm—anything energetic, poignant, heartfelt is utterly out of place in commending these works: all such demonstration the authoress would have met with a well-bred sneer, would have calmly scorned as outré and extravagant. She does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well. There is a Chinese fidelity, a miniature delicacy in the painting. She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound. The passions are perfectly unknown to her; she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood. Even to the feelings she vouchsafes no more than an occasional graceful but distant recognition—too frequent converse with them would ruffle the smooth elegance of her progress. Her business is not half so much with the human heart as with the human eyes, mouth, hands, and feet. What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—this Miss Austen ignores. She no more, with her mind's eye, beholds the heart of her race than each man, with bodily vision, sees the heart in his heaving breast. Jane Austen was a complete and most sensible lady, but a very incomplete and rather insensible (*not senseless*) woman. If this is heresy, I cannot help it. If I said it so some people (Lewes for instance) they

would directly accuse me of advocating exaggerated heroics, but I am not afraid of your falling into any such vulgar error.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

C. Brontë.

To Miss Ellen Nussey

Haworth, April 11th, 1854.

Dear Ellen,—Thank you for the collar; it is very pretty, and I will wear it for the sake of her who made and gave it.

Mr. Nicholls came on Monday, and was here all last week. Matters have progressed thus since July. He renewed his visit in September, but then matters so fell out that I saw little of him. He continued to write. The correspondence pressed on my mind. I grew very miserable in keeping it from papa. At last sheer pain made me gather courage to break it. I told all. It was very hard and rough work at the time, but the issue after a few days was that I obtained leave to continue the communication. Mr. Nicholls came in January; he was ten days in the neighborhood. I saw much of him. I had stipulated with papa for opportunity to become better acquainted. I had it, and all I learnt inclined me to esteem and affection. Still papa was very, very hostile, bitterly unjust.

I told Mr. Nicholls the great obstacle that lay in his way. He had persevered. The result of this, his last visit, is, that papa's consent is gained, that his respect, I believe, is won, for Mr. Nicholls has in all things proved himself disinterested and forbearing. Certainly, I must respect him, nor can I withhold from

him more than mere cool respect. In fact, dear Ellen, I am engaged.

Mr. Nicholls, in the course of a few months, will return to the curacy of Haworth. I stipulated that I would not leave papa; and to papa himself I proposed a plan of residence which should maintain his seclusion and convenience uninvaded, and in a pecuniary sense bring him gain instead of loss. What seemed at one time impossible is now arranged, and papa begins really to take a pleasure in the prospect.

For myself, dear Ellen, while thankful to One who seems to have guided me through much difficulty, much and deep distress and perplexity of mind, I am still very calm, very inexpectant. What I taste of happiness is of the soberest order. I trust to love my husband. I am grateful for his tender love to me. I believe him to be an affectionate, a conscientious, a high-principled man; and if, with all this, I should yield to regrets that fine talents, congenial tastes and thoughts are not added, it seems to me I should be most presumptuous and thankless.

Providence offers me this destiny. Doubtless, then, it is the best for me. Nor do I shrink from wishing those dear to me one not less happy.

It is possible that our marriage may take place in the course of the summer. Mr. Nicholls wishes it to be in July. He spoke of you with great kindness, and said he hoped you would be at our wedding. I said I thought of having no other bridesmaid. Did I say rightly? I mean the marriage to be literally as quiet as possible.

Do not mention these things just yet. I mean to write to Miss Wooler shortly. Good-by. There is a strange half-sad feeling in making these announcements. The whole thing is something other than imagination paints it beforehand; cares, fears, come mixed inextricably with hopes. I trust yet to talk the matter over with you. Often last week I wished for your presence and said so to Mr. Nicholls—Arthur, as I now call him, but he said it was the only time and place when he could not have wished to see you. Good-by.—Yours affectionately,

C. Brontë.

The End

Date Due

MAY 8 '68

MAY 8 '68

[redacted]

WASHBURN

PELLETIER LIBRARY, ALLEGHENY COLLEGE
826 V287L AVLL
Van Doren, Dorothy/The lost art: letters
3 3768 00132 1093

79577

826
V287L